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THE BATTLE GROUND OF COAL

BY JAMES M. CAIN

I

As you leave the Ohio River at Kenova, and wind down the Norfolk and Western Railroad beside the Big Sandy and Tug rivers, you come into a section where there is being fought the bitterest and most unrelenting war in modern industrial history. The country furnishes a suitable setting. Rocky hills, small mountains, rise on each side. They are gashed by 'creeks'; looking up these, you see that the wild region extends for miles back from the railroad. There is no soft, mellow outline about these hills. They are sharp and jagged; about their tops grows a stunted, scraggly forest. Their color is raw: glaring reds and yellows, hard, water-streaked grays. Here and there you see the blue-black ribbon of coal.

In this untamed section of West Virginia two tremendous forces have staked out a battle ground. These are the United Mine Workers of America and the most powerful group of non-union coal-operators in the country. It is a battle to the bitter end; neither side asks quarter, neither side gives it. It is a battle for enormous stakes, on which money is lavished; it is fought through the courts, through the press, with matching of sharp wits to secure public approval. But more than this,

it is actually fought with deadly weapons on both sides; many lives have already been lost; many may yet be forfeited.

As the train carries you southeastward, you see some signs of it. You pass many coal mines, and some of these are closed down. At the stations, pairs of men in military uniform scrutinize all who alight. These are the West Virginia State Police; a strong force of them is on duty here, for bloodshed became so frequent that one of these counties, Mingo, was placed under martial law. You pass occasional clusters of tents — squalid, wretched places, where swarms of men, women, and children are quartered. Everywhere you are sensible of an atmosphere of tension, covert alertness, sinister suspicion. It is not by accident that these State policemen appear always in pairs.

If you get off the train at Williamson, county seat of Mingo, you will be at the fighting front. People there will tell you that this struggle has been going on for three years. They will tell you of the bloody day at Matewan, May 19, 1920, when ten men, including the mayor of the town, fell in a pistol battle that lasted less than a minute.

They will tell you of guerrilla warfare that went on for months; how Federal troops had to be called in twice. They will tell you of the 'three days' battle,' which resulted, in May, 1921, in the declaration of martial law. Union partisans will tell you of the exercises on May 30 last, when the graves of a score of union fallen were decorated with all the ceremony accorded soldiers who have died for the flag. The operators will tell you of attacks from ambush: how their men have been shot down from behind; how witnesses for trials were mysteriously killed before they could testify. The atrocity list and quantity of propaganda give this war quite an orthodox flavor. It is very hard to sift out the truth.

II

Back in 1898, when the coal industry was quite as unsettled as it is now, the union and the big operators evolved a working plan to stabilize conditions and equalize opportunity. This was the conference in the Central Competitive Field, whereby a wage scale was arrived at for this region, and scales in all other union districts were computed by using this scale as a basis and making allowances for different operating conditions, freight rates, and so forth. This was in order to give all districts an equal chance at the market. Coal is probably the most fluid commodity sold: coal from one section competes with coal from another section remote from the first. It is not analogous to a trade-marked article, for which an arbitrary price can be obtained by advertising campaigns and kindred methods. No amount of advertising can make coal of a given grade from one section outsell the same grade from another section at a higher price. This peculiarity of the coal market was the reason for the basic

wage-scale arrangement which gave all districts as nearly equal chances as possible, and precluded the possibility that a miscalculated rate might put whole mining fields out of business altogether.

The plan worked fairly well for a time. Within a few years, however, it was discovered that large new areas of coal lands had been developed, and that most of these were being worked with nonunion labor. They had been left out of the original calculation, largely because the existence of such large virgin fields was not known until after the opening of the present century. Some of them were in Pennsylvania, but most, and by far the largest, were in southern West Virginia. Employing nonunion labor, they worked at a lower wage-scale than the union areas, and had become a formidable factor in the industry, for they were underselling union coal constantly. In the years just preceding the war, their effect on the market — and particularly the greater number of days their labor worked during the year — had become definitely noticeable. During the war, there was demand for everybody's coal, and there was no pinch then. The pinch came, however, in the year following the peace.

In 1919, there was a big strike, and the country saw that the nonunion mines had become a big factor in the industry. During the six weeks of that strike, the nonunion mines averaged about 4,000,000 tons of coal a week, and *the bulk of this came from southern West Virginia*. There was a demand for much more than 4,000,000 tons; but it was clear, too, that these fields were capable of much greater production, had transportation been available. The chaos incidental to government control of the railroads precluded an adequate car-supply, and so production was retarded; but the potential strength, the

strategic position of these fields, had been demonstrated.

In 1919, even before the strike, the union had realized the necessity of getting into southern West Virginia. Early in that year, it began to send organizers into Logan County, one of the most important in the whole area. It encountered a stone wall. For when these fields were opened (which was only about twenty years ago), the operators there had determined that they were not going to be hampered by the union. In this determination they were doubtless reinforced by big subsidiaries of the United States Steel Corporation, — the great antiunion capitalist group in this country, — which had acquired large holdings in several of these counties. To keep out the union, they had developed a system of 'mine guards,' or 'private detectives.' The duty of these guards was, ostensibly, to protect property, but, in fact, to maintain an armed barrier to the union. The operators discharged all employees suspected of union leanings, and compelled all others to take oath that they would never join a labor organization. It was a rule of iron, backed by pistols and rifles, and it worked. The union had never obtained even a foothold in the big southern West Virginia field, including Logan, Mingo, McDowell, Wyoming, Raleigh, and Mercer counties.

It was this system the union met when it tried to organize Logan. In this county there was a slight variation. Back in 1912, Don Chafin, the legendary sheriff of Logan, had done away with the private-mine-guards system, but had substituted one of his own that was in all essential respects the same. The guards were sworn in as deputy sheriffs, but they were still paid out of an operators' pool, and their duties included ejection of union sympathizers. When the union entered

Logan, its organizers were beaten, its members were discharged, evicted from their homes, and made to leave the county. Its meetings were broken up.

Finally, word came over the hills that women and children friendly to the union were being murdered. The report was not true, but a thousand or more union miners gathered at Lens Creek, about fifteen miles from Charleston, the state capital, and marched on Logan. They were halted by Governor John J. Cornwell and C. Frank Keeney, president of District 17, United Mine Workers. Governor Cornwell promised the men an investigation, and kept his word. A volume of startling testimony was compiled, and there was a wide demand that something be done. Governor Cornwell asked the legislature to act; so did the next governor, E. F. Morgan; but the legislature has done nothing, and the mine-guard system is still in effect.

And the union had failed to organize Logan. Next, in 1920, it struck at Mingo. It encountered the same obstacles here; but the resistance was not so effective, for Mingo is on the Kentucky border, and is easier of access than Logan. The union quickly got a foothold. Some of the county officers saw that its meetings were not disturbed, and locals were organized. The union demanded a wage conference with the operators, and, when they were refused, called their men out on strike.

Then the operators acted. They began to evict union miners from their homes (for in a coal camp the company owns homes, stores, churches, Y.M.C.A., and everything else). A party of Baldwin Felts detectives went to Matewan, to evict miners, and the big shooting ensued. Evictions went on, however, and as fast as the miners' families were 'set out,' the union lodged them

in tents. Within a short time there were some five thousand persons under canvas. They have been there ever since. The union feeds them, clothes them, and buries their dead. They sit by the Tug River, watching the coal trains pass on the railroad, flotsam cast up by the backwash of a mighty struggle, pathetically loyal to a cause of which they understand nothing.

'It's kinda slow-like,' they will tell you, 'and sometimes a fellow don't hardly know what to do to pass the time. Some of the boys fishes a little, and some of the women raises a few chickens and gardens around, on'y you cain't raise much on them mountains, like-a-that. But most of the time we jest set around and talk about when they 're a-goin' to sign up.'

Then came the guerrilla warfare. Recall that these people, who were being evicted by thousands, were the same who had become such picturesque characters in popular fiction. For two centuries they had been frontiersmen; they had interbred and lived to themselves so much that there had come into being an atrophied race, a weaker strain of American stock. It was inevitable that they should furnish the labor for the mines. Nevertheless, although to the eye they seemed a singularly shiftless type of poor whites, they had high spirit of a sort. They were capable of cherishing life-long feuds. In the prosecution of these they had a most peculiar code, and resorted quickly to the rifle, whether the enemy was a family inheritance or a federal revenue officer looking for moonshine stills. The evictions aroused their bitterest resentment, and in these circumstances atavism was predominant. Shootings and reprisals became the regular order of the day and night, whether union officials or coal-operators sanctioned them or not.

Federal troops came and went, and

came and went a second time. Their departure both times was the signal for renewed violence until, in May, 1921, Governor Morgan proclaimed martial law.

The state martial-law commandant forthwith promulgated a set of regulations. The union was given so many days a week in which to visit its tent colonies. There were to be no meetings, and it was decreed that three or more union men gathered together would constitute a meeting. For violation of this last fantastic order, scores of union men were jailed. The union fields to the north, as in 1919, were thrown into a state of seething indignation. Then Sid Hatfield and Ed Chambers, two union sympathizers, were shot dead by Baldwin Felts detectives at Welch, in McDowell County (August 1, 1921). The volcano went into full eruption. The march of 1919 was reenacted, on a scale three times as large, and with the additional object of going through Logan to Mingo and liberating the prisoners in the jail there. The marchers were turned back once by Keeney. Two days later, however, two union miners were killed and three others wounded by Logan deputies and State Police.

The miners reassembled, and whereas, at first, they had numbered hundreds, they now numbered thousands. At Blair Mountain, in Logan County, the mob was met by a force gathered to defend Logan, and a three-day battle was fought. The operators hired four airplanes, and bombed the miners. Both sides used machine guns; both sides had a number of men killed. Civil war had broken out afresh. It did not stop until two thousand Federal troops were sent in on September 3.

This aroused the public again, but the thing was quickly forgotten, and, except for a Senatorial investigation, nothing was done. The union, more-

over, now had Mingo on its hands. It was hampered by a set of regulations more effective than all the mine guards it had ever encountered. For, however they were intended, the martial-law rules worked to preserve the status quo, and the status quo was precisely what the operators wanted. The tent colonies became a heavy drain on the treasury. The union has spent on them in the two years of their existence not less than \$1,500,000 (the figure is probably over \$2,000,000). The money is the smallest part of the tent-colony story; however, these staggering figures suggest the iron determination of the union to get into these fields; suggest, too, the magnitude of the issues it thinks are at stake. At present, it is absolutely stalled in Mingo; yet it is hanging on desperately, pouring out money there at the rate of \$11,000 a week. At first it was \$25,000.

III

What happened during the 1922 strike makes it clear that it is a life-and-death matter for the union to get into these fields. There was probably never a strike when the union shut-down in its areas was so complete; union miners to the number of more than 600,000 walked out and stayed out. Yet the first week of the strike, with consumption averaging 8,000,000 tons a week, there were mined 3,784,000 tons. In the next few weeks the price began to climb; it soon became profitable for every little mine in the nonunion area to start up. Mile-long trains of coal gondolas began to groan and creak around the bends in the Tug River, past the idle staring tent colonies; began to come out of the Winding Gulf, the great Pocahontas field. The weekly production rose. It passed the 4,000,000 mark, the 4,250,000 mark, the 4,500,000 mark.

Finally, by the end of June, it had passed the 5,000,000 mark, and the great mine-strike was hardly 40 per cent effective. It was fortunate for the miners, but quite fortuitous, that the strike of the railroad shopmen came on July 1. Again, transportation was a factor; the physical equipment of the carriers deteriorated so quickly that they could not supply coal cars, and production slumped sharply. It fell away below the 4,000,000 mark weekly, and, with reserve stocks already depleted, there was a crisis which brought the situation to a head and gave the miners an advantage they could not have secured otherwise. But the lesson was as plain as in 1919: the nonunion fields could practically break any strike henceforth, and the Gibraltar of the nonunion fields was southern West Virginia. These West Virginia fields mine more than a third of the tonnage for the whole country; and, leaving out of consideration the locally consumed output of small fields in the South and West, they produced much more than half the coal available for general distribution.

It would be a mistake, however, to consider the union's position only with reference to its effectiveness in time of strike. These fields are a menace to it in time of work as well. For the nonunion mines always have work, boom times or slack. If times are good, demand brisk, then all operators can sell their coal, the nonunion along with the rest. If times are bad and prices slump, then the union operator closes down, for there is a price below which he cannot afford to run his mine. The nonunion operator then gets the orders that might have gone to the union mine, for his costs are lower, and he can sell cheaper. The price that closes his mine is much lower than that which closes the union mine.

This is not theorizing. It is precisely

what happens — what happened during the past year. In the union field of Allegany County, Maryland, for example, operators could not afford to run their mines. They offered the union miners work if they would take less pay. In view of the principle of 1898, the union held that this would be in violation of other contracts, and would not permit it. There was no strike, but there was no work; privation and suffering were widespread. Yet the operators who could not run their own mines, having contracts to fill, *bought coal in the nonunion fields of Connellsville and Somerset, Pennsylvania, and filled their contracts more cheaply than they could have done by mining the coal themselves.*

Most often, the way it works out is not so easy to trace as this. The union mine, unable to sell at the price offered, closes down and its men lose a day. The nonunion mine, able to sell at a lower price, can accept its orders. Its men do not lose a day.

All this can be checked up by a glance at government tabulations of the average number of working days to the year in union and nonunion fields. In 1916, the year just before the war, the average number of working days in three wholly-union states was: Ohio, 197, Indiana, 187, Illinois, 198. The average for three nonunion states was: Georgia, 280, New Mexico, 292, Alabama, 262. The partly union state of Pennsylvania averaged 259; the partly union state of West Virginia, 237. In 1920, which was another fairly typical year, the averages were as follows: (union) Ohio, 188, Indiana, 192, Illinois, 213; (nonunion) Georgia, 294, New Mexico, 302; Alabama, 247; (partly union) Pennsylvania, 244, West Virginia, 198.

Statistics for 1921, one of the worst years the industry ever knew, have not been completed. The tendency, however, may be traced by the current

weekly bulletins issued by the Geological Survey for that year. These bulletins include an estimate as to the percentage of full-time production attained by mines in various districts. The reports are divided by fields, hence it is not necessary to examine partly-union figures, as is the case when returns are made only by states.

For the week ending June 4, 1921, when the market had entered the second slump of the year, the percentage of full-time output was as follows: (union) Ohio, 25.5, Indiana 34.8, Illinois, 37; (nonunion, in West Virginia) Winding Gulf field, 68.9, Pocahontas, 52.9, Logan, 55.6, Kenova-Thacker, 53, Tug River, 74.2. This relative activity continued, with the union fields gradually gaining ground, until October, when the peak for the year was reached. Percentages of full-time output for the week ending October 22 stood: (union) Ohio, 47.8, Indiana, 55.9, Illinois, 62.4; (nonunion, in West Virginia) Winding Gulf, 65.5, Pocahontas, 63.7, Logan, 62.9, Kenova-Thacker, 44.3, Tug River, 55.1. From then to the end of the year, production in the union fields fell off sharply, as the market went into another slump, with the nonunion fields holding their own, now and then gaining a little. Nonunion mines supplied a large proportion of the coal used last year, for the reason that they were the only ones which could afford to run. The union miner has come to such a pass that, even though paid at a reasonable rate, he is starving to death because he cannot get work. And the net result is that not only the union itself, but unionism as an idea, an economic scheme, is getting the blame for this condition. The union faces the most persistent fight against it that it has ever known — a fight no less in earnest because it usually appears

under the guise of agitation for the open shop. The union is literally on the defensive for its very existence.

IV

From the foregoing, it would seem, indeed, that the nonunion fields are far more soundly organized than the union, and that the solution of the problem lies in putting the whole country on a nonunion basis. This is just what the operators are trying to prove. Not only the nonunion operators, but the union operators as well, distribute this sort of propaganda; newspaper offices are flooded with it. Yet it is clear that the argument of the operators is valid only in a superficial sense, even though present conditions lend it considerable plausibility. For obviously the prosperity of the nonunion fields prevails, not through any superiority of nonunionism per se, but from the artificial advantage they have on account of their lower wage-expense. One third of the industry, the nonunion, works at one level of costs; the other two thirds, the union, work at a higher level; and all slumps and reverses are born by the less fortunate two thirds. At the first sign of hard times, they are stranded high and dry, while the nonunion fields still feel the pulse of business — a bit slow, perhaps, but enough to sustain life.

It would be a step back to the Dark Ages to put the whole country on a nonunion basis. No sooner would this be done than there would begin a cut-throat hammering of wages on the part of every operators' association in the country. It would be forced on them. If coal mined in Pennsylvania, with 70 cents a ton, say, as a wage-basis, began seriously underselling coal from Indiana, which might have 75 cents as a basis, Indiana operators would have to cut wages to survive.

Pennsylvania, to retain its advantage, would cut wages in return; and so the thing would go on.

When you recall that coal from every big section competes with coal from every other big section, you can get an idea where this sort of thing would lead. The miner would be reduced almost to peonage, and the troubles of the industry would be multiplied a hundredfold.

Nor is the regional wage-agreement plan, recently advocated by the operators, much better. Indeed, this looks suspiciously like a move to divide the union against itself and thus pave the way for the end.

The trouble with this plan is that it allows independent agreements to be arrived at between operators and union representatives in a given section, whereby that section may enjoy a temporary prosperity comparable to that of the nonunion fields at present. Then the operators and union heads in another section will agree on an underselling scale, and this section will be prosperous while the first section will be stranded.

There is a point below which district presidents of the union would hardly dare go with this sort of thing; so the plan might work better than no union at all; but it is apparent that it holds unlimited possibilities for sharp dealing, and for disorganization of the business more serious than that which obtains at present. It should be borne in mind that subordinate union leaders, under pressure in their communities, are often willing to make clever bargains with the operators, and have to be restrained by international headquarters. But the trouble is that this kind of dealing, if carried on long, would inevitably bring the miner to a more degraded living than he has reached at present.

With these palpable defects in the

nonunion and the regional-agreement schemes, there is one plan left, — short of a big government corporation to run all coal mines, — which promises some sort of solution. This is to put the whole country on a union basis, and give all operators an equal chance at the market, and all miners an equal chance at regular work.

There is probably no Federal agency that could compel this; it is questionable, indeed, whether it would be wise to try to accomplish it by government agencies. Yet it could be accomplished if there were sufficiently insistent public demand that the armed-guard system, by which the union is forcibly kept out of the nonunion fields, be abolished. With the public more and more inclined to think of coal as a national problem, a sort of public utility, it is less and less inclined to put up with the amazing mediæval methods whereby the non-union operators maintain their advantage. It is their declaration that they are opposed to unionism as a principle; that their labor does not want it; that they are splendidly isolated and intend to remain so. Their reason, in fact, is that under the nonunion system their coal mines have become gold mines; their object in keeping out the union is money, and nothing else. Their labor joins the union whenever it gets a chance. When it becomes more generally known that this sort of industrial feudalism is what is wrong with the coal business, more than any other

single defect, then the public may voice a persistent demand that it be abolished.

V

In West Virginia, the union, of a sudden, has a chance to profit by the greatest blow that has been dealt unionism in years, that is — the Coroado decision. This makes unions liable to suit, but it also gives them the right to sue. There is a law in West Virginia which prohibits private payment of deputy sheriffs. It carries no penalty, and has always been considered a dead letter. But it now becomes possible for the union to go into court as a plaintiff, and invoke the old *bête noir* of labor, the injunction proceeding, to prohibit such a system as is maintained in Logan County, and, on a lesser scale, in several other West Virginia counties. That is, it might ask the court to enjoin payment of deputies by the Logan sheriff, out of the operators' pool. It might also ask the court to enjoin mine guards from interference with union meetings and union organizers. Its attorneys, indeed, are considering such a step now. If it should succeed, and the union could get its organizers into southern West Virginia, then the unionizing of these fields would be virtually accomplished. And if this end could be attained peaceably, the long war in West Virginia might be ended, to the great advantage of the coal business all over the country.

WHO SHALL GO TO COLLEGE?

BY RALPH PHILIP BOAS

I

It is unfortunate, but perhaps necessary, that in a democracy decisions on public questions can apparently be reached only after a period of drifting, during which public opinion has been more or less violently aroused. To foresee crises, to plan solutions, to clarify issues before they are befogged with prejudice and semi-understanding—these are the ways, it would seem, only of Utopia, and therefore to be avoided by all practical men. Seldom has this policy—of drifting until public opinion was sufficiently roiled to make clarification a necessity—been better exemplified than in the problem of the limitation of enrollment which the endowed colleges of the country have been facing now for a dozen years. Thoughtful men have seen it coming; rumors have been whispering in those circles which know college policies before they are formally discussed by governing boards; but nothing has been openly done. It is well that, at last, one institution has brought the matter of the limitation of number and kind of students into open discussion, where the world at large may, at least, know what the colleges are thinking about, and where public opinion may have a voice in what is, after all, a public matter.

It is well to remember that the last generation has seen a greater change in American college education than any single period in college history. Curricula have been widened; colleges have come to take on public functions which

they never had before; and the influence of the colleges has penetrated into hitherto unknown places. Chief, however, of the new facts has been this—that a college education has come to be thought a necessity for every boy and girl who can possibly get it. One is tempted to ask how large a proportion of the present-day students are sons and daughters of college-bred fathers and mothers.

This feeling of necessity is partly, of course, a feeling that going to college is 'the thing to do.' An increasing number of alumni means an increasing number of children and brothers and cousins who must go to 'the old college.' But these children are not as their fathers were. It is with something like amusement that one who knows New England sees the 'farmer boys' of the small colleges giving way to leisurely, cultivated young men, whose acquaintance with New England hillside farms is limited to the memories—frequently dim—of their fathers or grandfathers. For these young men a college education is indispensable; but from a point of view far different from that of the simple eighteen-eighties.

The farmer boy saw in the college an escape from a hard and narrow life to the broader reaches of a profession. He brought to college a shrewd, practical mind, already educated in the lore of fields and woods; he took from the college a simple but adequate knowledge of fundamentals, which gave him

a sure grounding for success in city life. His city-bred son goes back to his father's college, already sophisticated in the ways of the world, with little ahead that he feels to be new and strange. College to him is a social experience with young men of his own kind, a preparation not so much for his life-work as for an adequate enjoyment of the leisure which he feels sure will be part of his life.

But a far more important change is the feeling that a college degree is necessary for financial success in life. Almost all schoolboys now believe that it is impossible to enter any one of the professions, or even to make a respectable success in business, without a bachelor's degree. This is, in a large measure, true. Most professional schools demand from two to four years of college training as an entrance requirement; practically all public high schools demand of their teachers a college degree; business men have come to prefer college graduates; the officers' reserve corps emphasized college training. Women especially feel the need of college degrees, both in their old profession of teaching and in the many new professions now open to them. Colleges, through publicity bureaus and alumni, have done everything possible to increase the number of college students. No one needs to be told of this advertising: its results are apparent in his school, his home, and his community.

The result of this insistent emphasis upon the social and financial importance of a college degree is that more students now apply for entrance to college than can be physically accommodated. There simply is not room enough for those who can pass the examinations. And, even were funds for buildings and teachers forthcoming, the endowed colleges would not welcome the likelihood of becoming the great, sprawling, incoherent institutions which, with some rea-

son, they conceive the Western state universities to be. Everywhere are heard new shibboleths of choice of the best; aristocracy of the best minds; the all-round citizen; those who can render the greatest service to the state; the exclusion of those who come to college merely to further their chances for success, and the like. There is no reason to doubt the sincerity of such ideas merely because they coincide with new conditions. After all, the colleges a generation ago were seeking students; now students seek them.

One thing is certain — the endowed colleges must limit their enrollment. No one who knows their situation can doubt that, so long as they are to remain in their present form, under their present government, their numbers must be limited. The time has come to call a halt in the size of freshman classes. Almost all the women's colleges in the East have been rigidly limiting their numbers for several years. At some of them application must be made several years in advance; at most of them admission is secured only after the candidate has passed a set of examinations and has had her school record rigidly examined. She never knows with what grades her examinations are passed. She may, and probably often does, pass examinations, only to be refused on her school record and an estimate of her character supplied by her school principal. A girl passes, therefore, not the examinations, but the scrutiny of the admissions committee, which, so far as many a mystified girl is concerned, is a ruthless and uncommunicative Star Chamber.

This method of admission is gaining favor with the men's colleges as well. Dartmouth, for instance, has paid little attention to examinations, but has selected students geographically, because of kinship with alumni, and from specified portions of the classes in cer-

tain preparatory schools. Other colleges require psychological tests of their own devising, personal interviews, and elaborate confidential blanks to be filled out by the principal of the preparatory school. One such blank demands the student's religion; his place of birth; whether his family name has been changed; the extent to which his family has coöperated with the school authorities; whether he has committed breaches of discipline while at school; and other information which, experience teaches, counts as much as examinations. Such methods of admission have been in use in many of the larger colleges during the last few years, quietly and effectively; there is little reason to believe that they would have roused public discussion, had not Harvard, with candor worthy of her motto, thrown her cards upon the table and invited the country to discuss openly the question, Who shall go to college?

II

The problem of stating principles of choice and limitations frankly and intelligently is complicated by the fact that governing boards do not entirely agree upon the purpose of a college education. Faculties are likely to fall back upon Mr. Wilson's famous declaration, made when he was President of Princeton, that the primary function of a college is training for scholarship, and that 'character' is a by-product. This is certainly the statement that is most intelligible to the average man, who believes that colleges were established as places for young men to study and to learn, and that the rest of college is usually nonsense. Presidents and trustees, however, aware of the fact that scholarship and success in life are by no means necessarily coincident, often emphasize the formation of 'character' as the ultimate goal of col-

lege training. In all sincerity they believe that their colleges can produce the large-minded, public-spirited, cultured men of action, whom democracy most needs and whom it often lacks. The only fault with their theory is that, in many cases, personality and character are confused. The school or college which consciously sets out to train for character often produces merely the smooth-featured, well-groomed, polite, 'nice boy,' whose opinions are rare but correct, and who, though he will add to the pleasantness and even to the dignity of life, will probably never add to progress or to the alleviation of social pain. But perhaps the danger is no greater than in the case of the advocates of scholarship, which may often be pedantry or the mere accumulation of facts.

The alumni, who, after all, can judge by experience, rarely emphasize either character or scholarship. For them, college days were happy moments, remote from the actuality of the professional school or of business life. Social contacts and associations, the opportunity to buy tickets for the crowded football games, pleasant reunions, the glow of pride in the achievements of Alma Mater, the gratitude for the unnamable something which gives the college man what others never have — these, to most alumni, are the important ends. If there must be exclusion, he would see those students excluded who interfere with the consummation of these ends — the 'mucker,' the 'grind,' the foreigner, the negro, and other special and local antipathies.

These variations in ideas are not, of course, in any important sense antagonistic. They are complementary. Indeed, it is possible to find them exemplified in many college graduates, men who have studied thoughtfully and seriously, have played hard and fairly, and have shared in the pleasant, friendly,

social life that makes the associations of college so delightful. And it is only fair to say of college admissions committees that, in general, they hope to secure men who will make graduates of this type. At any rate, if they cannot be certain that every candidate will make such a man, they try hard to exclude those who, they believe, will interfere with the attainment of such a collective ideal.

The history of endowed colleges gives little help in this problem. Originally they were single colleges of the English type, founded and maintained in every case by religious denominations. As they expanded, they continued the organization of a single college, instead of developing other colleges later to be grouped in a single university after the English plan. The American colleges were homogeneous bodies, with no such latitude for the toleration of differences as the English collegiate system provided. In a simple democracy, where there were no great differences of rank, position, race, and religion, such an organization was entirely workable. But its misfortune was that it made no allowance for any large increase in the number of students, or for any serious change in the character of the population whence the students came. Had the American colleges been built on the English collegiate basis, there would now be room for expansion and room for the adjustment of social and racial differences.

It must also be remembered that endowed colleges are not and never have been public institutions. They have been connected with the state, not on the political and economic side, as in the West, but on the religious and social side. They have stood for a very definite point of view; and nobody but their governing boards has the power to change that point of view. They are subject to public opinion only in so

far as all private social institutions are subject to public opinion. Moreover, they no longer represent the communities from which they once drew their students and their support. The time was when the college was a microcosm adequately representing the social strata of the state; this ceased to be true when immigration began to change the population of the Atlantic seaboard.

The Irish, who formed the bulk of the early immigrants who remained in the East, did not affect the colleges in any important degree. In general, neither they nor their children were vitally interested in higher education. As time went on, the children of Irish immigrants were encouraged to go to Catholic colleges, which have been established, apparently, in large enough numbers to care for all applicants. Those who have gone to the older colleges have always made so small a minority as not to constitute any real problem.

III

With the later immigration, however, the case was different. The great Jewish immigration, which began in the eighteen-eighties and still continues to the limit of the law, settled chiefly in the Eastern cities, especially, as it chanced, in or near the very cities where were the largest colleges: Philadelphia, New York, New Haven, and Boston. They brought with them an inherited tradition of education, intellects trained for centuries in the sharpest analysis and dialectic, a natural bent toward the professions, and — what, perhaps, is most important — the repression for years of their attempts to give these desires and characteristics free play. In time they acquired the economic independence necessary to send their children to college; where financial independence was lacking, those children undertook the burden of self-support

with the tenacity of the race. There were no Jewish colleges founded for Jewish boys and girls, as with the Catholics, because there was no organized religious body to undertake their founding, and also because Jews have no desire for separation in anything except race and religion.

Now, it happened that Jews began to flock to the colleges at precisely the time when the colleges began to grow unwieldy in numbers and ill-assorted in membership. With the turn of the century, the old college simplicity began to disappear. Old buildings were supplemented by costly modern edifices. The fraternity house and the private dormitory were established to ease the pressure upon the college building funds. Athletics began to develop their present overwhelming importance. Fraternities established hundreds of new chapters. It became necessary to harmonize the differences between rich and poor, between the yearning for scholarship and the cultivation of useful leisure. It was the time when the colleges were violently criticized for their organization, their curricula, and their student life.

Added, therefore, to a burden of cares, came the problem of racial equilibrium. The number of Jews in the eastern colleges gradually increased, until to-day Jews would, were they permitted, in many cases form as much as fifty per cent of the students. The problem of what to do with other groups — negroes, Armenians, Italians — is as nothing when compared with the problem of the Jews.

In the first place, other groups have not the Jewish desire for education. At one remove from the immigrant quarter, other groups do not go to college. Success does not come to them with great rapidity, nor have they the same racial background of learning and scholarship which is, in some degree, in every Jew's

blood. Then, too, other groups have not the Jew's adaptability. The Ethiopian cannot change his skin; but Jewish boys and girls differ from their Gentile companions often only in a racial tie so faint that insistence upon it is but a galling reminder of a difference that seems almost academic. Moreover, Jews themselves are the most incoherent of racial groups, varying from the most cultivated, who have acquired the most conservative traditions of Americanism, to the most blatant, who know no traditions except those of oppression. And the urban environment of Eastern colleges has a full case of Jewish types, with the more noticeable, as always, setting the standard of judgment of the race as a whole. Finally, the Jew is the most successful of the newer groups in college. The success of Jews in scholarship is a byword. Rarely a list of honors appears which does not contain Jewish names. When a Jew puts his mind upon achievement, he usually secures what he aims for. He pursues success in scholarship with an intensity and a singleness of purpose which make him at least noticeable. What his hand finds to do, he does with all his might. Fatal gift! If only Jews would be content with mediocrity, the 'Jewish problem' might automatically disappear.

It is not the mere number of Jews, nor their undoubted prominence in scholarship, which complicates the problem. The American college is not, and never has been, an institution primarily for the acquisition of knowledge or the attainment of degrees. It is a social organization, with a very highly organized social structure. In most colleges this structure rests upon a basis of fraternities and clubs, with unwritten rules more rigid than those which govern the most exclusive society, administered with all the relentlessness of youth. It is hard to believe that young men have any inherent objection to

their Jewish fellow students as individuals. But the organizations to which they belong have an inherent objection to Jews in the mass. In the admission of Jews they see the subtle undermining of a social prestige which they must preserve, or perish. So far as the classroom is concerned, Jewish students are one thing; but at the 'prom,' or the class-day tea, the presence of Jews and their relatives ruins the tone which must be maintained if social standing is not to collapse. The result of the presence of a large number of students who are themselves not any too welcome at college affairs, and whose relatives are positively impossible, is necessarily disunion and strife within the social life of the college. Jews are naturally clannish, and the social discrimination which they constantly feel makes them doubly so. Isolated as they are, at a time of life and in an environment where isolation is poison, they create a group always sore, always aloof, always a thorn in the side of deans and presidents, who want unity above everything. Where Jewish fraternities and clubs are permitted, the situation becomes worse. Discontent, the gnawing sense of being unjustly treated, the rancor of a brilliant mind forced into social inferiority — these things become articulate and even vociferous; a sense of injustice crystallizes. Then too, the Jewish fraternities necessarily exclude some Jews, and there is left a poor, struggling, often unpleasant remnant, suffering from an aggravated inferiority complex, which makes them mere hangers-on of the collegiate society; men who are using the college for the financial gain of a college degree, men who make neither useful citizens of the college community nor alumni of whom the college can be proud.

The thought which comes into the mind of every right-thinking person is the essential injustice of the situation. In most cases Jewish students are men

of good character and fair scholarship. As far as can be learned, they give no trouble to the disciplinary officers. Being what they are, they are despised and rejected; and, being despised and rejected, they develop all their worst traits instead of their best. Were charity, friendliness, forbearance, and kindness the outstanding characteristics of college men, students of unpleasant personality could be made better college men and better citizens. But these characteristics are no more true of college men than of any group of people. Rather less so, indeed, for young people are notoriously snobbish, hero-worshipping, and intolerant of eccentricity. College authorities, however good their will may be, have not the power to reform the social prejudices of college students. Hence arises a dilemma: either the social nature of a college body must be changed and a new point of view adopted — which seems impossible; or the groups of students who interfere with the harmonious functioning of this social nature must be limited — which rouses a storm of protest.

Those who know the colleges of the East will have little doubt of the outcome: it is easier to endure a storm of protest than to change a point of view. It must be remembered that the point of view has been the slow development of years, and is held alike by trustees, faculties, and alumni.

IV

If the American college were an institution which aimed to find the sharpest brains of the country and to cultivate them, the problem of the limitation of enrollment would be simple. Jews would have nothing to fear from such a system. The bright minds would be admitted; the dull minds would be rejected; and among the successful

would unquestionably be the high percentage of Jews who always succeed in an open competition where brains count most.

But, for good or ill, the endowed colleges are not looking for the sharpest brains. In general they would probably like to think of themselves as worthy of Hilaire Belloc's praise: —

Here is a House that armours a man

With the eyes of a boy and the heart of a
ranger,

And a laughing way in the teeth of the world

And a holy hunger and thirst for danger:

Balliol made me, Balliol fed me

Whatever I had she gave me again:

And the best of Balliol loved and led me,—

God be with you, Balliol men.

It is obvious that such a conception of college means a careful selection of students to form a type. It means scholarship, to be sure; but it means also, as the presidents of Brown and Bates have stated publicly, that scholarship shall be only one qualification for candidates. Character, personality, the chances of the student's being a leader in life, social adaptability, the power to make friends, eligibility to social circles, conformity to discipline and to accepted thoughts and usages — these formally become the important criteria of admission, as they have been informally, in many cases, for several years. It is needless to say that such a conception of educational eligibility would exclude a large proportion of Jewish students, all negroes, and most members of other immigrant groups; and, with an ever increasing number of candidates for admission, would put a premium upon training in the great private schools.

Once accepted, this idea marks an epoch in American education, the full significance of which most people can hardly recognize, especially when it is remembered that, as the college is, so are large numbers of schools. It means the abandonment of scholastic achievement as the criterion of collegiate suc-

cess; it means the creation of 'gentlemen's' colleges, as we have had, for a long time, 'gentlemen's' schools; it means the establishment of state universities which will be consciously for the masses, as opposed to 'aristocratic' groups; and it means that the colleges which, though perhaps grudgingly and even unconsciously, have been a powerful agent in Americanization, will now give up that work.

The matter of justice does not enter into this discussion, provided state and municipal colleges are called into existence to give the education which is the right of every qualified youth in a democracy. It is education which counts as a right, not education in any specific college. If Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia, and other endowed colleges feel that social homogeneity is the most important thing in the world for them, they have the right to secure that homogeneity, so long as they maintain no monopoly of college education. It may matter intensely to the alumnus of a great college that his son should go to that college in the same environment which he enjoyed; the young man of immigrant stock, to whom that environment means nothing, ought not make the gratification of that desire impossible, so long as he personally can get his education elsewhere, and so long as the great graduate schools are free to all comers who are properly qualified. It is the thing which matters, not the place in which the thing is obtained. If, for good or ill, colleges wish to stand apart from the incoherencies and the clashings of our changing social life, they have a right to do so, as long as they encourage the founding and maintenance of new institutions which will provide an education for all qualified candidates. It is well to remember, however, that in the past the endowed colleges have opposed the establishment of state universities, and that

some of them have already undertaken a policy of exclusion of Jews without informing the public, and without giving a thought, apparently, to the question where the rejected students are to be educated. One of the bad features of the present discussion is the reticence of most college authorities, who permit rumors and sensational news reports to take the place of frank and open discussion, so that the public mind is befogged and confused by anybody who chooses to start a sensational story.

Though the question of justice may be put aside, the question of wisdom may properly enter into the discussion. The important thing is, after all, not what charters permit colleges to do, but what their self-respect, their desire to serve their students and their community, and their best interests in the future tell them they ought to do. Under a policy of exclusion of certain racial groups, of preferring the development of social qualities to active scholastic competition, the colleges are bound to lose more than they will gain. They may be pleasanter places to live in, but they will no longer really represent the eager, heterogeneous, varied amalgam which is America. Young men will be protected from the presence of new

Americans at the very age when they ought to be making contacts which will give them real knowledge of actual civic life. There is something disquieting, too, in the thought that their enthusiasm for democracy is so slight that they demand shelter from its perplexities and from its dangers. American college life, surely, ought to be more than a pleasant interlude; it ought to be a stirring achievement.

Most disquieting of all, however, is the feeling that, in the perpetual fight against bigotry, superstition, racial intolerance, and inverted nationalism, the colleges seem to be abandoning the side of the angels. It may be hard to see one's college harboring strange men with alien ways, to see the happy spirit of youthful friendship weakening beneath the fierce and relentless pursuit of knowledge which, to these strangers, is the whole of college life; but it is harder to see one's college the fostering mother of hates and racial dissensions, the parent of bitterness which for years will be a canker in the minds of men. Colleges will doubtless say that, in selecting their students in their own way, they have no such purpose. However, what usually matters is not the purpose of an act, but its result.

THE OPEN DOOR IN MARRIAGE

BY ANNE C. E. ALLINSON

THE following letter was written to a younger friend. Under the proper disguises, I am willing that it should be published, because I believe that women who hold my opinions should not leave the printed word entirely to those who preach the 'open door' in marriage.

DEAR MARGARET:—

Surely you do not mind my knowing what you are planning to do with your life and the life of Kenneth and the children; and surely, even if you would prefer to shut me out in spite of the very close bonds that have existed between us, you will concede to your husband the right to have come to me in his trouble. To no one else could he give his confidence in the same way. He could assume on my part an old and deep affection for you, a predilection for understanding and sympathizing with you.

I am going to write you exactly what I think. I do not expect to change your decision. But some day you will have to look upon your present act in retrospect. Once, when I was young and going through a difficult experience, I suddenly realized that I should have to live the rest of my life with the sort of person I was then allowing myself to be. So I invented an epigram, and wrote it out and pinned it up on my desk, where I could see it every day. It read: 'Look upon your present as the past of your future.' The day will come, Madge, when this present will be your past, and looking back upon it from the vantage point of its consequences, you will say to yourself, either, 'My best friend was

wrong,' or 'My best friend was right.' I am not going to make it possible for you to say, 'My best friend expressed no opinion — why was she silent?'

First, I am going to write out the situation as I understand it. I want you to know the basis on which I speak. You married Kenneth in the belief that you loved him, and your first four years of life with him, during which your two children were born, were sufficiently happy ones. Then you came again in contact with Eugene, who had loved you before your marriage. You have found that you love him a great deal more than you love Kenneth. You thoroughly respect and like Kenneth, and you appreciate the value of his sturdy character and his honest and capable devotion to work. You really do enjoy being with him, but the glory — if there ever was a glory — of this love has passed away. It is your love for Eugene which now sweeps you on like a great tide, which lifts you to the stars, which vibrates with the immortal music of the universe, which is the holiest and purest thing you have ever known. You feel, in loving him, the white ecstasy of the saint.

All this, of course, Kenneth has not told me. I gather it only from his simple and restrained, 'She loves him.' But you see, dear child, certain things are common to the various forms of love. Nobody has to overhear young lovers of twenty, to know what they are talking about under their first moon; and nobody needs to be told how a woman of thirty-five describes to herself the love

she feels for the man who supplants her good, but rather house-worn, husband. You are sharing an experience that has always been very common. It is even commonplace. But that does not mean that to you it is any the less real. I do, indeed, appreciate the fact that you are experiencing a very powerful emotion.

But to go back to the situation. You feel that you must leave Kenneth and go to Eugene; but you love your children also and mean to take them with you. You ask Kenneth to give them up to you entirely. Your first plan was to go to Eugene without waiting for a divorce; but you now think it more 'expedient' to legalize the relation from the beginning, and so you are going to wait for the process of the law.

Kenneth's attitude toward you is one of chivalric unselfishness. He will arrange for a divorce and be content with occasional visits from his children. He wants only your happiness. He fears for your future more profoundly than he sorrows for his own. He has begged you to remain with him on terms of friendship and freedom. In staying with him, you would not have to sacrifice any self-respect. You could preserve your economic independence and your personal liberty. You yourself see clearly that you have nothing to run away from or to escape from, but are choosing rather to go toward something and to seize something for yourself. This is the situation, is it not?

Now, for my own point of view. You have, evidently, not come to me yourself because you know that I would advise you to give up Eugene. I am going to try to think out what reasons I can give that would make any appeal to you. Of course, I am not going to offer 'social conventions' or 'religious dogmas.' The modern term for these, I understand, is 'taboos.' By this word your contemporaries seek amusingly to relegate to the rank of savages those

who believe in such conventions and dogmas. However, in the sense in which you understand them, I don't care much for them, either. Naturally, with my interest in history, I have more sympathy than you have with their symbolic value, knowing that they represent props upon which men and women have relied in the never-ending struggle for civilization. But I am more than willing to set them all aside here. Certainly they would never be my own ultimate guides in periods of storm or stress.

I should myself wish to rise into the æther where the 'Laws on high' abide. You remember the magnificent description of them by Sophocles — 'No mortal nature among men gave birth to them, nor ever shall oblivion lull them to slumber. Great is God within them, and He grows not old.' But I catch myself on the last phrase. I know that, quite aside from 'religious dogmas,' you have no religion in the richest significance of the term — in the significance dear to Socrates, or Marcus Aurelius, or Paul. My favorite definition of religion is the glowing phrase hurled to us from the trenches during the Great War: — 'It is betting your life on the existence of God.' However you define God, He is the Thing bigger than your own life. You now are betting your life on the nonexistence of forces and necessities greater than your own desires. This knowledge of you makes it impossible for me to suggest to you the two appeals that would summon my own will. I do not allude to myself lightly, Madge. You must realize that, like all men and women, I, too, have met moral crises in the course of years of living.

I cannot, for example, mention Duty to you. The very word turns you cold and stony. It chills me also as the voice of 'Puritans'; but as the 'daughter of the voice of God,' it has often come to me warm and tender, inspiring and impelling. Over and over it has calmed

within me the struggle of frail humanity. Over and over — for one rushes to the poets for figures — I have found that all the stubborn thistles along the way do indeed burst

into glossy purples

Which out-redden all voluptuous garden roses.

You look with contempt at a straight and narrow way bristling with thistles. You are like so many of a still younger generation. One of them said lately, 'Yes, I acknowledge it is my duty; but, you see, the word means absolutely nothing to me.' I discard it and try to think of something else.

If duty springs from the voice of God, there is a law of life which is God himself, and that, Margaret, is the law of sacrificial Love. It is the most beautiful, the most vital, the most glorious, the deepest, the highest, the most unfathomable, the clearest thing that I have ever known. I believe that it transcends all the languages that you have ever studied, all the literatures that you have ever read. It is beyond all mysteries and all knowledge. Without it every other power within us is but as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. That is how I have come to feel about it through years of searching, of experimenting, of using my intelligence, of having my heart picked up and used by life itself. But the only love that you admit to be authoritative is the sexual love of man and woman. This is not the 'love' that has filled the centuries with the miracles of renunciation turned into power. This is not the 'love' that lays down its life for another, that is crucified for another, that, in losing itself for a day, finds itself to all eternity. And yet, to you, it is paramount, while my 'law' is but an empty phrase.

Dear Margaret, I told you that I should not suggest to you the Laws on high. I fall from their æther to seek for points of contact between us, for words that come nearer meaning the same

things to you and to me. Well, let me try this first. Even if you have not in you the flaming quality that I call love, have you, by any chance, a more ordinary humaneness, a rather refined unwillingness, perhaps, to inflict cruelty? I mean that sort of gentleness which made a Greek unable to watch suffering as the Romans could. You are sensitive to many delicate impressions. I used to think you rather extraordinarily perceptive of other people. It was an intellectual and æsthetic rather than a moral quality in you, but it seemed to me very real. You performed for some of us very beautiful services, just because you saw so swiftly what our needs were. And now, years later, you are making no one happy except yourself and Eugene — a rather meagre accomplishment at your age! To the disillusionment and regrets of your old friends, you are naturally indifferent. Friends usually go down like ninepins before a lover! Kenneth's family you probably forget, in spite of their many kindnesses and services. Your own father and mother you are willing to hurt, meting out to them the normal fate of parents.

But Kenneth himself, whose happiness you once voluntarily took into your hands — can you who have been his wife really buy a new experiment in happiness at the expense of pulling down his very life in ruins about him? In view of his nature, you must know that he probably will be unable to find consolation in another marriage. You impose upon him a suffering that would be intolerable save for his own courage and patience. Madge, even if you had a right to it, would you partake of a feast in full view of a starving Volga peasant whom you had promised to feed?

But Kenneth can at least adjust his own character to the demands upon it. It is your children who call out to my pity — these tender, helpless babies, your victims. And, in a quite different

way, Kenneth's victims, too. I think you both use them as pawns and puppets in this terrible game of your emotions. You bear them away with you merely because you want them as well as your new lover. He lets them go — rather than apply his legal rights — because he wishes to be unselfish toward you. Between you their lives are divided and mutilated. But your wrong, Margaret, is the greater. You must know that their surest chance of happiness in this uncertain world lies in their being nurtured and cherished by the two who gave them life, and who love them equally. Eugene, however willing he seems now, will lack the great incentive to complete their parentage. Only the death of a father can move another man fully to take his place with little children. You think you are a good mother. But I tell you that Medea murdering her children in the madness of passion seems to me only a little more cruel than you are. She was more savage and swift. Your process will be slower, caring for the bodies of your children, but cutting away from their hearts and souls the props of a normal family life.

I speak out of the fullness of my heart. My father and mother lived together for nearly fifty years, differing from each other in temperament, in tastes, in intellectual interests, in religious beliefs, in manners, in preferences and prejudices — in everything but character. But whatever adjustments they needed to make were made in dignified silence out of the hearing or the sight of their children. No faintest echo reached us of one hour that was not one of harmony and love and mutual respect and consideration. Now their graves are side by side, under a tall fir tree that spreads its green branches over them summer and winter. They are no more one in death than they taught themselves to be in life. It was in the years after my mother's death that I had the profound privilege

of coming near to my father. One day during an illness, when his eyes, so clear and clean even in old age, were tired with pain and his slender scholar's hand lay weak in mine, he said to me: 'I have no fear of the future life. Either there is none, — which is simple, — or I shall have it with your mother.' Margaret, Margaret, can you steal from your daughter the chance of such an hour? In sheer humaneness can you take her from the father of whose blood and bone she is, or deprive her of his indubitable union with her mother? A child nurtured within such a marriage has most of her victories won for her in advance.

But who was ever made humane by another person's horror? I must assume that humaneness lies not in you. I square my shoulders and try again. I must step down from virtues to manners.

Have you read a recent novel called *Intrusion*? Toward the end there is an interesting discussion about the ethics of a woman leaving her husband for another man. The situation is your own, there being no fault whatever to find with the husband. Most of the characters think that the woman is justified. But a certain woman is allowed by the author to touch another note in a characteristically modern tentative way. I copy it out for you. Madeleine says: —

'We ought to pay, ought n't we, for our own mistakes? At least, we ought n't to make other people pay. . . . And in this case, surely, the husband did the paying. Somehow, I can't help feeling that this woman's refusal to pay her own debt soiled her. She may have been happier . . . I'm sure she was. . . . But she was less fine.'

Guen tossed a smoked cigarette into her empty fireplace, and lighted another. 'You mean,' she said, as she tossed the match down after the dead cigarette, 'that if you made a mistake, — of that sort, — you'd go on with it. You would n't . . . open the door?'

Madeleine hesitated. Caryl saw the color come into her face as though it disturbed

her to have the subject made personal in this uncompromising fashion. 'I think,' she said at length, 'that I should want . . . a better excuse.'

'He'd have to do — the husband, I mean — something that killed your respect . . . that made it impossible for you to stay? You could n't just walk out?'

Madeleine seemed to accept this. 'It might be quite all right for others,' she said. 'I feel sure it is. They'd feel unclean if they stopped. I should feel unclean if I went.'

For a moment nobody said anything. Then Allan took the pipe out of his mouth and spoke.

'I see,' he said. 'Marriage for you is what Matthew Arnold said religion was — an affair of morality touched with emotion.'

Madeleine turned her head and looked at him out of quiet eyes.

'I think I should n't say anything half as definite as all that,' she told him. 'It's merely my own feeling about it. I don't feel it's a question of morality in the ordinary sense at all: it is, to me, just what I said it was — a matter of personal fastidiousness. It sounds priggish, I know, but you can't say what you mean in English. . . . It just is that there are some things you know you can't do. They revolt you — like certain things to eat, or the feel of a cat's fur.'

I had an idea, Madge, of asking you about your 'personal fastidiousness.' But writing out the quotation has shown me how foolish that would be! The author of the novel, whose teeth, I think, are set on edge, as mine are, by cat's fur and maple sugar and making another person pay, admits that, if this question be one of taste, there is no room for argument. *De gustibus non est disputandum! Chacun à son goût!* This is the barren end of an effort to argue from physical to moral repulsions.

Dear child, I realize my impotence in this whole letter. I acknowledge that my idea of duty, my idea of self-sacrifice, my idea of humaneness, my kind of fastidiousness, to you make no appeal. But I am reluctant to own myself defeated. I shall try once more to scale

the wall between us. I am now even willing to meet you on the lowest plane — your own desires.

You talk a great deal about Life — at least, I suppose you do, because that is part of the vernacular of those who either make decisions like yours or approve of them. I, too, love the word. I love the way the thing itself surges from cradle to grave. I am thrilled daily by a fresh belief that it rises out of eternal springs and flows toward an infinite sea. 'Fountains of living water' — that is the greatest figure by which to describe the amazing vitality of some men and women. But they are not those who force their total energy into one passionate stream. They pour it broadcast into work and play, into art and beauty, into comradeship and into leadership.

While passion exists, it tempts to isolation. But really vital natures cannot long be held within its grip alone. The joy of other creative things takes its turn in possessing them. They insist upon expressing themselves in a thousand ways disconnected with sex. If in these things they are at one with the man or woman whom they love, they are fortunate. But if not, these things do not die within them. Cisterns of genius or talent break less easily than that.

Now, to come back to yourself. You insist that you must leave Kenneth because intellectually you would 'starve' with him. Madge, dear, I do try to remember that to you it is important — and perhaps should be important — whether you starve or not! But look your condition in the face. If your intellectual store is so meagre that its replenishments are dependent upon any one person, you are likely in time to starve anyway. As for your opportunity to 'grow' in spite of the 'bonds' of marriage, you yourself must acknowledge that your liberty with Kenneth would

be as great as with Eugene. Your husband in this respect is 'modern' to the last degree. He would respect your economic independence. He would do all in his power — even to the point of adjusting his own work to yours — to help you to develop any gift within you. Your grandiose 'starvation' comes down to the mere fact that you and Kenneth have different sorts of minds. The difference exists within a certain radius of sameness; for you have both had the same kind of education and mental environment. Hundreds of able men who live with silly women, hundreds of 'culture-loving' women who live with philistine men, would wonder what on earth you are fussing about.

But, Margaret, you seem intellectually to be more dependent upon those about you. You and Kenneth disagree about certain things, and you and Eugene agree about them. Kenneth has ceased to interest you — if he ever did. Eugene still does interest you. Therefore you think your powers will be greater if you live with Eugene than if you live with Kenneth. I tell you brutally that you are allowing yourself to be an intellectual chameleon. Mental satisfaction does not lie that way. Riches of intellect are bought with harder coin.

But let us go on to something else. 'Life' contains, in addition to emotion, and in addition to the expression of gifts or talents, the prosaic business of living, of getting and preparing food, of bathing babies, of having the washing done, of buying or making clothes, of cleaning house, or paying for the coal. These details are the substratum of health and well-being. They are the bony structure of any fair existence led by men or women. Only money can prevent them from bulking very large in the life of a man and woman who set up a ménage together. Now I understand that Eugene is no more able than Kenneth or yourself to buy immunity from many

'petty' cares. I am told that his income is very limited for the family of four with which he must begin. It is probable that in marrying him you will — for a time, at least — lessen your own earning capacity. You are going to him in order to live in the same town and the same house with him; and often a woman cannot find congenial and remunerative work near her own door. It is also likely that your divorce will prove a handicap. Also you will probably have more children, which will involve a certain amount of 'incapacity.' Of course, you do not care if Eugene is poor — you are willing to be poor with him. But face certain inevitable future facts. Even if you do not increase your family, your poverty will entail many renunciations for both him and you. Especially will you have to limit yourselves because of the children. In doing this, Eugene will not have the same motive that you have, and you will be constantly fretted (for I think you have this much 'fastidiousness') by the necessity of hampering him for the sake of another man's children.

Furthermore, in your lives, as in all lives, there will be periods of sickness, of anxiety, of stark, drear drudgery. In the happiest and most beautiful marriages there are times when duty and self-sacrifice are stronger fortresses than romance against the assaults of outrageous fortune. But you and Eugene deny the efficacy of duty and self-sacrifice. Upon what, then, shall you rely? Surely not on passion! That will be no defense when you are ten years older — only ten short years older! Margaret, remember that emotional life runs high in you now only because it precedes the ebb granted by a Nature kinder and wiser than ourselves. And on the ebb tide what is to bind you and Eugene, who have come together by denying the validity of the other component parts of Love? I have little faith

in your being better toward each other than you are toward others. Experience has taught me that, in the long run, the different relations of life are merely outlets for the same stream. When I married, an old friend of my husband's wrote to me: 'You may trust him, because he has never failed in any other relation.' If the source is muddy, mud may come through any faucet.

What, then, is the alternative for you? I have lived long enough and diversely enough to watch the experiments of many, many people. And I can assure you that it is possible for you and Kenneth together to work your way through this devastating tempest into a serene harbor, where you will find peace for yourselves and blessings for your children. And that peace can be compounded of power, so that all your gifts — and his, for I have some concern for them also! — will bloom and blossom. I have seen it over and over in marriage. Among my acquaintances, sometimes the wife, sometimes the husband, has been caught in mid-stream by an alien passion and swept from the moorings of family life. Sometimes one or both have simply grown bored and restive. But they have held themselves in leash. They have placed their obligations before their emotions. Often they have let the struggle be seen, and have subjected their marriage to the critical or anxious comments of their friends. But in the end they have 'won out.' In fortunate instances they have renewed the warmth of love. At the very least, they have become comrades in the pursuit of the interests which lie outside of sex and which appeal to all intelligent men and women during the second half of 'Life.' Instead of having laid waste their vineyard, they have pruned it to bear better fruit. Children and grandchildren cluster on the parent stem.

For such a future, Margaret, — quite as happy as any you can antici-

pate with Eugene, — you would sacrifice now a few years of emotional satisfaction. I do not say this lightly. When the tide runs full, the human will might well seem impotent. But all experience proves that it is not. You have had your share — you have had a great deal more than thousands of other women. In your case passion has been benign and constructive, leaving you with two strong and beautiful children. For their sakes, you can subdue yourself. For down through the generations men and women have done it, for a cause beyond themselves. Don't tell me you cannot sacrifice Eugene! His is not the first claim upon your sense of justice.

Sense of justice! Ah! Margaret, the word is like a bell, tolling me back to your real self. Neither Justice nor Love appeals to you. I look back over this letter. I have declined from one kind of plea down upon another, rejecting each one as still too high for you. At the end, I have been brought to accepting your own plea for happiness, and attempting only to argue that you would not find it. In doing this I perceive that I give up the fight. I own myself beaten. For never yet has common sense prevailed where the Laws on high have failed. Only an angel can 'ride the whirlwind' of our mortal natures.

Margaret, I am going to say one more word to you. If you were my own child, and I was told that, although you were going to do this, there was still one last thing that I might pray for, I would pray like this: 'Let her come to me and say, "I know that this is a cruel and cowardly thing that I am doing. I know that it is damnable and rotten. But I choose to do it."' Then, as you turned to go to Eugene, I could at least comfort myself with a knowledge of your honesty. 'When her day of trouble comes,' I could say to myself, 'she will have one clean weapon left to fight with.'

Good-bye.

PREACHING IN NEW YORK. II

BY JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

November 2, 1920. — The Hard Church of modern times has suffered a loss of poetry, no less than of piety, by letting the day of All Souls drop out of its calendar. More winsome, more humane is the older faith, as in those parts of Ireland where old and sweet customs are not forgotten. There, as Kettle once said, in every cottage and farmhouse the hearth will be clean-swept and a new fire laid down, with a chair set before it for every member of the family who has passed out of shadows into realities. For it is believed that they are privileged to revisit tonight the place of their childhood. 'Dead names will be cried about the winds — the names of those who achieved, the names of those who were broken or who broke themselves. Not a heart but about its portals will flutter a strange drift of memories; for it is the Day of all the Dead.' If religion is poetry believed in, surely here is a touch of beauty, pity, and piety.

November 4. — Spent an evening with Eamonn de Valera, and found him a man of real power and charm — much more, methinks, than a mere doctrinaire. Tall, somewhat angular, he might easily be awkward, and his keen eye and square jaw show the fighter. Winsome and gentle-hearted, one gets an impression of character made firm by loyalty to a principle. When he talked of Ireland, there was a light in his eyes which revealed what reverence and devotion really are. Asked what he would do with Home Rule if and when he got it, he said the first

thing would be to declare Ireland independent and free. Such men are easily misjudged, but his sincerity is unmistakable. Patriots are rebels till they triumph — then they are heroes. The evening left me asking a question like that of Pilate, only in a different mood: What is wisdom? Where are we to draw the line between an erect, unbending devotion to an ideal, and an adaptable attitude, which deals with facts, takes half a loaf when it cannot get the whole, and achieves results?

November 6. — Had a bite and a chat with Huneker at the Players. What an amazing man, alike for his vitality of body and his verve of spirit, his incredible knowledge, his sensitiveness, his generosity, and, above all, his critical eye for the good. As a romantic raconteur, he is supreme, and there is no one near him. Such talk — full of stories, pictures, flashing epigrams, and news from every realm of art. Listening to him is like riding on an express train through a multicolored tangle-wood. Flaubert, Gautier, and Emerson are among his masters, and in music, Chopin and Bach. He thinks, as he writes, in terms of music. My suggestion that *Painted Veils* ought to be reckoned among his sins evoked such a running critique of fiction as I never heard before in my life.

Outside, in Gramercy Park, stood Quinn's statue of Booth as Hamlet — lonely, pensive, heroic; and over the fireplace, inside, hung Sargent's portrait of the Booth his friends knew and loved. We agreed that near by there ought to

be a memorial to William Winter, the Plutarch of our stage and the greatest critic of the drama America has known. It was an hour of enchantment, made so by the gay heart and the glittering mind of my host.

November 22. — Took tea with Rabin-drath Tagore at the Algonquin Hotel, and feel almost as if I had been talking to another Man of the East, who wore a tunic and turban in Galilee. His Oriental robes, his domelike forehead, his long iron-gray hair, his beautiful dark eyes, made him look like a figure that had stepped out of the pages of the Bible. As he talked on, speaking with exquisitely soft voice in the English accent, I remembered how, when Yeats sought to find someone with whom to compare Tagore, he went back to à Kempis. Rather he is a kind of blend of Whitman and Francis of Assisi — a poet to whom the law of life is love, comradeship, joy, with much else hidden in those deep eyes which we of the West can hardly know. Vividly I recalled my first reading of *Song Offerings*, and the wonder of it, — like floating, far-off music, touched by a wistful elusive sadness, yet with hints to remind one of the Song of Songs, its imagery as tenuous as filmy smoke-tapestry, — and how, later, I had a happy argument with Alfred Noyes as to whether it was poetry at all or not.

Alas, to-day I heard a new note of pathos in his voice, the echo of a great heartbreak at thought of the chaos of the world and the tragedy of India. It is a sadness hard to know from despair, deepened by his glimpse of our metallic, regimented civilization in the West, and the tide of materialism and narrow nationalism now flowing. Only the Sons of the Spirit — the Poets — have the secret for the healing of humanity, and their voices are not heard in the hoarse rancor of to-day. 'God is wanting,' he said; and until we find and

serve Him, knowing that He cares more for a brother than He does for an empire, there will be no recovery from the bankruptcy of constructive faith and vision we have suffered. 'May He give us the beneficent mind,' he added, quoting from the *Upanishad*; and I went away under the spell of a great spiritual personality, whose charm is no more to be uttered than the ecstasy of spring mornings, or the light that lies on purple hills.

December 10. — My English friends keep writing of New York as a glittering, heartless place, hoping that I may make my church a centre of friendliness in a cold city. Every city is cold and cruel, — not with the ferocity of a tiger, but with the indifference of a cart wheel, which rolls over a stone or a human head with equal ease, — New York not more so than London. Indeed, the frigidity of New York is only a pretense and a bluff, as Raggles discovered in the O. Henry story, 'The Making of a New Yorker.' Nor does one have to be knocked over in the street, as he was, to learn that, underneath its glitter and show, it is almost foolishly warm-hearted. Half its people are from smaller communities and long for the old neighborliness — but dare not show it. They are like billiard balls in a game: they 'kiss' and pass on, little knowing the pent-up kindness under the polished surface. New York is a huge mass of scrambled humanity, — many races, creeds, colors, — but it is wistfully, pathetically human, after all. At the present rate, like Raggles I shall soon be saying 'Noo York,' thinking that the sun rises in East River and sets in the Hudson.

December 25. — History is eager with the effort of men to find a Happy Prince, whose power shall be gentle, wise, and just, and to establish Him in dominion over their broken lives and warring wills. Long ago they found

Him; but all who find Him lose Him, though all have found Him fair. The eager dream came true when from a little town in Judea there came a Man of Good Will, the lover of the race. Each year, for a brief day, so swift to go, Lord Christ rules over us. Each year we give Him Christmas Day, permitting his will to prevail, and his brooding spirit to rest upon the nations. Toward that happy interlude we look forward longingly; and when it is ended, we look back lovingly to the time when we were good together. Strife, anger, tumult, and the hurry of little days are forgotten. A while we dwell in his kingdom, and in his authority there is peace. Alas, the Day of Christ is gone while the welcome is still on our lips. He comes and He passes, because we are troubled about many things. If He might abide, it would be well with us, and pity and joy would walk the common ways of man.

January 14, 1921. — New York is the greatest religious Curiosity Shop on earth. Besides all the regular varieties of religion, Catholic, Protestant, Hebrew, Trinitarian, Unitarian, Communitarian, we have the most variegated menagerie of cults anywhere to be found. 'Fads, freaks, fakes, supported by women of a certain age suffering from suppressed religion,' a friend of mine described them; but I have been investigating. In the McAlpin Hotel there is to be a lecture on Divine Metaphysics, after which 'audible treatment will be given.' In the Biltmore there was a lecture on the 'Hidden Giant,' — the Subconscious, — followed by 'Classes in Concentration and Prosperity.' In the Ansonia Hotel I listen to a sermon on the 'Religion of the Solar Plexus,' an utterly new gospel to me. Indeed, I have heard so many unheard-of gospels, made up of the heel-taps of psychology and the fag-ends of occultism, that I am dizzy — swimming round and round in puddles of words.

It is a strange phenomenon, restless folk running hither and yon, listening to Parlor Magi, knocking at the doors of dead paganisms and modern theosophies, asking for new faiths. For many, this vagrant hotel religion is a kind of intellectual picnic, asking questions of every ship that comes into port; a religion which, the last of every month, pulls out its notebook to write down a new creed — 'ever learning, but never coming to the knowledge of the truth,' as the Apostle said. For others, it is an ingrowing, self-obsessed religion — not once did I hear the social note struck. They think only of their own personal health, or luck, or success, or peace of mind; and the easy, evasive optimism they seek is an ostrich attitude, ignoring hard realities. Often it looks like a subtle selfishness, trying to wear the robes of mystical faith, seeking spiritual victory without discipline.

January 16. — Each of the cults that haunt our hotels betrays some lack on the part of organized religion — chiefly its lack of emphasis on the mystical element. Medical science is not spiritual enough, and the church does not give specific guidance in the details of the spiritual life — what the Catholics call the Office of Direction. The church tells men to pray, but does not tell them how to do it — whereas it is a high, austere art. The physician must not simply tell his patient to be well, he must tell him how to do it — what to eat, how to sleep, and the rest. There are difficulties in handling mental and spiritual hygiene in the pulpit; but a way must be found to do it. Each of the cults I have visited offered a programme, a method to be followed, a book to be read regularly. Such books! Bereft of literary beauty and spiritual wisdom — but they are read. The meaning of it all is that these cults are seeking a new technique of religion, in response to a deep need, — trying to help distracted

folk to personal efficiency through spiritual experience, — and their aim is right, whatever we may think of their teachings. After all, Susan Yellam was right: 'Faith in A'mighty God have more to do wi' the stomach than most folks think on.'

January 24. — Listening to Chesterton lecture is a joy undefiled, as much for his manner as for the niceties of his insight and his ever-present humor. His huge figure, his shock of tousled gray hair, his accent, beginning a sentence in the treble key and sliding down, his shy, winning smile, captivate, the while he pricks our absurdities and pronounces prohibition a violation of the constitution of the universe. His second lecture, 'Shall We Abolish the Inevitable?' was an annihilating analysis of the pervasive, easy-going fatalism which is nothing short of a curse. At the close of one of his lectures, a woman in the top gallery asked him why he used paradox in his writings. He expressed surprise, saying that he had searched his books in vain for a paradox, the quest having suggested a great epic poem to be entitled *Paradox Lost*. If he can help America to recover its lost sense of humor, he will be a benefactor; and he can do it by telling us what the London papers would say if the *Autobiography of Margot Asquith* had been written by an American woman!

January 27. — No church is more rich in its munificence, or more strategic in its labor to stem the tide of paganism in New York, than the Episcopal Church. Its missions are marvels of sagacious and prophetic Christian enterprise. For that reason all who labor in this diocese are deeply interested in the election of a new bishop; but it is a pity that we always have a big row and get all mussed up about it. As a partisan of the rector of Grace Church, — whose spiritual insight and literary charm have been among my blessings for

years, — the result does not make me happy, save as a rebuke to the Anglo-phobes, who attacked Dr. Manning on the ground of his British origin; which is like excommunicating George Washington, who was a British subject before he became an American citizen. Let us hope the new Bishop will finish the slowly rising Cathedral of St. John the Divine, — about which James Lane Allen wove his lovely story, *The Cathedral Singer*, — and show us the function of a cathedral in a democracy. If only our varied fellowships could be united in one great communion, making the Cathedral a central shrine at the gates of the University, joining a Home of the Soul and a City of the Mind in the service of a many-tongued metropolis — is it only a dream?

January 28. — The annual dinner of the Poetry Society last night reminded me of the dim nights in London when we used to discuss the heavenly art between air raids. How interesting it is to meet singers whose faces you have never seen, but whose songs have opened windows of divine surprise toward the City on the Hill! Though I have long been a devotee in the Temple of Song, Le Gallienne, Rice, Kemp, Sara Teasdale, Elsa Barker, and Ina Coolbrith were among the members of the choir I had not met. Mukerji came near being the hero of the hour, with his story of the wandering poets of India, begging alms for which they pay in bits of wisdom and song. If we did not understand the meaning of the lines he recited, we felt the rhythm of the music. Markham, in his welcome to Tagore, said that in the Land of Poetry there is no East and West, but one cup of the universal communion. In the speech of Tagore one felt the ache of his heart in his words, as of one depressed, if not deeply wounded, by the mood of America. He pleaded for men of world-mind, who see that we are all

citizens of one Kingdom of the Spirit, members of one Beloved Community.

February 4. — Every time I hear Rabbi Wise, it makes me want to play truant from my own church; he is so vital, so vibrant with intellectual power, so aglow with moral electricity — like a bit of human radium. Tall, athletic, graceful, his dark brown eyes eaglelike in their brightness; his deep bass voice soft as velvet in appeal, and resonant in denunciation; his style bristling with epigrams, swift epitomes, and phrases that sting the mind with the surprise of beauty — his charm as an orator is equal to his daring as a prophet. One moment he is walking to and fro like a lawyer at the bar; another, he is exploding some injustice or absurdity with a quick sabre-thrust, with now a glint of humor and now a gleam of prophetic indignation.

Emerson said that the man who speaks the truth will find life sufficiently dramatic. It has been so with Rabbi Wise, who early took for his motto: 'I will try to see things as they are, and then I will try to say them as I see them.' His gallant fight for a free pulpit in a Free Synagogue is memorable in the religious life of America. As chivalrous as he is fascinating, in New York he is not only a personality but an institution, — admired, feared, and idolized by turns, — a leader of his own people and a captain of the forces making for social justice, civic honor, and national idealism.

February 11. — Spoke at a Settlement on the East Side, to a company made up largely of Jewish young people, the most intent and eager listeners I have had in many a day. My talk was about Lincoln, the emphasis being on the idea that we must support the State and not expect the State to support us. When question-time came, I learned that my audience did not agree with much that I had said, and they refuted me by quoting Karl Marx,

whose writings they knew, giving chapter and verse, chiefly from *Das Kapital* — using it as an authority much as theologians use the Bible. When we got away from Marx, and dealt with issues on their merits, they were not so certain, and I accused them of playing leapfrog over hard facts. The religious idea they dismissed with a sort of triumph, even with scorn. Not all of them were Marxians, and they had a picturesque debate among themselves, while I acted as umpire. Having told them that I preferred Lincoln to Marx, I went away — wishing the while that all young people had as keen an interest in public affairs.

February 25. — Fifth Avenue, from Madison Square to the top of Central Park, is a fine lady, elegantly dressed and well mannered, the very pink of fashion, and with the way of one secure in her position and social standing. She has wealth and power, and the great churches she passes add dignity without solemnity to her deportment. If her skirts are cut as befits the fashion, — alow or aloft, — she is no flirt like Broadway, much less what Wells calls a 'painted disaster of the street'; it is a difference not of inches, but of intention. She moves with fair grace, but without striking sinuousness. She dines at the Waldorf, worships at Brick Church, St. Thomas's, or the Cathedral, as her heart inclines, reads at the Public Library, and keeps a museum of art for her guests. If she smokes, it is in the seclusion of her stately clubs, any one of which would make the palace of an Oriental monarch look like a rummage sale. At times she is haunted, methinks, by the dread of horrible shapes of poverty hidden in the shabbiness into which the city shades off toward the East. It is a brilliant, gracious avenue, more high-heeled than high-browed, but kind-hearted withal; in short, a glorified Main Street.

March 18. — David Swing was right. Snakes crawl, birds fly, and rabbits run, but man talks himself forward. Having discussed a thing for half a century, he takes a cautious step in advance, and then sits down and reopens the infinite conversation. Take the matter of Church Unity, about which we are having a series of very able lectures at Brick Church. All agree that a divided Church is wasteful, as well as stupid and ineffective; but the pace of a snail is swift beside our progress toward unity. Indeed, beyond the evil of overlapping, we do not know what we mean by Church Unity, much less how to bring it about. It makes one think of the saying of Rose Macaulay in *What Not*: 'To organize religion, a man must have the talents of the Devil, or at least of an intelligent Civil Servant.' Anyway, the sons of darkness outwit the sons of light, and the cohesive power of greed outruns the coherence of Christian enterprise. Must the Church always be last, riding in an oxcart in a day of express trains?

March 26. — As a lad, I knew nothing of Catholicism, save as a strange superstition called Popery, which I heard denounced as Antichrist, and every kind of ugly name. So, reading in the paper about Cardinal Gibbons, I made bold to write him a long letter, telling him of my case and the awful things I had heard about his Church. In closing I asked him to name a book from which I might learn what the Church really taught, and something of its history. In due time came a letter, two pages long, written with his own hand, gentle and wise of spirit; and a few days later an autographed copy of his little book, *The Faith of Our Fathers*. To-day I attended the service in his memory at the Cathedral on Fifth Avenue, drawn equally by veneration of a noble character and gratitude to a great man who took time to answer the

scrawling letter of a little boy eleven years old. Once more I felt the power of the Church, opening its arms alike to rich and poor, to the learned and the unlearned, flinging across their troubled lives the mantle of an august memory and an eternal hope — flooding the mortal scene with music and color and the romance of holiness!

March 27. — Once again Easter Day builds its great Arch of Promise over the homes of our living and the graves of our dead. 'If it were not so, I would have told you,' said Jesus; to which I love to add the words of St. Ignatius: 'Those who have heard the word of Jesus can bear his silence.' He confirms faith without satisfying curiosity, but always he lets light through the Shadow. When he spoke of his own death He simply said, 'I go to my Father.' No place is named, only a Presence. He thought in terms of Life, and death was but a cloud-shadow floating over the human valley. Eternity is now, God is here, and death is but the shadow of life! O my soul, remember and rejoice!

Friend, surely so,
For this I know:
That our faiths are foolish by falling below,
Not coming above, what God will show.

April 10. — Broadway is a parable of human life. Born amid the rocks of Spuyten Duyvil, it has an innocent, if rather ragged, childhood, and it is ready for school by the time it reaches Columbia and Union Seminary — though one may doubt if it learns much theology. Leaving the University, it behaves very well at first; but by the time it arrives at Columbus Circle, its mind runs to automobiles, which is not a good omen. Alas, between Broadway Tabernacle and the Flatiron Building, it is a gay and giddy-paced street, garish in manners if not in morals, — all lit up and flashy, — known as 'the Street of Seven Sins,' though it is not as bad as it is painted. By the time it gets to Grace

Church, it is a sober, middle-aged street, the glitter of the White Way having faded into the light of common day. At the City Hall it mixes in politics, but to no good purpose. Gradually it becomes the Street of the Dreadful Height, until it ends in a Grand Cañon, and thinks only of money, as if smitten with the avarice of age. Toward the end, even its churches are very rich; which makes one ponder the words of Jesus about the end of a 'broad way.'

April 15. — On a soft-spoken day in spring, when the sky is clear, with only bits of lacy clouds here and there, it is no good trying to stay in and study; so I go a-rambling. New York is so vast, — like a human ocean, — that one may wander any whither: from Feather Bed Lane to the Bowery, from Hell Gate to Greenwich Village. On top of a bus I floated down the human river called Fifth Avenue, landing at Seventeenth Street, on my way to Irving Place, 'the heart of the O. Henry country.' His house at No. 55 still stands, but he seems to be everywhere in New York, as the spirit of Dickens haunts London. Though not a New Yorker, no one was ever more penetrated by the genius and flavor of New York, its comedy, its tragedy, its endless surprise.

Thence to the top of the Woolworth Tower, where, as from the peak of Matterhorn, one sees a maze of streets northward, through which Broadway and Fifth Avenue run like dual motifs of the city. From that dizzy pinnacle, what an incredible vista is unveiled — the hills of Jersey, the distances of Brooklyn, the harbor near by, the blue tumbling sea, and Ellis Island, with thoughts of the inpouring tides of peoples of all lands, making one wonder what our America will be like fifty years hence. Below, the people on the streets look like a colony of ants crawling on the pavement; and Trinity and St. Paul's are only toy churches, with tiny

spires, where men play with religion. Which thing is a parable, as if another philosophy of life had found vogue — an aggressive, gigantic, ambitious materialism; yet those tiny temples still bear witness to the things of the spirit. Once New York nestled under their shadow; now it towers above them.

Taking lunch with the Old Banker at the India House was like escaping from New York to dine in the days of Charles Lamb; after which I strolled through Wall Street, on to the east and north, 'where cross the crowded ways of life,' and found myself in the Bowery — which sorely needs a bath. The East Side is like the world of to-day, jammed together and slowly learning to live together, not without friction and fuss. By sunset I had strayed into Brooklyn, to the corner of Fulton and Cranberry streets, where Walt Whitman set up and printed *Leaves of Grass*; and after a suffocating journey in the Subway jam, I reached home, knowing of a truth that the line in the *Pepys Diary* is the greatest line in literature: 'And so to bed.'

April 19. — Went with the throng to hear the President speak at the unveiling of the statue of Simon Bolivar in Central Park. It was a brilliant day, and my heart behaved like a child when he appeared — tall, nobly formed, stately, benign, a little ill at ease, as if not yet used to the ways of his high office, and its loneliness, but with a haunting voice, and the kindest face I have ever looked into. He is a symbolic figure, with the vestiture upon him of the will and purpose of a nation; and we need not apologize to any sentiment of equality for regarding him with reverence. When he is running for office, he is only a man; when elected, he is something more. The accolade of the national will makes him a priest of humanity in this land, where — please God — great ideals are being worked

out. What the President does before the world he does for and through us, typifying the nation as no mere ruler could typify it. His character is our character, his work our work. God save the President!

May 14. — What is the great American sin? Extravagance? Vice? Graft? No; it is a kind of half-humorous, good-natured indifference, — a lack of ‘concentrated indignation,’ as an English friend described it, — which allows extravagance and vice to flourish. Trace most of our ills to their source, and it is found that they exist by virtue of an easy-going, fatalistic indifference which dislikes to have its comfort disturbed. For years a tide of immigration has poured in upon us, threatening to inundate our institutions; but America did not care — lacking public-mindedness. Lawlessness runs rife for the same reason, in this city of cliff-dwellers and cavemen. The most shameless greed, the most sickening industrial atrocities, the most appalling public scandals are exposed; but a half-cynical and wholly indifferent public passes them by with hardly a shrug of the shoulders; and they are lost in the medley of events. This is the great American sin, inviting the thunder and lightning of the wrath of God.

June 20. — Went to the East Side, to offer a gentle prayer over a little child run over and killed by a car. Up four flights of stairs, in narrow halls lit by dim gas-jets, over floors creaky and uneven, I reached the tenement ‘home,’ where I witnessed a heartbreaking scene. Half-a-hundred people had gathered in the rooms and halls, a testimony to the kindness and neighborliness of the poor. After the service, as the little body was carried out, the children who had been playing in the street assembled, their bright, pretty faces bestreaked with dirt, making a picture, as they stood in silence.

For hours I wandered along the dingy streets, littered with rubbish, where people are so crowded that life treads on life, and solitude must be unknown. The sidewalks swarmed with children; the air rang with their shouts or curses, as they darted to and fro amid the rumble of the wheels, playing games. To one watching the scene, it has a kind of repulsive picturesqueness; but to be in it, with no hope of a better lot, would make the best people of the city anarchists within a week. Yet it is accepted with patient fatalism by people whose dwelling-places are more like lairs and dens than homes. Only the joy of the children redeemed its drabness from utter desolation.

Rambling on into the Jewish quarter, I found the sidewalks thronged with peddlers and purchasers, and everybody trafficking eagerly. There were little girls of Madonna-like beauty, with oval faces and olive tints, and clear, dark eyes, relucant as evening pools; and on boxes and in doorways, old men with long beards of jetty black or silvery gray, and the noble profiles of their race. Among such as these, I remembered, Jesus walked, and from among them He chose his disciples and friends. As I walked homeward in the falling daylight, the scene was touched by the gentleness of evening, blurring its harsh realities with beauty — like the mercy of God softening the brutality of man.

July 10. — When there is a parade on Fifth Avenue, which is always the centre of the stage, — whether it be the Circus and the elephants, or the ‘Old Soaks’ protesting against Prohibition on the Fourth of July — New York is like a village. People otherwise aloof are friendly, gossipy, and charming. To-day, by contrast, the Christian Endeavorers marched to the music of ‘Onward, Christian Soldiers.’ One banner they carried arrested attention: ‘A Warless World by 1923!’ All wished it might

be so, but many thought it too brave a prophecy. But I remember a similar slogan carried in 1911: 'A Saloonless Nation by 1921'; and it came true, with time to spare. Who shall say that the principle of world peace shall not swiftly prevail, since the pressure of grim facts is proving, by a Divine pragmatism, that war is suicide! The Church is not dead, least of all when it marches and works in unity.

July 21. — From my study on Riverside Drive I look down upon the majestic, broad-breasted Hudson as it nears the sea which is its eternity.

Its moods are as many as my own, varying with the hours: now lucid and revealing, now overhung by a soft haze of dreamy meditation, now swept by drifting mist, like a blue dust of rain. It has become almost personal in its friendliness, and I seem to feel its baf-

flement when the inflowing tide pushes its waters upstream, like the pressure of the Eternal Will thwarting my impulsive spirit. None the less, it is calm, having won by depth what all the world is seeking — peace!

How God must love beauty. Every evening I watch the Divine Artist painting a new sunset over the New Jersey hills, and marvel at his masterpieces. Last night the whole sky was aglow with gorgeous colors shining through long bars of clouds — awe-inspiring in its loveliness. First a mass of molten splendor, — like Dante's great rose of gold, — with a foundation of dark vapor. Gradually the gold changed to delicate, tender green, then to pale lavender, deepening into soft purple as night came down — like a shade slowly drawn over a latticed window in the City of God.

ELMWOOD AND CHARLES STREET

LETTERS OF LOWELL AND DIARIES OF MRS. FIELDS

EDITED BY M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE

FOR four years from the establishment of the *Atlantic Monthly*, sixty-five years ago, James Russell Lowell was its editor. His immediate successor was his friend and publisher, James T. Fields. The diaries which Mrs. Fields was writing through most of the ten years of her husband's editorship, and for some time thereafter, were full of allusions to Lowell which have not hitherto been printed. Among the many letters which she preserved there

is, besides, a surprising number of characteristic communications from Lowell, both to Fields and to his wife, which Norton did not include in his *Letters of James Russell Lowell*, nor Scudder in his biography of Lowell. By joining some of the passages relating to him in Mrs. Fields's journal with a few of his sprightly unpublished letters to the second editor of the *Atlantic*, it is possible to shake the dust of more than half a century from a friend-

ship of uncommon interest, both in its personal aspects and in those of literary history, and to reveal it as a living thing.

Here, to begin with, is a note written to accompany one of Lowell's most familiar poems, 'After the Burial,' when he sent the manuscript to the editor of the *Atlantic*. Lowell's practice of shunning capitals at the beginning of his letters, except for the first personal pronoun, is observed in the quotations that follow: —

ELMWOOD, 8th March, 1868

MY DEAR FIELDS: —

when I am in a financial crisis, which is on an average once in six weeks, I look first to my portfolio and then to you. The verses I send you are most of them more than of age, but Professors don't write poems, and I even begin to doubt if poets do — always. But I suppose you will pay me for my name as you do others, and so I send the verses hoping you may also find something in *them* that is worth praise if not coin. Consolation and commonplace are twin sisters and I doubt not one sat at each ear of Eve after Cain's misunderstanding with his brother. In some folks they cause resentment, and this little burst relieved mine under some desperate solacings after the death of our first child, twenty-one years ago. I trust there is nothing too immediately personal to myself in the poem to make the publishing of it a breach of that confidence which a man should keep sacred with himself.

With kind regards to Mrs. Fields, I remain always yours

J. R. LOWELL.

Another typical letter, dated 'Elmwood, 12th July, 1868, 1¼ to 9 AM wind W. by N. Therm. 88°,' begins: —
MY DEAR FIELDS: —

as I swelter here, it is some consolation for me that you are roasting in that

Yankee-baker which we call the W^{te} M^{ts}. That repercussion of the sun's heat from so many angles at once (the focus being the tourist) always struck me as one of the sublimest examples of the unvarying operation of natural laws. I wish you and Mrs. Fields might be made exceptions, but it can hardly be hoped.

Before the end of the month Fields had escaped the perils of New Hampshire heat, and paid a visit to Elmwood, thus chronicled by Mrs. Fields: —

July 25, 1868. — J. went out to see Lowell last night. As he passed Longfellow's door, Trap, the dog, was half-asleep apparently on the lawn, but hearing a footstep he leaped up and, seeing who it was, became overjoyed, leaped upon him and covered his hands with caresses. He stayed some time playing with him. Lowell was alone in his library, looking into an empty fireplace and smoking a pipe. He has been in Newport for a week, but was delighted to return to find his 'own sponge hanging on its nail' and to his books. He had become quite morbid because, while J. was away, a smaller sum than usual was sent him for his last poem. He thought it a delicate way of saying they wished to drop him. He was annoyed at the thought of having left out of his article on Dryden one of the finest points, he thought, that was making Dryden to appear the 'Rubens' of literature, which he appears to him to be.

Lowell is a man deeply pervaded with fine discontents. I do not believe the most favorable circumstances would improve him. Success, of which he has a very small share considering his deserts (for his books have a narrow circulation), would make him gayer and happier; whether so wise a man, I cannot but doubt.

He wears a chivalric, tender manner to his wife.

In the following autumn, Bayard Taylor and his wife were visiting Mr. and Mrs. Fields, and Lowell appears in her journal as one of the friends summoned in honor of their guests.

Thursday morning, November 19, 1868. — Mr. Parton came to breakfast and Dr. Holmes came in before we had quite done. O. W. H. was delighted to see Mr. P., because of his papers on 'Smoking and Drinking.' He believes smoking paralyzes the will. Taylor, on the contrary, feels himself better for smoking; it subdues his physical energy so he can write; otherwise he is nervous to be up and away and his mind will not work.

At dinner we had Lowell, Parton, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Scott-Siddons, and, later, Aldrich. Lowell talked most interestingly, head and shoulders beyond everybody else. The Siddonses left early, the gentlemen all smitten by her beauty and loveliness. A kind of childish grace pervaded her and she was beautiful as a picture. I could not wonder at their delight. Lowell's talk after their departure was of literature, of course. He had been reading Calderon for the last six months, in the original. He finds him inexhaustible, almost. Speaking of novels, he said Fielding was the master, although he considers there are but two perfect creations of individual character in all literature; these are Falstaff and Don Quixote; all the rest fall infinitely below — are imperfect and unworthy to stand by their side. Tom Jones he thought might come in, in the second rank, with many others, but far below. He said he could not tell his boys at Cambridge to read *Tom Jones*, for it might do them harm; but Fielding painted his own experience and the re-

sult was unrivalled. Thackeray and the rest were pleasant reading, very pleasant, and yet how could he tell his class that he read *Tom Jones* once a year! He scouted the idea of Pickwick or anybody else approaching his two great characters. They stood alone for all time. Rip Van Winkle was suggested, but he said, in the first place, that was not original. Few persons knew the story perhaps in the old Latin (he gave the name, but unhappily I have forgotten it), but it was only a remade dish after all.

Friday. — Bayard Taylor and his wife left for New York. Mr. Parton dined out and we had a quiet evening at home and went to bed early. (Parton thinks it would be possible to make the *Atlantic Monthly* far more popular. He suggests a writer named Mark Twain be engaged, and more articles connected with life than with literature.)

It is easy to believe that Lowell's talk must have sounded much like his letters, which so often sound like talk. Witness the following sentences from a letter of December 31, 1868, in reply, apparently, to an appeal for a new essay for the *Atlantic*: —

Well, well, I am always astonished at the good nature of folks, and how much boring they will stand from authors. As I told Howells once, the day will come when a wiser generation will drive all its literary men into a corner and make a *battue* of the whole lot. However, 'after me, the deluge,' as Nero said, and I suppose they'll stand another essay or two yet, if I can divine, or rather if I have absorbed enough of the general feeling about something to put a point on it.

It's a mercy I'm not conceited! I should like to be, and try to be, and have fizzes of it now and then; but they

soon go out and leave a *fogo* behind them I don't like. But if I only were for a continuance, I should be as grand as a bore as ever lived — as grand as Wordsworth, by Jove! I would come into town once a week to read you over one of my old poems (selecting the longest, of course), and point out its beauties to you. You would flee to *Tierra del Fuego* (ominous name!) to escape me. You would give up publishing. You would write an epic and read a book just to *me* every time I came. But no, it is too bright a dream. Let me [be] satisfied with my class, who have to hear me once a week, and with just enough conceit to read my lectures as if I had not stolen 'em as I am apt to do now. Look out for an essay that shall [make] Montaigne and Bacon cross as the devil — when they come to read it! It will come ere you think.

Yours ever

FABIUS C. LOWELL.

Lowell was soon writing again to Fields, on January 12, 1869, about a fiftieth birthday party at Elmwood: —

I am going to celebrate my golden wedding with Life, on the 22nd of next month, by a dinner or a supper or something of the kind, and I want you to *jine*. I shall get together a dozen or so of old friends, and it will be a great satisfaction for you and me to see how *much grayer* the rest of 'em are than we. I shall fit my invitations to this end, and the bald and hoary will have the chance of the lame, the halt, and the blind in the parable. If it should be a dinner, it won't matter; but if a supper, be sure and forget your night-key and then you won't have any anxiety, nor Mrs. Fields either. Of course, I shall have an account of the affair in the papers, with a list of the gifts (especially in money) and the names of all who *donate*. You will understand by

what I have said that it is to be one of those delightful things they call a 'surprise party,' and I expect to live on it for a year — one friend for every month.

A week afterwards, in the course of a letter accepting the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Fields for Lowell's daughter to accompany them to Europe, he wrote: 'Do you see that — is to commence his autobiography in *Putnam's Magazine*? At least, I take it for granted from the title — The Ass in Life and Literature. If sincerely done, it will be interesting.'

Later in the year, Lowell wrote Fields a letter which must have been read with delight. A decorated sonnet, in Lowell's clear script, and reading as follows, filled its third sheet: —

ON SOME RECENT SERMONS

'His death eclipsed the gaiety of nations, & impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure.'
— JOHNSON on Garrick.

Bulldog	{	A man of genius, simple, warm, sincere,
		He left a world grown kindlier that he came;
		His hand the hungry knew, but not his name;
		Dumb creatures snuffed a friend when he drew near,
		And the strange dog pricked one suspicious ear,
		Then couched his head secure. Safe be this fame
		From critics' measured praise or close-picked blame, —
		He loved God's gentler face & made it dear.
		Was then Stylites' post the better way
		Than mingling with his kind, a man with men,
Like Him that was & was not such as they?		
I judge ye not, but, to my simple ken,		

Terrier	{	If on your guideboards the right names be kept,
		Some foe hath changed their places while ye slept.

I think *name* will do instead of *names*, which befogged the *their* in the next verse.

The mere fact that the death of Dickens could have called forth clerical expressions provoking Lowell to such scorn is in itself a measure of the distance we have traveled since 1870. The verses are not included in Lowell's *Poetical Works*, nor are they listed in the *Bibliography of James Russell Lowell*, compiled by George Willis Cooke. With two slight changes they may be found, however, over Lowell's signature, in *Every Saturday*, for August 6, 1870. The letter that accompanied them read as follows:—

ELMWOOD, 17th July, 1870

MY DEAR FIELDS:—

I can stand it no longer! If Dickens is to be banned, the rest of us might as well fling up our hands. This hot weather, too, gives a foretaste that raises well-founded apprehension. It is a good primary school for the Institution of which the Rev'ds Fulton and Dunn seem to be ushers. Instead of going to Church today, where I might have heard something not wholly to my advantage, as the advertisements for *lost* people say, I have written a sermon. It is not a proper sonnet; but a cross between that and epigram—a kind of bull-terrier, in short, with the size of the one and the prick-ears and docked tail of the other, nor without his special talent for rats. Is there any grip in his jaw, or no? He is good-natured and scarce shows his teeth.

The thing is an improvisation and the weather awfully hot!

Sweltered your servant sits and sweats and swears (for alliteration only); but if you would like it for the *Atlantic*, why here it is on the next leaf. Or, if too late, why not *Every Saturday*? I could not even think of it sooner, for I have been wrestling with a bad head and an article on Chaucer, and I fear they have thrown me. I want rest, and a bath of poetry, but where may the

wicked hope for either? My sonnet (if Leigh Hunt would let me call it so) hit me like a stray shot from nowhere that I could divine, and five minutes saw it finished. So why may it not be good? It came, anyhow, as a poem comes—though it is n't just that. But my dog is n't bad? He is from the life at any rate.

I shall make use of my first leisure to get into Boston. But I have got bedevilled with the text of Chaucer and am working on it with my usual phrenzy—thirteen hours, for example, yesterday, collating texts and writing into margins. I comfort myself that my Chaucer will bring a handsome price at my *vandoo*! I shall be easier in my coffin if it run up handsomely for Fanny and Mabel.

Do you want an essay for your *Almanac* if one should come, which is doubtful? I need one or two more to make a little volume, and I need a little volume for nameless reasons. O, if I could sell my land! I would transmute that gold into poetry. Or if only poems would come when you whistle for 'em!

Give my kindest regards to Mrs. Fields.

Yours always

J. R. L.

From my study, this first day for three weeks without a drowsy pain in my knowledge box, I really feel a little lively, and wonder at myself. But don't be alarmed—it won't last, any more than money does, or principle in a politician, or hair, or popular favor—or paper.

Lowell continues to make his appearance in Mrs. Fields's diary.

December 7, 1871.—Last Sunday Charlotte Cushman dined here. Our guests asked to meet her were Mr. and Mrs. Lowell and Mr. Longfellow; Miss Stebbins and Miss Chapman, her

guests, also came. We had a lovely social time, Lowell making himself especially interesting, as he always does when he can once work himself up to the pitch of going out at all. He talked a while with me about poetry and his own topics after dinner. He said, he was one of the few people who believed in absolute truth; that he always looked for certain qualities in writers, which if he could not discover, they no longer interested him and he did not care to read them. He discovered, for instance, in the writers who had survived the centuries the same kindred points; those points he studied until he discovered what the adamant was and where it was founded; then he would look into the writers of our own age to see if he could find the same stuff; there was little enough of it unfortunately. He does not like Reynolds's portrait of Johnson; thought it untrue, far too handsome, yet highly characteristic in the management of the hands, which portray the man as he was when talking better probably than anything ever did. Mrs. Lowell appeared to enjoy herself. J. says L. is always more himself if Mrs. L. is happy and talkative. They are thinking of Europe. Mabel is to be married in April, and afterward they probably go at once to Europe.

The final passage from the diary to be used in this place has to do with Lowell's Cambridge habitation rather than with the man himself. It was written in the midst of Aldrich's occu-

pancy of Elmwood, during Lowell's two years' absence in Europe.

Thursday, June 12, 1873. — Dined last night with the Aldriches and Mr. Bugbee at Mr. Lowell's beautiful old Elmwood. It was a perfect night, cool, fresh, moonlighted, after a muggy day of heat. After dinner I went into the fine old study with Aldrich, where he showed me two or three little poems he has lately written. He was all ready to talk on literary topics and much in earnest about his own satisfaction over *Miss Mehitabel's Son* (which is indeed a very good story), and was full of disgust over the *Nation's* cool dismissal of it. It was too bad; but that Dennet of the *Nation* is beneath contempt because of the slights he throws upon good literary work. Aldrich says he found *Asphodel* all worn to pieces, read and reread in the upstairs study. He finds Mr. Lowell's library in curious disorder with respect to modern books. He is an easy lender and an easy borrower. The result is, everything is at loose ends. Only two volumes of Hawthorne can be found, for instance.

Of all the 'Atlantic circle' none had valued Hawthorne more highly than Lowell, or felt more truly that the place left vacant by his death could never be filled. Living himself until 1891, ten years after the death of Fields, he maintained to the end a friendship with Mrs. Fields filled for both of them with gracious memories.

WE ARE PULLING UP THE VINES TO-DAY

BY ROBERT DAVIS

ACROSS the gravelly hillside five yokes of yellow oxen drag five chains.
I sent them forth at daylight to pull up the deep-rooted vineyard.
To-day and to-morrow, and every day through the winter,
They will pace up and down the ordered channels,
With heavy breath and gritting iron, hauling out the damp tap-roots.

The oxen are old beasts and their drivers are old men;
But winter and summer, the full lifetime of them both,
Beasts and men have labored among those vines;
Nourishing the young plants, and ploughing underground the grass and weeds;
Carting away the close-clipped wood in April, and the purple fruit in fall.

To-day they are pulling up the vines
Which the lifetime of their labor has brought to its heyday of fruition.
And when the last root is laid upon the pile for burning,
We shall send the yellow oxen to the slaughter-house,
And in the evening light the gray old men will sit before their tenant cottages,
Wondering if they are too old to learn another trade.

Before Jesus was born, the Romans marched along the road
That fronts my dwelling. And on our hillside they found grapevines
That made the region famous for its red liquor.
They carried with them plants to improve the vine of Italy,
And peasant prisoners to make the drink for emperors.

Has pope or prince lived in Europe for two thousand years,
Or general, or woman who dominated great men,
Who has not loved the ruby elegance of our wine?
Is there a country, north, south, east, or west, where the ships sail,
And men have risen enough above the sod to live at ease,
Where the pressed blood of our hillside has not been bartered?

Is there a country, north, south, east, or west,
Where, at the wedding festival, the eye of beauty has not become more limpid;
Where, at pageants of military triumph,
The pulse of valor has not beat stronger;
Where, at reunions of comrades, the heart
Has not melted into a sympathy more poignant;
Where the cold limbs of age have not felt the enkindling heat of youth;
Where threatenings of revenge have not been tempered
Into a gentler comprehension,
When the red wine of our vineyards has flowed
Into the cup, the brain, the soul?
This morning I sent out five yoke of oxen to pull up the vines.

Father to son, father to son, sixty generations of husbandmen
Have guarded the precious lore of the culture.
About the fireplaces at night, when the boy listened to the grandfather,
Walking forth at dawn when the sun touched the dew on the green tendrils,
There was the slow speech of equals of their common task.

Among the women at the washing-pools;
Among the carters in the clover-smelling, dim stone barns;
Among proprietors and merchants when their horses came
Nose-to-nose upon the sandy roads;
Between lovers about to marry;
Between wet-nosed little boys loitering to school,
Time out of mind, the talk of our country has been of the vines.

Of the grafting and the setting of the vine;
Of the pruning and the feeding of the vine;
Of the procession of the priest to bless the bloom of the vine;
Of the war upon the pests that eat the foliage of the vine;
Of the minute fungi that absorb the juice of the vine;
Of the brown, bare vine of autumn, shivering in the frost;
Of the timorous green vine of early April;
Of its masquerade in copperas blue and pallid chalk-dust;
Of the lordly splendor of the golden vintage;
The vine, the vine, ever the vine, fills song and work and play of our country.

It is a country where the care of the vineyard has become man's instinct.
Mothers, fathers, sons, daughters, the babies in their baskets,
The old men on their canes, the dogs and family pets,
As family units, leave the cottages in the morning
For labor in the vines till nightfall.
Year follows year, and only for the truce of Sabbath,
The family spends its lifetime in the vineyard.

And oh, the gayety of the grape-harvest!
The singing of the girls in the leafy tunnels;
The singing of the thick-set women in their scarlet working-breeches;
The mellow chant of the porters as they pass among the pickers,
'Throw in your grapes, Throw in your grapes';
The creaking of the high-wheeled, loaded carts;
The perfumed mist that hangs above the cellar,
Where barefoot men tread up and up the mound of purple fruit;
The tables for the evening food, smoking with meat;
The candlelight on swarthy faces.
To-day we are pulling up the vines.

Along the roadway of the slow, strong river,
Vessel after vessel, sail and steam, for centuries have plied,
Bearing away the bellying tuns, the rolling barrels of the wine,
Whose tides flowed back to France in coined gold.

We are pulling up the vines.
The cellars are replete with wine no land desires.
The Slav is drunken with his rage;
Others who bought are now our foes and buy no more;
Across the sea, the virtue of new lands repels our merchandise.
A thousand years the vines have flourished on these slopes;
To-day we drag them from their beds, to burn.

And man's lifetime — how large is it? How ample, or how wise?
I am pulling up the vines to-day — who knows but He, who made both vine and
man,
Smiles on His distant seat,
Foreseeing that my son will turn the earth on me,
And plant again the vines,
And up will push the forest of victorious green, enveloping our hill.

THE QUARE WOMEN. IV

THE SINGING GAL

BY LUCY FURMAN

I

It was not until the train pulled out of the station that Isabel felt sure she was really going to the mountains. When the letter had come the day before, from Amy Scott to Mrs. Gwynne, begging the loan of her daughter for a few weeks, to help in the social work on Troublesome Creek, — 'for,' it read, 'the singing classes are by far our most popular feature, and none of us can sing; our need of a singer is really desperate,' — Mrs. Gwynne had at first refused point-blank to let Isabel go. 'I could not sleep at night,' she said, 'with you up in that wild country, where they do nothing but make moonshine and kill each other off in those horrible feuds.'

Mr. Gwynne's persuasion, added to Isabel's importunity, had at last won a reluctant consent; but during the hurried preparations, Isabel was in constant fear of its withdrawal, and while she and her father were driving the three miles to town in the family carriage, she was haunted by the dread of galloping hoofs behind, and the voice of one of the negro boys at the window saying, 'Miss Millicent say she done change her mind, and for Miss Isabel to come on back home.' Even at the station, she was in such nervous fear that she could hardly show appreciation of Willie Vance's presence, and of the inevitable box of candy and new novel.

She hardly knew what Willie and her father said as they got her settled in the dingy day-coach (there was nothing better on this newly built road to the coal fields in the edge of the mountains), her one desire being to hear the train-bell ring for a start. After what seemed a long time, it did so; Willie and Mr. Gwynne jumped off, and Isabel felt that she was embarked upon the adventure of her life.

The trip was an all-day one, the heat great, the train exceedingly dirty, but Isabel was all eyes and interest. They passed, first, through the beautiful Blue Grass country, with its smooth, rolling pastures, clear brooks, sleek herds of cattle and horses, and stately homes like her own, set back amid tall trees; then into the poorer and rougher knobs, where life was evidently a different proposition; then the knobs rose into hills, and the hills became steeper and higher, until the train was shut in between cliffs and mountains. The progressive change in the people who got into and off the train all along the way was as striking as the changing topography. It was hard to believe that all could belong to the same state.

About five in the afternoon they arrived at the end of the railroad — a mountain county-seat famous for the terrible feud then raging.

A tall old man in a slouch hat was

standing by the platform, and as Isabel descended he inquired solemnly, —

‘Is this the singing gal?’

‘Yes; and of course you’re Uncle Adam Howard,’ she answered.

Without a word he took her suitcase and led the way along the track, between endless piles of ties and lumber. Once she broke the silence to ask, —

‘How is the feud coming on now?’

To her surprise, he stopped, looked hastily all about, and replied in a low voice, ‘Hit hain’t safe to talk about the war in public. Walls, and even lumber-piles, has years, and trees has tongues, and a man that aims to live peaceable can’t see, hear, nor tell nothing.’

He left the track at last, and turned up a slope toward an ugly frame house, backed into a cliff, which had the words ‘Mountainside Hotel’ in large letters across its front. From its porch, a view of the straggling, muddy town could be had.

The loud supper-bell rang as they entered, and they went at once to the dining-room. Two drummers were the only other guests; the landlady and her daughters waited on the table, and the meal was a silent one.

When she was shown to her room afterward, however, Isabel ventured to make inquiries about the ‘war,’ and the landlady became loquacious upon the subject, and even offered to take her to see the blood-spots where several of the feudists had perished — an offer instantly accepted.

Skirting numerous deep mud-holes, and many reposing hogs and cows, they came at last to the court house, stronghold of the law, which proved to be the scene of the blood-spots. There they were on steps and walls, black and grisly.

‘Hit’s a sight in this world, the terrible things that goes on, and the men that’s kilt and wounded,’ said the landlady. ‘If my man was alive, or my

gals was boys, I would n’t never see ary grain of peace.’

Across the street from the court house, she pointed out the large store belonging to one of the feud leaders, from the upper windows of which had been fired some of the shots. ‘Laywayings,’ ‘ambushings,’ battles, murder and sudden death seemed to be the order of the day, and apparently neither the state militia nor any other power could quell the trouble.

On their return to the hotel, Isabel found in her room, which was also the parlor, the three daughters of the house and the two drummers. One of the girls was producing loud discords on an organ with a front of scroll-work over red-flannel, which adorned one corner; and, as she had preëmpted the only chair in the room, the others sat on the two beds.

After a long hour of this, Isabel was left in possession, and proceeded to make herself ready for the night. The bed-covers were very dingy, and, turning them back, she found that there was but one sheet on each bed, and it was far from fresh. The pillow-cases were no better. She was dismayed for only a moment, however: opening the newspapers her father had provided her with, she covered the top of one bed, and then lay down upon it, with her blue silk kimono and her raincoat for covers.

At earliest dawn she was awakened by Uncle Adam’s loud rap, and the summons, ‘Get up along, sis; we got to take a soon start!’

After they had pulled through the deep mud-holes in the town, they turned into a creek-bed, and plunged at once into a world of green loneliness and wild beauty. All day long they either ‘followed creeks’ or wound around the sides of steep mountains, with sheer drop-offs below the narrow trail. Uncle Adam was no talker, but he was a skilled driver. Often it seemed that they must

go over the edge, or that the mules could not climb the steps of rock up which they had to pull the heavy wagon; but always the danger was safely passed. Isabel wished, however, that she had four hands instead of two, to hold on with.

Along the creeks, where the going, though very rough, seemed not so dangerous, they passed numbers of windowless log-houses, flanked by almost perpendicular cornfields. Sometimes whole families—men, women, and children—were out hoeing corn; but Uncle Adam explained that ‘the crap’ was about ‘laid by,’ and more often crowds of children swarmed to the doors of the houses to see the wagon pass. Usually there was a withdrawing woman’s face in the dark interior behind.

They met but few men during the day, and every one of these was riding, and carried a gun on arm or shoulder.

‘Why do they all carry guns?’ asked Isabel.

Uncle Adam considered a moment, then replied: ‘Hit’s gen’ally squirrel-hunting-time in Breathitt.’

‘Do you mean,’ she inquired, ‘that they all go armed on account of the “war”?’

Uncle Adam’s reply was to reach down in the wagon and remove some bundles of fodder from beneath his feet, exposing a Winchester rifle. ‘Best to be on the safe side,’ he whispered, dropping the fodder back.

The sun had set before they crossed the last mountain, White Doe; and it was almost dark and mist hung everywhere before they halted at Uncle Adam’s house at the head of White Doe Creek, the halfway place.

A fat feather-bed and clean covers had never looked so good to Isabel; and she threw her weary body and racked bones across it, while Aunt Rhoda went into ‘t’other house’ to put supper on

the table. After eating, she fell into bed for good, never knowing when Aunt Rhoda and Uncle Adam got into the other bed in the room. Once in the night she was awakened by a terrific clap of thunder, and a heavy downpour of rain on the roof.

II

In the morning Uncle Adam appeared troubled. ‘Hit was a bad storm,’ he said, ‘and hit means tides, landslips, and quicks all along the way. Reason would say not go on; but the women might get tore-up in their minds about you, so I allow we’ll undertake hit.’

Sure enough, the streams that had been low and clear yesterday were today yellow torrents. Often Isabel had to grab her suitcase and lift her feet up into the seat, as the water came swirling into the wagon-bed. The boxes of freight Uncle Adam was hauling to the women just had to take the water.

Isabel noticed that the Winchester no longer reposed on the wagon-floor, and asked the reason.

‘We passed the county line when we crossed White Doe last night,’ Uncle Adam said. ‘Hit’s only in Bloody Breathitt that a weepson is called for.’

‘They have no wars, then, in this county?’

‘Oh, yes, they got one; but hit’s more open and fa’r and squar — not laywaying and ambushing and sech, like in Breathitt, whar the wrong man gets kilt often as not. Life is tolable safe in this county, and talking hain’t so dangerous, neither. I allus keep my mouth shet in Breathitt — have follered hit sence I were young. But here I can speak freer. Now this here war on Troublesome —’

‘Oh, do you actually mean there is a war where Cousin Amy and the tents are?’ cried Isabel, delightedly.

‘Right thar at the Forks of Trouble-

some,' replied Uncle Adam; 'Fallons and Kents, they both live thar, and for nigh thirty year thar 's been a sight of hate and bloodshed betwixt 'em. But they have fit in the open, and done their own killing, mostly — not hired hit done like they foller doing in Breathitt; and so a man has more respects for 'em. Sence the two main heads, Fighting Fult Fallon and Red Rafe Kent, got kilt off about four year' gone, things hain't been quite so bad. You see, Red Rafe he finally kilt Fighting Fult; and then young Fult you might say had a bound to revenge his paw, and he kilt Rafe; and then there was a spell of peace whilst young Fult was down at Frankfort a year —'

'Do you mean in the penitentiary?'

'Yes; and then whilst he fit a year in Cuby. But when he come home, 'peared like he was kindly wild-turned, and hit wa'n't no time till him and Rafe's boy, Darcy, started the war all over again. The two boys don't hardly ever meet without shooting, and they 've wounded each other time and again, though not fatal; and t'other boys that runs with 'em has been kilt and wounded, and things is pretty bad. But I heard tell that at a picnic the quare women give on the hill last Thursday, nigh all the county being thar, old Uncle Ephraim Kent, the grand-daddy of Troublesome, some way or 'nother persuaded Fult and Darcy to call a truce for the time the women stayed. I allow hit's true. But of course hit won't last — there 's too long-lived a hate betwixt Kents and Fallons ever to raly die down.'

He was interrupted by the stopping of the wagon, the bed of which had caught on a large boulder, hidden by the muddy water.

Without a word, or the least show of annoyance, Uncle Adam got out, waded the creek to the bank, climbed to a rail-fence not far away, and returned with a rail, with which almost thigh-deep in

water all the time, he prized and tugged till the wagon was detached from the rock.

Soon afterward they turned out of the creek, and up a mountain. When they were near the top, Uncle Adam, who was walking alongside, handed the lines to Isabel.

'Hold 'em a minute, sis, whilst I see what 's on ahead.'

He came back soon, saying, 'Hit 's a bad slip — the trail all kivered deep. I 'll have to chop me a way out below.'

Taking his axe, he plunged down the slope, chopping saplings and undergrowth as he went, and as far as possible avoiding big trees.

After quite a while he returned. 'Get out, sis, if you feel to,' he said; 'but hit would be better if you stayed in and helt the lines, whilst I hang on to the wagon behind. The mules know how — jest hold 'em straight.'

The slope was one of at least fifty degrees, and there was no ledge or bench anywhere below to break a possible descent of five or six hundred feet. Isabel's heart was in her mouth, but she let it come no further. 'All right,' she said, between clenched teeth.

Straight down, therefore, the mules went, a cautious, crouching step at a time, holding the wagon back with their haunches and with Uncle Adam's help. It was a remarkable performance, as was also the sheer pull up again on the far side of the 'slip.'

'Looks skeerier than hit is,' remarked Uncle Adam, when they were once again in the road, and the mules were resting and 'blowing.'

The next thing they hung on was a stump in the middle of the descending trail. 'Never was kitched on that stump before,' said Uncle Adam; 'the big rain has washed the road clean away on both sides. Good thing I fotched that-air rail along; I allowed I 'd need hit a few times.'

After more prizing, they again proceeded for quite a while without difficulty. Then, in a creek where numerous logs were floating, they undertook to 'ride' one, and were held for a short time on its larger end.

The various mishaps took time, however, and when night fell they were still some miles from their destination, with rain again beginning to fall.

'I'm purely afeared to risk Troublesome in the dark,' said Uncle Adam. 'Hit is well named — hit is full of quicks. We'll take the night here with Benjy Logan's folks, and go on to the Forks in the morning.'

Controlling her disappointment as best she might, Isabel made friends with Benjy Logan's folks, slept with them, eight in a room, that night, and was treated with such kindness that she was almost reconciled to the delay.

III

Next morning the sky was clear, and their journey went well for an hour, until they turned into Troublesome Creek. Then very soon the wagon began to settle and sink, and the mules to strain in vain to pull it out.

'We've struck one,' said Uncle Adam, calmly. 'A man can't manage no way to shun all the quicks there is in this creek.' He stepped out on the tongue and began un-gearing the mules.

'I'll ride back yander to the last house we passed and get another team, and some men to help. You set right there on your feet and don't take no fear — hit ain't aiming to settle much furdur.'

He rode back down the stream, and Isabel 'sat on her feet' and watched the yellow 'tide' hurry past her, and rise higher in the wagon-bed. Very soon, however, it seemed to reach its limit, and then she relaxed and abandoned herself to the spell of rushing water,

green wooded slopes, and deep loneliness.

Her reverie was broken by the plunging of a horse's hoofs in water, and the appearance of a horseman a short distance ahead. He rode straight down toward her, inquiring, —

'Did you strike a quick?'

'Yes,' she said.

'You're the singer the women in the tents sont out for, hain't you?'

'Yes.'

'I was sartain of hit. Where's Uncle Adam gone to?'

'To get another team and some help.'

'He'll need hit,' said the newcomer, surveying the wagon.

He was young and extremely handsome, with large dark eyes, blue-black hair, and olive skin, and he sat his horse with perfect grace. Though he did not remove his wide black hat in speaking to Isabel, his manner otherwise was courtesy itself.

'Hit'll take two teams every bit and grain of two hours to pull that wagon out,' he said. 'Better get up behind me and ride in.'

'Thank you,' she said, 'but Uncle Adam might wonder what had become of me.'

'That's a fact, too,' he said. 'Better wait till he gets back. I heared from the women you was on the way; and when the rain come up night afore last, and again last night, I knowed there'd be tides, and you'd see trouble coming acrost. And this morning, knowing how mean the quicks is down Troublesome, I tuck a notion to ride down and see how things was.'

'You are very kind,' she said. 'Although we've had rather a bad time, I've enjoyed every minute of it. You see, I love adventure, and something different, and I've certainly found it.'

Her blue eyes shone, her hair blew about in golden-brown tendrils, her delicate skin was flushed.

'I'm proud you come in,' he said, 'and the women on the hill, they'll be proud, and everybody will, for now we can have a sight more singing and good times. Not that we hain't had 'em ever sence they come,' he added.

'It must be very nice,' she said.

'Hit beats anything ever was heard of. You see, the young folks in this country never seed no pleasure before, less'n hit was mean pleasure. We never knowed there was right pleasure. Them women don't fully sense what they're a-doing for us.'

'I'm crazy to help them, and to see everything, and meet everybody. Life must be very interesting up here. I've read a lot, of course, about the feuds, and Uncle Adam tells me there is actually one right here on Troublesome Creek.

'Is that so?'

The young man flashed a searching glance into her face before replying, carelessly, —

'There has been some little trouble in past times.'

'Do you know any of the people who carried it on?'

'Yes,' he replied, indifferently.

'I do hope I shall meet them,' she said; 'it seems so romantic; just like living hundreds of years ago in *The Scottish Chiefs*, or some other old tale.'

'War's bad, wherever you take hit,' he remarked; 'but sometimes hit's necessary. I seed something of hit down in Cuba year before last — though of course that was n't much of a fight.'

'Oh, you were there, were you?'

'In what little there was. You live down in the Blue Grass, don't you?'

'Yes.'

'Hit's a sight different from this country, hain't hit — all so level and pretty and smoothed-looking. But lonesome.'

'Oh, you've been there?'

'I passed through hit one time on my way to Frankfort.'

'I don't see anything lonesome about it.'

'Don't you? Well, any level land looks lonesome to me; hit's more friendly-like to see the hills mustering clost about, and not all drawed off flat and distant like they keered nothing about nobody. While we wait for Uncle Adam,' he suggested, 'you might maybe feel to sing a song-ballat; I heard you was a fine singer, and I do love hit.'

'All right,' said Isabel. 'What kind of songs do you like best?'

'Oh, something that kindly hurts my feelings.'

Isabel cast about in her mind for something plaintive, hit upon 'The Rosary,' and sung it in her lovely, clear soprano.

'That hain't all?' he asked in surprise, when she stopped.

'Yes, that's all.'

'I allowed hit was just taking a start,' he said. 'Hit leaves the true lovers parted, don't hit?'

'Yes.'

'Well, I hain't got no use for hit, then,' he said, decidedly. 'The true lovers ought n't to be plumb parted, or kilt off, in the end. Don't you know nary 'nother?'

This time she tried 'Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast,' with its incomparable words and music.

'That's some better, though hit's too short, too,' commented her hearer. 'Don't you know no long ones, like we foller singing in this country?'

'I don't believe I do,' she said. 'Suppose you sing one yourself.'

'No, I hain't no singer.'

'Yes, I have a feeling that you are. I want to hear you.'

'Well, anything to pass the time. I might try "Turkish Lady."'

He began a many-stanzaed ballad,

having a robust tune with many queer, long-drawn notes — the story of an English lord who was captured by a Turkish one, and thrown into his deepest dungeon, to be released later by the Turk's lovely daughter, amid mutual vows of love and constancy.

After 'seven long years have rolled around,' the Turkish lady 'bundles up her finest clothing,' and journeys to England, in search of her lagging lover. Arriving at his castle, and 'tingling at the ring,' she is informed by 'the proud young porter' that his master is just bringing a new bride in. She gives him a message to take to his lord; and when he reports it, with the additional information, —

'There's the fairest lady standing yonder
That my two eyes did ever see;
She wears gold rings on every finger,
And on one finger she has three.
There's enough gay gold about her middle
To buy half of Northumberland,' —

the master, recognizing his old true love from the description, under the stress of returning passion, breaks his sword in pieces three, packs off the new bride with little ceremony, and celebrates another wedding with the Turkish lady, to the general admiration and glee.

Isabel listened, inexpressibly charmed. 'Do you realize,' she inquired, 'that that ballad goes way back to the time of the Crusades, and is probably seven or eight hundred years old? Where did you learn it?'

'I never heard nothing of hit's history,' he said, 'but hit's what I call a right ballad — hit turns out proper. My granny she teacht hit to me; she used to foller singing the night through on song-ballats.'

'Oh, will you take me to see her?' asked Isabel.

'Sartain.'

'And your voice is good, too; you'll be a great help to me in the singing classes.'

Uncle Adam, another man, and the two teams came splashing up behind.

'I see you hain't been lonesome,' remarked Uncle Adam.

'I allowed hit would be a bad time for you, getting acrost, and rid down to see how things was,' explained the young man, with dignity. 'I axed the singing woman to get up behind and ride in, but she said she felt to wait for you.'

'Take her on along,' said Uncle Adam. 'We got to hitch the teams to the hind eend and pull out back'ards, if we do pull out, and hit'll be a couple hours at best, and I take hit she wants to see t'other women. Jump up behind, sis, and go in with him, and tell the women not to get out of heart, that I'm a-coming some time!'

The young man rode close alongside, took off his coat and spread it behind him on the nag's back, and Isabel jumped from the wagon-seat and lit in the proper place. As she firmly grasped the hantle of the saddle, her fingers just grazed the handle of a pistol that protruded from her rescuer's pocket.

'Far'well till I come,' called Uncle Adam, as they started up the creek. 'Take keer of her, Fult!'

Isabel started violently at the name. Was it possible that the youth sitting before her on the saddle, in all his dashing beauty, was the young feud leader? He had certainly mentioned both Frankfort and Cuba. Thrilled through and through, and consumed with curiosity, she could not endure the suspense a moment longer.

'My name's Isabel Gwynne,' she said. 'What's yours?'

'Fult Fallon,' he replied, gently touching the nag with his spur.

‘WELL, I DID N’T KNOW THAT!’

BY EDWARD W. BOK

I

AN intelligent New York business man joined a group of men in a Washington hotel, during the Conference for the Limitation of Armaments, and was introduced to one of the party, which included a leading member of the Netherlands Delegation to the Conference.

‘Ah,’ said the man from New York, ‘then you can tell me what has puzzled me: why you people from the Netherlands are sitting in at the Conference.’

‘Because of our interest in the Far East question,’ was the answer.

‘Just what does your interest consist of, may I ask?’

‘Our possessions there.’

‘Ah, yes,’ said the American, ‘possessions! Are they considerable?’

‘Well,’ came the answer, ‘you Americans think in rather large terms, and I don’t know whether you would consider large what we think of in that way. For instance, you are very fond of citing Texas as one of your states into which you could put several of the European countries, and not “find them,” as you say.’

‘One of our pleasant little methods of comparison,’ said the American.

‘Yes,’ said the Netherlander. ‘Well, suppose I use the same illustration: we could put Texas into one of our possessions and *you* could n’t “find it.”’

‘Really?’ asked the American.

‘Or, to carry the simile a little further,’ said the delegate, as he saw that the surprise extended to the entire group, ‘our possessions equal, in area, New York

State, New England, the Middle Atlantic States, and nearly all the Middle West. We have a coast-line of three thousand, five hundred miles.’

‘Great Scott, man!’ said the American, ‘how much population have you?’

‘Almost one-half of the entire population of the United States: about forty-nine millions, and nearly seven millions in the Netherlands proper. You understand now why we are here?’

‘I surely do’; and then, almost in a chorus, came: ‘Well, I did n’t know that!’ And until midnight the delegate held the group in his description of the Dutch East and West Indies, in their area of over one fifth of the entire area of Europe.

‘I see you were born in Holland?’ said a man to me recently.

‘In the province of North Holland, yes,’ I answered.

‘I meant the country of Holland.’

‘No, I could n’t have been born there,’ I replied; ‘there is no such country.’

‘No such country as Holland?’

‘Not unless you are willing to have me call the United States by the name of Carolina, simply because there are two states in the Union of that name: North Carolina and South Carolina. The simile is, to a great extent, identical, except that the Carolinas never held the dominant position in the United States that the two Holland provinces in the Netherlands have held. There are two provinces: North Holland and

South Holland; but there are also nine other provinces, just as the United States has forty-six other states. The President of the United States does n't send a minister to Holland to be presented to the Queen of Holland.'

'Where does he send him, then?'

'To be Minister to the Netherlands, for presentation to the Queen of the Netherlands. Take this atlas, and show me Holland,' I answered.

Of course, he could n't.

'Well, well,' was the final answer, and then: 'I certainly did n't know that. Then,' with a ray of hope, 'why the Holland-America Line of steamships?'

'Just a compromise to lack of American knowledge. Look at the flag on the ship, the towels, the cutlery, the bathmats, everywhere you will see the initials "N. A. S. M.," which, translated, mean "Netherlands-America Steamship Company," which is the actual title of the line.'

'Then how did the word "Holland" come to be?' asked one of the party.

And the answer is interesting.

The time was — the world was a great deal younger, then — when the soil of the northwestern part of the Continent of Europe was still a wilderness. The three rivers — the Rhine, the Maas, and the Schelde, poured their waters into that part of the Atlantic Ocean now called the North Sea. The coast of what now are the southern and eastern parts of the Netherlands was already formed, but the northwestern part did not exist. On their way to the ocean, the rivers took with them clay and soil from the mainland, and deposited a great deal of this soil on their banks. For ages this went on, until the alluvial deposit built up, slowly but surely, a large piece of mainland, just as did the Nile in the Mediterranean. Along the coast beat the turbulent ocean, which, in turn, lashed the new mainland with

sand, and built up great dunes and sandbanks. These protected the forming mainland, which consisted of nothing but the slime and muck of the rivers. And so, in time, there came to be a great morass. Here and there a bit of the slime showed above the surface, like an island; and, as time went on, these bits of mainland became larger, vegetation came out of the rich soil, and the rivers took different courses. The morass was beneath the level of the sea, and it seemed useless for any purpose.

Then there came along, one day, a man of Roman foresight and sturdiness, who concluded that the land could be drained by waterways, the sand dunes strengthened and used as protections from the sea. What the sea had in part created, he argued, it could be made to protect. In those days, as in these times, success came in 'cans' and failures in 'can'ts,' as has been well said; and the sturdy new adventurer began to drain the land and strengthen the sand dunes. And others of the same type and vision followed his lead, and there began to arise a settlement of farms, the soil of which naturally had no superior in the world. Owing to the lowness of the land below the sea, the land came naturally to be known as land that lay in a hollow: hollow-land, in other words.

It is difficult, if not impossible, now, to trace accurately the derivation of the word Holland. Some historians contend that the word Hol originated in the word Houtland, meaning Woodland, from the trees which rapidly sprang from the rich soil; others from the word Holtland. Another derivation, and one accepted by many, is that the word Hol, meaning Hollow came from the fact of the hollow lands. Be the exact derivation what it may, the Romans toiled, and brought a state into being; and, whatever its derivation, it was called Holland. All this land was in the most northerly part of the new main-

land; and as the adventurers drained the soil next to the sea, the land back of them came into view, and there states sprang up. The next was more to the south, and this was the southerly part of the holland; one became known as North Holland and the other as South Holland, although the official differentiation did not take place until the nineteenth century.

This tract became the most powerful and the richest tract saved from the sea. Other communities, seventeen finally, came into being, and were given other names, until the entire vast tract, including what was then Flanders and is now Belgium, for the most part being lowlands, became known to the French as *Les Pays Bas*, and to the Anglo-Saxon mind as the Nether [low] lands. But the definition of Holland for the originally reclaimed tract persisted; and slowly but surely the word Holland came down the ages as applying to the country, and not to a section, despite the fact that, after the Eighty Years' War, the seven northern states (including Holland) were welded into a republic called the United Netherlands. But custom is strong; the word Holland was shorter than Netherlands; Holland it erroneously became, and remained.

There is also a singular confusion in the mind of the average American in his indiscriminate use of the word Dutch as applied to the people of both Germany and the Netherlands. When the Low Countries were one, naturally only a single language was spoken—Dutch; that is, *Duitsch*, which is the Netherlander's word for German, since to him Germany is *Duitschland*. But when the independent Netherlands came into being, and their people developed a civilization peculiarly their own, the need naturally arose for a separate language, and the tongue now spoken in the Netherlands came into being. The

World War has made the differentiation in the American mind between a German and a Hollander much clearer and the confusion less. But it is curious how the confusion still persists. Even in representative newspapers, in fact, in novels and books of reference, we find the term 'Pennsylvania Dutch': an absolute error, since the Pennsylvania Dutch are Germans—descendants of the German colonizers of Pennsylvania under Pastorius, who, in 1683, settled Germantown; and likewise, in part, descendants of the Hessian soldiers who fought against the United States in the Revolutionary War, and were left stranded there because the Grand Duke of Hesse refused to pay homeward fare. But they are not Netherlanders.

It is never agreeable to a native of the Netherlands to have his people confused with those of Germany, when you analyze history and find that the Netherlands has always been the friend and champion of the United States, whereas the soldiers of Germany twice have taken up arms against the people of the United States. As a matter of simple fairness, is it not time that the American people should get this distinction clearly fixed in their minds?

I was watching a brick road being laid in Pennsylvania, when the contractor said to me: 'Best kind of a road, this. We have brick roads in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Missouri, that are from twenty-nine to thirty-two years old, with the roads still in excellent condition. We Americans beat the world in road-building.'

'I thought the Romans laid a road or two abroad which have stood up pretty well,' I ventured.

'Yes, but not of brick. No country has ever tried brick roads. We lead the world,' returned the contractor; and then he added, 'Do you doubt that?'

'No,' I answered, 'I don't doubt it; I

know America never led the world in brick road-building.'

'Where have they ever tried it and got away with it as we have?' he asked, with a delicious contempt in his voice.

'Well,' I replied, 'England, for one country, has a few brick roads that have done their bit. There are brick roads in the Netherlands, where they are over one hundred years old, laid in Napoleon's time, and just as good as when they were laid, if not better.'

'Of brick?' he asked.

'Of brick: vitrified brick; in fact, the vitrification of brick was brought to practical perfection by the Dutch.'

And then came the inevitable, 'Well, I did n't know that!'

We were golfing one day, when one of the foursome remarked: 'We certainly owe a debt to the Scotch for golf.'

'Why to the Scotch?' I queried.

'Because they discovered it, invented it, so to speak. Did n't you know that?' I was asked, in astonishment.

'No, I did n't know it,' I replied. And when I reached home, bringing my friends with me, I said to them, after dinner: 'Now, let me show you fellows something apropos of the Scotch "discovering" golf. Read the beginning of this article on "Golf" in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*: an English publication, which would most likely have credited the game to the British Isles if history permitted, would n't it?'

"First played by the Dutch," read my friend. 'Well, what do you know about that?' And then, from another article, "'Brought to Scotland from the Netherlands by two Scotchmen.'" And then, of course, there followed: 'Golf, a Dutch game! Well, I did n't know that!'

I was watching the erection of a great building in New York one day, when one of the most noted engineers engaged in the work said to me: 'We are erect-

ing this building entirely on piles; do you realize what that means? No other nation in the world would dare do such a thing, and yet the method is perfectly feasible and safe. It shows how far the United States has gone ahead of the world in engineering skill.'

I pondered for a moment, for the man was very pleasantly suffused with his achievement; I hated to spoil an illusion, and yet —

Very meekly I asked: 'And how do you think they built Amsterdam?'

'Amsterdam?' he echoed. 'You mean Amsterdam, New York?'

'Not exactly,' I answered; 'Amsterdam in the Netherlands.'

'Oh,' he corrected, 'you mean the Dutch city, in Holland. Oh, I don't know. Never been there. America's good enough for me. An American engineer can't learn anything over there.'

'No?' I wondered.

'Not for a minute,' was the positive answer. 'Do you think so?'

'I was just wondering,' I answered, 'as I remembered that the entire city of Amsterdam, in the Netherlands, with thousands of houses, the largest Bourse in the world, one of the largest railroad depots in Europe, is entirely built on piles, and was so constructed some few hundred years ago. You mention that the piles you are driving here are, some of them, twenty-four feet long; "the largest in the world ever used for building purposes," you say. I happened to see piles thirty feet long driven as foundations in Amsterdam. And speaking of foundations,' I continued, 'do you realize that there is one dyke in the Netherlands, protecting the land from the sea, where the dyke itself is forty feet in height above the water; while underneath the water there is a wall two hundred feet deep, all made of solid Norway granite? And that there is a province in the Netherlands, called Friesland, where the foundations of

every village and town are of artificial construction? I am saying all this,' I concluded, 'wondering whether we are so very far ahead of the Old World in our ideas as we sometimes think.'

'Well, this is all news to me,' was his comment.

And when, a year later, this same engineer was appointed one of a committee to visit the Netherlands and study the plans of the most astounding piece of engineering skill ever conceived in the history of the world, — the reclamation of the land under the Zuyder Zee — he sent me upon his return the laconic message: 'My dear fellow, we are pikers compared to those fellows in the Netherlands. You must have thought me a fool that afternoon in New York.'

And then followed the inevitable phrase, 'I simply did n't know.'

'What does Mengelberg do when he is at home?' a man, supposedly of musical knowledge, asked me not long ago.

'Conducts the Amsterdam Symphony Orchestra,' I replied.

'Oh,' he replied nonchalantly, 'I did n't know the Dutch had orchestras like ours.' And then this delicious bit: 'It must seem strange for him to conduct an orchestra like the New York Philharmonic.'

'Why?' I asked.

'So large and so fine,' he ventured.

'It is n't as large as his own in Amsterdam,' I remarked.

'Not as large?' he echoed. And then another titbit: 'Does it play often?'

'About one hundred and forty times each season,' I answered. 'And then it visits the great capitals of Europe, because it is now recognized as the finest symphonic orchestra on the Continent.'

And then it came, as I knew it would and always does: 'Well, well, I did n't know that!'

He went on, too, did this man of mu-

sical knowledge — and, forget it not, he writes musical criticisms for one of the representative newspapers! — 'I did n't know the Dutch were musical.'

'No?' I queried. 'William J. Henderson says in his *History of Music*, you know, that they were the founders of the modern school of music.'

'The founders? The Dutch?'

'Well, who invented the canon in music, and brought counterpoint to perfection, if it was not Okeghem in 1470? Who invented the madrigal form of music, if not the Dutch? You forget that, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, there was a Netherlands school of music that, for over two hundred years, furnished the world with music and singers and composers. It was two men of this Netherlands school who went to Naples and founded the first musical conservatory, — the first, not only in Italy, but in the world, — and from that institution sprang the Italian school of music. The same was true of Venice, where another member of the Netherlands school started a conservatory. Then came the school of Rome, which is acknowledged to owe its existence to the influence of the Netherlands school. The Dutch were in every way the fore-runners of what we to-day call the school of secular music, but which, in those days, was confined to religious purposes. That would prove, would it not, that the Dutch were musical? And that they still are musical is shown by the large number of native Netherlandsers in American orchestras, and the fact that nine out of ten of the great 'cellists to-day are of Dutch birth.'

Not long ago, a dinner was given in New York in honor of Doctor van Karnebeek, Minister of Foreign Affairs in the Netherlands Government, who was in the United States as chief delegate to the Netherlands Commission attending the Conference for the Limi-

tation of Armaments in Washington.

In the course of his speech, the Minister spoke of the origin of the institutions upon which the United States rested; and, assuming an historical knowledge on the part of his audience, he remarked: 'It is not that we are proud of having given you those institutions, but that we are proud of the way in which you have developed them.'

Upon which, no less than four intelligent Americans said to me after the dinner: 'Just which institutions did the Minister mean?'

'Well,' I said, 'he probably meant our Federal Constitution; the Declaration of Independence; the whole organization of our Senate; our state constitutions; our freedom of religion; our free public schools; our free press; our written ballot; our town, county, and state systems of self-government; the system of recording deeds and mortgages; our —'

'Do you mean to say that these fundamental institutions came to us from the Netherlands?'

'You have only to read history for proof.'

Then, inevitably: 'Well, I did n't know that!'

II

Now, of course, this phrase, 'Well I did n't know that!' takes on a humorous aspect after constant repetition. But there is a more serious side to the matter, which takes the form of the question, 'Should not the average American know whence his great institutions emanated?' For it is little short of pathetic to note the amazing lack of knowledge among the people of the United States of the great debt which they owe the people and institutions of the Netherlands. I am not speaking now of the historic help which the Dutch gave to America in the way of financial aid in the War of the Revolution, when

no other nation would extend it credit; or of the fact that it was the first nation in the world to salute the American flag after the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Creditable as these are to the people of the Netherlands, and showing how far back extends their loyal friendship for the people of the United States, they were, after all, merely evidences of good-will. When I speak of the American people being indebted to the Netherlands, I mean something more fundamental.

Take, as an example, four of the institutions enumerated a moment ago: the four vital institutions upon which the United States rests, and, more than that, which have caused it to be regarded as the most distinctive nation in the world. I mean our public-school system of free education; our freedom of religious worship; our freedom of the press; and our freedom of suffrage, as represented by the secret ballot. It is popularly supposed that these came to the United States from England. But how could they, since not one of them existed in England when they were introduced into the life of the United States by the Pilgrim Fathers, who had lived for eleven years in the Netherlands? Each and all of these four institutions were flourishing for years in the Netherlands; the Pilgrims absorbed them there and brought them to the United States.

Take the two documents upon which the whole fabric of the establishment and maintenance of America rests — the Declaration of Independence and the Federal Constitution of the United States: one, the Declaration, is based almost entirely upon the Declaration of Independence of the Republic of the United Netherlands; while all through the Constitution its salient points are based upon, and some literally copied from, the Netherlands Constitution. So strong is this Netherlands influence upon our American form of government

that the Senate of the United States, as a body, derives most of the peculiarities of its organization from the Netherlands States-General, a similar body, and its predecessor by nearly two centuries.

New Yorkers do not begin to realize the extent to which they are indebted to the people of the Netherlands for their very existence: that there might be no such city as New York to-day but for the sturdy Netherlands.

There is not one New Yorker in a thousand, I believe, who knows — or cares — that his city was originally founded by the Netherlander; that it was named New Amsterdam; that for forty years, from 1625 to 1664, it was governed entirely under the flag of the Netherlands; that its first Mayor (then called Governor) was a New Netherlands colonist; that its present official flag is the Dutch emblem of William of Orange; that its motto, 'Eendracht maakt macht' ('In union there is strength'), is in the Netherlands tongue.

He may know that he owes the name of his beautiful Hudson River to Hendrik Hudson; but does he know that Hudson came over in a Dutch ship, the Half-Moon, and that he was an employee of the Amsterdam Chamber of the East India Company; that his cruise not only was financed by Dutch capital, but was due to Dutch initiative?

Does he know that the names of his suburbs — Brooklyn, Flatlands, Harlem, Flatbush, New Utrecht — are all Dutch; that the name of Wall Street came from a wall built by the Dutch as the end of the city at that time; that his foremost families of to-day, such as the Van Rensselaers, the Stuyvesants, the Beekmans, the de Puysters, the Cowenhovens, the Lefferts, — literally all the keystones of his city, — he owes to the people of the Netherlands?

'Little does he care,' you say. True. But there are the facts, nevertheless.

The surprise naturally occasioned by the extent of Netherlands influence upon American institutions is lessened when it is borne in mind that the early influences which fashioned American life were largely brought direct from the Netherlands in the lives of the early settlers. The men who founded New York were, chiefly, from the Netherlands. The Pilgrims who settled Plymouth had lived eleven years in the Netherlands. The Puritans who settled elsewhere in Massachusetts had all their lives been exposed to Dutch influence. New Jersey, as well as New York, was settled by the Dutch West India Company. Connecticut was given life by Thomas Hooker, who came from a long residence in the Netherlands. Roger Williams, who founded Rhode Island, was a Dutch scholar. William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, came of a Dutch mother, whose teachings were a potent influence in his life. These men introduced one Netherlands institution after another into America.

Take the common modern practice of the state allowing a prisoner the free services of a lawyer for his defense, and the office of a district attorney for each county. These are so familiar to us that we regard them as American institutions; or they have been credited to England; whereas, as a matter of fact, it is impossible to find them in English history. Both of these institutions existed in the Netherlands three centuries before they were brought to America.

The custom of equal distribution of property among the children of a person dying intestate was brought from the Netherlands by the Pilgrims.

The recording of all deeds and mortgages in a public office, a custom which affects everyone who owns or buys property, came direct from the Netherlands.

The township system, by which each town has local self-government, with its natural sequence of local self-govern-

ment in county and state, came from the Netherlands.

The practice of making prisoners work, and turning prisons into work-houses, was brought from the Netherlands to America by William Penn.

What we are apt to forget, unless our histories lie very close to us, is that the Netherlands was an influential nation in commerce, art, education, statesmanship, when the United States still lay undeveloped. With its three millions of people in 1555, for example, it was the most prosperous and most highly intelligent nation in the world: the centre in Europe of all things that stood for progress and culture. A reading of the history of those times reveals the tremendous part that the Netherlands played in the institutions of the world. Ranking as one of the first states of the world, her people added to the intellectual and moral resources of mankind in nearly every art which heightens and adorns human life, and in nearly every aspect of human endeavor.

It was the Netherlands that gave to the world some of the towering figures of solid and abiding culture. It was the Netherlands that produced William the Silent in statesmanship; Rembrandt in art; Erasmus in philology and theology; Boerhaave in medicine; Spinoza in philosophy; Grotius in international law; De Ruyter in naval strategy; and Vondel, the poet, traces of whose influence have been so manifestly found in Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

In education it contributed a tremendous impetus to the world by the founding of the great University of Leyden in 1575, making the Netherlands the centre of learning for all Europe.

In finance, it led the world by the establishment of the Bank of Amsterdam, pointing the way to the establishment of the Bank of England one hundred years later.

In medicine, Boerhaave so greatly influenced medical science that the medical schools of the Netherlands became great seats of authority.

The founding of international law by Grotius attracted the attention of the entire world to the Netherlands as a seat for the learning of jurisprudence.

From the Netherlands also came the great lesson of the publishing of books, under the famous Elzevirs.

Its great step of placing the reader and the spelling-book in the hands of every child, irrespective of means or station, marked an epoch in the annals of the world's educational system.

It is conservative to say that Erasmus led the world in education by his epoch-making editions of the New Testament in Greek, and of classical authors, and by his teaching of pure Latin.

The Netherlands introduced to the world the manufacture of woollen cloth, which marked an epoch in history; and followed this up by developing the manufacture of silk, linen, tapestry, and lace, until it made Flanders the manufacturing centre of the world.

Then came the invention of wood-engraving by a Dutchman, followed quickly by the printing of books from blocks; the substitution of movable type for the solid block of wood, and we have the printing-press — the invention of which Germany may never concede to the Netherlands, and yet the germ of which was in the block books to which the Dutch lay unquestioned claim.

Practical as well as artistic, the Netherlands not only contributed to, but actually led the world in, those forces which add materially to the fabric of civilization.

It was the first nation to master the soil, and teach the possibilities of wresting a land from the water.

It taught the world the art of gardening as has no other nation.

The skill of its engineers became acknowledged in every part of the globe, as it is to-day.

It taught the art of commerce to the entire world when it ranked as the great commercial nation of the globe.

It has given a demonstration in successful colonization, which has outstripped all other nations.

Take its five great innovations and inventions, and stop to consider just what this quintette from the brain of man has done for the enlightenment of the world: —

First: the inauguration of a system of equal education for girls and boys, making no distinction of sex in its common-school attendance.

Second: the invention of the telescope.

Third: the pendulum clock, to which can be ascribed the beginning of what may be called accuracy in time.

Fourth: the microscope.

Fifth: the method of measuring degrees of latitude and longitude.

It seems almost incredible that so many momentous contributions to the enlightenment of mankind should have emanated from a single people. Is it too much to say, then, that the people of no other nation make so bold and strong an impression on the mind as one after another of their achievements pass before it; and especially when it is considered that all these contributions to humankind were done with one hand, while the other was busy in saving every foot of land from the rushing waters? But the people of the Netherlands always remained cool, balanced, and solid. It was that same patient, but deep, perfervid spirit which built the dykes and saved the land at one period, and opened those same dykes, built by the very life-blood of the people, at another, and flooded the land against encroaching enemies. It was that same spirit which built up a nation unrivaled in history as

a financial, commercial, maritime, artistic, literary, medical, and political centre, from which have radiated the strongest influences for the upbuilding of great empires, not only in the new Western world of America, but also in the Far East, where to-day exists an empire of such unknown and untold wealth as to stagger the imagination by its potentialities.

Nor is this glory of the people of the Netherlands of the past alone. One has only to visit this amazing country to-day to be convinced of the peculiar solidity of its life and its institutions. Nearly every American traveler, with seeing eyes and receptive mind, sees, as he meets the people of the Netherlands, that there is less intellectual veneer among them than in any other country in Europe; that there is more solid and abiding culture of the very highest kind; and that the modern Dutch family represents a repose of mind, a simplicity of living, and a content with life in general, that any nation might envy.

Few know of the enterprise and the business acumen of the people of the Netherlands of to-day: its annual export trade of from 2,000,000,000 to 3,100,000,000 gulden (the gulden is about 39 cents in American money); its port of Rotterdam, now leading Antwerp and Hamburg in tonnage; its steamship combine, with a capital of 200,000,000 gulden; its Royal Dutch Oil Company, capitalized at 370,000,000 gulden, with its annual output of over 30,000,000 barrels of oil; the marvelous development of the air, by a daily aeroplane service to London, Paris, Hamburg, Prague, Warsaw, and other European capitals; its 30,000,000 gulden invested in model workingmen's houses.

Nor has the nation ever taken a backward step in its leadership in the education of its people. The principal item in the national budget is still for education,

until to-day the nation occupies the enviable position of being foremost in the enlightenment of its people, with an illiteracy of one tenth of one per cent! Can any figure speak louder for the vision of its people?

And yet never, with their material progress, have the people lost that idealism which has ever distinguished them. One recent illustration will suffice. A wealthy resident of Amsterdam last year found himself hard put to it to meet the heavy taxation caused by the war, and decided that he would have to dispose of one of his priceless works of art. He chose Vermeer's *Straatje* (The Little Street) for the sacrifice. This painting is one of the Delft master's greatest works, and its probable sale to someone outside the Netherlands hung over the people like a pall for weeks. Foreign dealers vied with each other for the treasured painting, held for nearly half a million of dollars; and every report of its reputed sale caused a chill to run down the backs of the people.

Then came the report of its actual sale. The General Director of the Royal Dutch Oil Company, Sir Henri W. A. Deterding, was to celebrate an anniversary: he had purchased the picture and presented it to the Netherlands Government in perpetuity.

I was on the N.A.S.M. steamer on my way to the Netherlands when the news of the presentation of the painting came over the wireless. The captain was the first to read the news. He was in his cabin, clad in his pajamas; but he could not contain himself for joy, and, throwing on his bathrobe, rushed out to convey the wonderful news.

Can you imagine an American sea-captain so overcome with enthusiasm at the news of the preservation of a work of art to his country?

Is it to be wondered at, then, that there is so much pride among the people of the United States in their Dutch

ancestry, from the present President of the United States to the humblest citizen? But there is much room for a greater enlightenment of that pride, and as to the facts upon which that pride rests. Fortunately, there has recently been noticeable among the American people a distinct national awakening in everything pertaining to the Netherlands and its people; and that this rests on the solid foundation of an inherent influence and blood-kinship, none who know the facts, as they have been only sketched here, will deny.

The projected publication of a series of books on 'Great Hollanders'; the creation of the new Netherlands-America Federation in New York City; the appointment, by the President and Trustees of Columbia University, of Doctor A. J. Barnouw as the Queen Wilhelmina Professor for the teaching of Dutch history, language and literature; the recognition by the Government of the United States of the Netherlands as an empirical factor in the Far East question; the necessity, felt by the Government of the Netherlands, for the erection of the most beautiful of all the homes of diplomacy in Washington for its legation; the suggestion, already taking shape in official minds, that The Hague should receive the diplomatic dignity and recognition of an ambassador instead of a minister from the United States — all these currents in the minds and life of the American people are but indications that the day is not far distant when an intelligent knowledge of the people of the Netherlands will take the place of mental and geographical confusion; and when a statement of its greatness as a nation of fifty-three millions, nearly one-half of the population of the United States, and of its immense geographical area, with its far-flung coast line in the Far East, will not be met with the statement, 'Well, I did n't know that!'

THOSE WASPS OF OURS

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

I

WHEN my annual springtime seizure came on, — a fever of activity, which gradually mounts to dreams of Art and Beauty, and finally expends itself in paint, — I unjointed the extension ladder, put on the special suit of clothes, more varied than Joseph's coat, and proceeded to outshine the neighborhood.

For the purpose of outshining the neighborhood, a stone house, whose window casings and roof trim happen to be of wood, is an excellent device. It needs but little paint, and yet it looks so completely dressed up in the little that it gets! A few hours' work with white lead and zinc, a final few outlines of apple green, and lo and behold!

Such a house, rightly ensconced amid trees and shrubbery, needs but a ribbon or two, a white band of cornice, and some green edging to outline the gauzy screen, and immediately you have put a new bonnet on Nature.

You can make it white, white. And the comma does not really belong there. By which we mean that you are one of the few in these days who can afford to be particular about the *shade* of white. And as for green fading so quickly, — an item of serious concern to your neighbor, — that need not trouble you. Those softly verdant squares of apple green, with which the white is so beautifully picked out, will naturally be done over every spring while you are 'at it.'

Your neighbor, to whom painting or

washing means a problem of workmen and the expenditure of much money, can never hope to keep up with such a programme. He paints only now and then, somewhat white; and he appears as through a glass darkly, while you come out with the trees and the flowers, as up-to-the-minute as spring herself.

As I was saying, I unlimbered the ladder, put on the old coat, which might almost be called a coat of paint, and prepared to be at it. In a gallon can, I had white. It was white of that particular purity which is demanded by the mansioners of Virginia; and I had discovered a manufacturer who puts up paint with just the right eye of apple green. The dream was about to be fulfilled.

Vaulting ambition! When the paint had been well paddled, I made a trip round the house to take a precursory view of the whole circuit of cornice; and then I discovered that, before I had done, there would be eight interruptions in the work. Each of the interruptions would consist of a wasp's nest.

After a while, I sought the seclusion of my study. I had not been stung — as yet; but I thought it well to go into consultation. As I should be meeting the wasps up a ladder, with a bucket of paint in one hand and a paintbrush in the other, I should be dealing with them at a great disadvantage. It takes quite a while to come down a ladder — providing, of course, you come down the usual way.

Now there are many kinds of wasps. Some are social and some solitary. Some dig into the ground, some build in the open. Some have a sting only to paralyze their prey, others only to sting you. Some are harmless, and others highly to be feared.

The latter, the ferocious, warlike, and highly defensive wasps, hang their nest up by a stalk or pedicle. Some of them suspend themselves in full view and bid defiance to all comers. Of these there are three genera, the *Vespa*, the *Polybia*, and the *Polistes*; but they are all similar in nature, and exactly alike in the regard that their sting is not intended to be used on other insects. Mine were *Polistes*.

The *Vespa* are the kind that protect their work from the weather by a pasteboard covering in the shape of a football. They build combs in parallel sections, to fit the football shape.

The *Polistes* do not bother about a covering. Having made their stem or stalk firmly rooted to your cornice in a plastering of mud, the mother wasp builds a few cells on it and starts upon the work of the season. The children hatch out and take up the work; and they keep right on enlarging the single layer of comb, building round and round its edges, till finally it resembles a sunflower hanging by its stem. Their home, unlike that of the *Vespa*, is open to the light of day.

As it is also open to the weather, this denomination of wasp, judging from what I have seen of it, is strongly inclined toward a sheltered situation. Here was the reason that I was favored with so many colonies. My dormer windows have eaves of the broad, sheltering kind; and at the upper end, where the cornice joins the roof at a sharp angle, there is a deep nook or corner, which is almost impervious to wind or rain. There are four dormer windows; hence, eight colonies of wasps.

I had never been afraid of wasps, meeting them in the usual way. Like the bees and all their industrious kind, they are marvels of preoccupation. They continue to be preoccupied up to the point where you attract their attention. They have an English point of view — their house is their castle; and their motto seems to be a Caledonian one — *Noli me tangere*.

But this is not practical. You can hardly paint around a wasp's nest and let it sufficiently alone. And so, before resolving upon some course of action, I thought it well to look closely into the real nature — the psychology — of the wasp. Thus it was that, after several trips up the ladder, reaching about the same altitude each time, I finally came down and went into my study.

Taking down the first book in the Nature department, I began to read. 'After considering the peaceful community of the bees, few perhaps will be tempted to observe the manners and habits of wasps. The one may be looked upon as a highly civilized and humane tribe, seldom gaining their bread by violent means — the other as a ferocious tribe, subsisting solely by rapine and murder.' It went on in that vein, without telling me how I could cope with them. Not very encouraging.

Next at hand was Jordan and Kellogg's *Animal Life*. Here I found a profusion of pictures along with what I was looking for — a philosophic tone. But the authors, after describing a wasp's nest, break off with the remark that it is 'a thing to be left untouched.'

The fact was that I had gone into the library hoping to find someone who would tell me not to be afraid of wasps. Not getting any encouragement from the formal textbooks, I decided to make a deeper study of the specialists, especially Fabre. Here I would find fearless and practical men.

I opened Fabre's *Hunting Wasps*.

And now I began to smell out a state of affairs — not quickly and right at the beginning, but after much reading and puttings things together. The ‘hunting wasps,’ as they are here called, are all solitary wasps. There is only one of her to a nest, and she cannot sting very effectively, even if she tries. I was much disappointed in Fabre’s book when I found that it was wholly concerned with this variety of insect.

A Solitary Wasp digs a hole in the ground and deposits an egg at the bottom. Then she grapples with a caterpillar or a cricket, injects poison into it in such a way that it becomes helpless, and places the paralytic in the hole with the egg. And having thus provided for the future needs of her child, she has no more to do with it. As her little supply of poison is so necessary to the preservation of the race, she is loath to waste it on you.

The Social Wasps — and mine were very social — have no such use for their sting. They kill their prey; and they do it simply by tearing it to pieces. They reduce it at once to the form of sausage and take it home to their children before it spoils. Their vast multitude of babies, ‘near a whole cityful,’ are fed like the young of birds, from hour to hour and minute to minute; and this work, together with building new cells for the ever-growing colony, is what keeps a social wasp so busy throughout the summer of her life. She is equipped with a sting especially for purposes of *defense*. And so, by a wise provision of Nature, it hurts.

For reasons purely literary, it seems, Fabre’s book is called *The Hunting Wasps*. I say for reasons purely literary, because all wasps are hunters, especially the social kind, and there is hardly any basis for making such a distinction in favor of the solitary varieties. The Solitary Wasp is an assassin, or rather an expert surgeon, not killing her prey,

but knowing just how to inject the paralyzing fluid at the nervous centre of the motor system. But *Hunting Wasps* makes a good title. It sounds well. It connotes combat and adventure; it has a touch of derring-do. And so does ‘Predatory Wasps,’ another term by which he distinguishes the solitary kind, when, as a matter of fact, the Social Wasps are ten times more predatory.

You see, dear reader, having come so hurriedly down the ladder, I was hardly in a frame of mind to take kindly to the little literary tergiversations of my author. Up there were eight colonies of real wasps, the red-hot homes of stingers, at the height of the season’s activities; and I had to go up there and deal with them, not singly, but en masse. And here was the patient and peaceful author, sitting by the hole of a solitary wasp, watching what she was doing, or waiting for her to come home!

Fabre has written two other books upon the subject, *More Hunting Wasps* and *The Mason Wasps*; but as these are manifestly concerned with the solitary kind, they hardly appeal to a man who is trying to paint a house. I saw easily enough by his first volume that it is advisable to let social wasps alone. He does not say this explicitly: I got it by deduction. When he went out to investigate wasps, he chose the solitary kind. I was disappointed after so much reading, — the title had misled me, — and the reader will please take this into account if I seem a little waspish.

I turned now to our great American authorities, the Peckhams. Theirs is a more promising title — *Wasps, Social and Solitary*. I was drawing near home.

But what was my disappointment to find that in this book the wasps were issuing from the ground! And to read at the very forefront of the work, precluding all the ‘experiments,’ a statement which, although discouraging to

me, is admirable for its complete candor and honesty with the public. They say: 'Experiments which would have been dangerous to life and limb, had we tried them with a nest hanging in the open, were easy here, so long as we kept calm and unfurried.'

Here we find that there are social wasps, the so-called common wasps, which fall into subterranean habits. You may experiment with one or two of them, as they issue forth, because the rest of the wasps do not know you are doing it. My wasps were social enough — that much I knew. But instead of being underground, they were at the upper end of a ladder.

Students do not seem to specialize with them under those circumstances. It is comparatively easy, or at least safe, to follow a social wasp *afield*, noting what prey she pounces upon, how she makes it into meat, and how she conducts herself in general. But to follow her home with the meat, and note her little ways in the bosom of her family — that is something different. It is the solitary wasp, with her home affairs, that gets oftenest into print.

To the practical man, wasp-books are of little use. They are not like the bee-books, written for the trade and telling you what to do. And so I saw that I might as well get back to my work. It was Art, not Science, that I was interested in. I wanted to get the house painted. I went out to conduct some experiments of my own.

II

It is easy enough to get rid of a wasp's nest, but not so easy to get rid of the wasps. This I found out by means of a fishpole. When the nest, knocked loose from its fastenings, came rolling wheel-like down the slope of roof, and was carried by its impetus far out into the yard, I expected to see the whole colony

following it, solicitous for the welfare of their young. But this was a wrong theory. They kept coming back and paying attention to the place where the nest *ought* to have been. Pretty soon, the whole population, including those that had been *afield* and now came home with provisions which they did not know what to do with, were clustered upon the mud-plastered pedicle, or flying round, 'as mad as hornets' — a comparison which is faulty here, owing to the fact that a hornet is a wasp.

It was just at this stage of affairs that I again retired into the library. And then I had an idea.

When next I appeared upon the ladder, I carried in my hand a long stick, on the end of which was a sort of boxing-glove. This big pillowy weapon, well soaked in a quart of ammonia, was intended to push the whole nest into the corner, and by snugly conforming to the shape of roof and cornice on all three sides, shut off all means of escape. I thrust it firmly home and held it there.

For an appreciable part of a minute there were no signs of life. I had them bottled up. I imagined them suffocating by hundreds. Then came the exit.

At the upper end, where my boxing-glove had not quite reached into a sharp angle, there was an opening about as big as the bore of a rifle; and from this place the wasps began to shoot. It was as if I had just started up a machine gun, with my shoulder resolutely pressed against the butt. How many wasps came forth per second I cannot say; but they followed one another with a speed and precision that was highly military; and all on the same straight line of fire. I could barely see each one as it shot past, as a camera might catch a bullet before it has vanished into space. Strange to say, with all their hurry to get out, they did not jam the bore. No human crowd could ever, in like circumstances,

organize itself into such an orderly panic.

As it was not a scattering fire, but a straight flight of wasps, whose speed would evidently carry them far, I stuck to my post in hope of killing those in the rear. And when the magazine seemed to have spent itself, I withdrew my suffocator. Except a few that I had crushed in the first quick push, all had escaped. The nest, now a crumpled mass of grubs, fell from its pedicle and rolled down the roof. I seized my putty knife, scraped away the mud by which the stem was fastened, and began to paint. I kept plying the brush rapidly, with the idea of painting myself as far away from that place as possible.

I had not gone far when the wasps began to come back. This time they did not loiter about their home site, now reeking with ammonia from the shingles and newly covered with paint: they lit on the roof near me, and began casting restlessly about. More and more came back; and then they grew more lively in their demeanor. I again went down the ladder.

By a simple process of arithmetic, multiplying the present number of wasps on the roof by eight, I saw what the state of the premises would be if I stirred up all the colonies, and deprived them of their homes. I put the cover on the paint and relegated to the darkness of the cellar the pure Virginia white and the delightful apple green. I did not paint that summer. And now that the place had become so popular, I did not see how I was going to do it any other summer.

III

But I did paint the following spring. And here is where mere book-knowledge finally vindicated itself.

Early in the season — I believe it was in March — I was standing in the sun-

shine on the south side of the house. The stone wall, two feet thick, was warming up cosily and making a sheltered place in which spring came early. I was not yet thinking of painting: I had not worked up inwardly to that stage of activity. But I quickly thought of painting as a wasp darted along the wall — then another, and another.

Bees and wasps are remarkably alike in some of their arrangements. In both the wasp's nest and the beehive the population consists of male, female, and neuter — the latter being an incomplete and unfertilized female. Among wasps, as among bees, the males have no sting. So far they are alike. And now come interesting differences.

Among bees, it is only the neuters that work. The colony, as you see it coming and going (twenty to thirty thousand in a hive), consists mostly of spinsters. They are the architects, the food-providers, and the trained nurses who tend the young; and, finally, they are the soldiers, furnishing the prætorian guard which stands watch before the door. The males, or drones, are gentlemen of leisure. They spend the summer of their lives loafing about the place and living upon the common store. They are as lazy and useless as any buck Indian who ever let his women-folk do all the chores. And they are mostly superfluous — mostly, I say, in view of the fact that there is but one female in the hive for them all to pay attention to. As she is laying eggs from morning till night, — thousands of eggs a day, — and needs but one fertilization in the course of her life, she is too busy to bother about the gentlemen out in front. The female is truly a queen, in the sense that there is but one of her: she will not brook the presence of a rival. The rest attend and cherish her.

Among wasps, all are workers, male, female, and neuter. There is a considerable proportion of females in the colony,

and as they take part in the general activity and do not rule in solitary state, they can hardly be called queens. They are simply mother wasps, as distinguished from their unmarried sisters, the neuters.

Among bees, when fall comes, the gentlemanly drones fall victims to their theory of life. The old maids fall upon them and kill them all. They do not work; therefore, why should they eat with winter coming on? Now comes that busy scene of killing which was so interesting to Shakespeare, —

The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone.

Or, as the Archbishop of Canterbury must have delivered it, with his long training in eloquence, —

The sad-eyed justice, with his sur-r-r-r-ly hum-m-m
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The la-a-a-azy, ya-a-a-a-wning drone.

Those of us who have read this with reconstructive imagination have no doubt formed a vivid mental picture of His Honor the Justice — a sort of dry-lipped old Yankee, musing over the crime in his dusty court-room and meting out the penalty of the law. This is well and good; but if we are to be modern realists, we should remember that the justice and executioner was really a *she*. Or, rather, it was a neuter.

Not so with wasps. When fall comes, they *all* die — all except a few fertilized females. Some of the mothers manage to survive the winter in sheltered retreats; and when the sun comes north again, it is for these few, the all-including survivors of their race, to start the wasp world over again. As the mother wasp is a complete worker, — much more admirable than a queen when you come to know her, — she is able to plaster a pedicle, build paper cells, lay the eggs, and provide meat for the young. And as there would be no ad-

vantage in several mothers living together, each starts a colony of her own. Presently, her first few children issue forth; and these start at once to help her. In short, the bees preserve their organization through the winter and the wasps do not.

Unlike the bees, who cling in a cluster and die all together when they are homeless and famished, and have no further object in living, wasps go wandering around at the end of the season, each seeking his way to dusty death. Those of us who have seen a homeless and dying wasp crawling about in the warm kitchen as the summer wanes, must have observed that he has the look of a fated creature. He is a dejected wanderer on the face of Nature — a wasp out of work. He is the Hamlet of the insect world, and he looks the part.

'What should such fellows as I do crawling between heaven and earth?'

Whether wasps all die in the fall because the female in spring will be able to fend for herself; or whether the mother wasp has learned to do it all, because the other workers are dead and she simply *has* to, might make an interesting and bootless subject of speculation. Such is the delicate balance, the marvelous consistency of nature. One fact fits in with all the other facts.

Something of this occurred to me, as I stood and watched a few wasps veering back and forth along the sunny wall. Then I began to think of painting. And suddenly I saw the point. As it was just at the tail-end of winter, all these were female wasps! If I killed one of them, I would be killing a whole colony. I could exterminate hundreds at a blow. I went right into the house and got the fly-swatter.

I killed a dozen or two — every last mother of them. All that had come out into the sunshine around the premises I killed. And that summer I painted.

There were no wasps' nests that season; no — nor the next season, nor the next.

IV

Then it began to dawn upon me that I had made a great mistake. I had become *interested* in wasps. From going up the ladder so much that first summer, drawing closer and closer to a nest, I had begun to see things. There was a multitude of plump and hungry grubs, each living like a little papoose in its snugly fitting cell, its brown face always in position for something to eat. And the whole activity of the old ones, as they came and went, was to keep up with this constant demand. When I found I could not paint that summer, — and yet wanted to, — I made repeated excursions up the ladder, and tarried to see what they were doing. As it proved so interesting, I began to take chances in the interest of — not science, but curiosity. I got my nose, as it were, into a wasp's business. And thereafter, when I came down to the library, it was to make notes. Another summer, I told myself, I would start right in at the beginning and see it all.

But the following season I found that I had made a fatal and lasting mistake. I seemed to have exterminated all the wasps in these immediate parts. I had deprived myself of all material for further study. In two or three years, as these notes turned up again and began to grow interesting, I was sorry I did it. If I had kept on with the same rapt interest in the Social Wasps, there is no telling how much I might have found out on this forbidden subject.

One thing I did find out pretty thoroughly, however, and that is how a wasp comports himself in the bosom of his family. I know little about the wasp afield, how he (or she) pounces upon the prey and dismembers it and sorts out the meat. But I know what

he does with it when he gets it home, and how he meets some interesting little problems. My knowledge is not extensive, but intensive. Let us, then, take a close look at a wasp's nest, noting the rules that they follow in feeding so large a family, and the many little things that make their system perfect.

The colony that we are observing is at the height of the season's activities, about the middle of July. The nest has now grown to a good size, and all the cells are filled with young wasps in the various stages of development. Some of the cells are sealed, these containing grubs that have been fed until they reached full growth, and then spun a cover over themselves. They will remain quiescent while they take on the nymph form, ready to come forth as wasps.

Around them, and of chief interest to the observer, is a multitude of brownish faces, each face just filling the mouth of the cell. These are the countenances of fat, white grubs, ever hungry and waiting to be fed. They form almost an unbroken surface of faces, separated only by the thin walls of the hexagonal compartments. Toward the rim of the nest, the cells dwindle in size, some nearly completed, some half-built-up, and finally, at the very edge, mere shallow cups. A female wasp does not wait for the cell to be fully built before she deposits her egg. She lays it at once in the rounded bottom. The wasps build as the grub grows and develops.

Turning now to the wasps themselves, who have, in fact, been walking all over the surface of the comb while we were observing it, we naturally expect to see signs of intelligent activity. To our surprise there is not a stroke of useful work being done by the whole restless swarm. There is nothing but walking about and preening and primping, and the everlasting making of their toilet. A wasp — he, she, or it — is never still.

When there is nothing else to do, she is at her toilet, stroking her wings with her legs, washing her face like a cat, recomposing and polishing her parts, and cleaning up generally, after the manner of a fly. They never seem to be satisfied. After you have watched such a lot of housekeepers for a while, you begin to wonder what their business is and how they ever get anything done. There seems to be nothing worth observing.

Suddenly, by some instant understanding, a spell falls over the congregation. All activity ceases. There is not a move. Each wasp seems utterly transfixed. As you see this sudden change come over them, and stand wondering what it is all about, you cannot help feeling the suspense in the air. Each wasp is expectant, motionless, wrapped in some impending event.

This means that, somewhere in the distance, another wasp is coming with a load of meat. You might listen with your intentest ear, or look your sharpest, but you could not detect the approach of that other wasp at the time they do.

Presently the forager comes in, like an airship, and lights with his burden on the nest. He has brought home a ball of sausage about the size of a small pea. Sometimes the ball is much smaller; frequently it is as big as the front section of his body, or half as big as himself. The sausage, already chewed up and perfectly rounded in the field, is either of two colors, a dull reddish hue like Bologna or summer sausage, or a greenish tint like Roquefort cheese. Those who have observed this wasp in the field say that it preys upon caterpillars, and this I can well believe. The lighter-colored meat would indicate that he had killed for his children 'a big, green woolly one.'

As he alights, there is commotion among the wasps, and several draw up closer to him. One stands directly in

front of him. And now ensues a peculiar performance with the ball of meat. Resting on the wasp's extended forelegs, it begins revolving, now toward the right and now toward the left. In the same manner that a man without hands might manage a big ball on his extended arms, the wasp makes the ball of sausage turn over and over. And just as a man might extend his chin out over the ball in order to hold and control it better, so does a wasp. But the wasp does it with the skill of a juggler, and the ball moves briskly round. It is evident that a ball handled in this way, simply by the alternate raising and lowering of two straight arms, has got to move from right to left or left to right. It cannot so readily move in the other direction, to and from the wasp. This will be interesting to remember when we consider the wasp's use of his cutting instruments.

In a little while, the wasp that has been standing face to face with the forager walks off with a share of the sausage. Rather, I should say that he walks off with the whole ball, except that the forager has retained a small share for himself. This second wasp now starts the ball revolving to right and left, and another wasp takes a position face to face with him, just as he did with the first wasp. Finally, this third wasp receives the ball, the second having retained a share. Thus it passes on, until it has been divided between three or four, or possibly five, wasps.

These wasps are now to distribute it among the young. Each of the pieces will serve to feed several grubs — possibly eight or ten of them. But the wasps do not feed it by any such crude and simple process as giving each grub a bite, or tearing off a piece for it. Each of the feeding wasps stations himself in front of a cell and goes through the same juggling performance with the little ball. It takes quite a while.

Meanwhile the hungry grub, whose brown face just fills the opening of the cell, has to wait for its dinner. Presently, by a quick dab, that grub has been fed; and the wasp moves on to another cell, to go through the same performance.

Watching this process closely, we begin to see what is taking place: the wasp is shaping a little round biscuit on the side of the main loaf, almost cutting it off, and yet leaving it securely fastened. It is a ball on the side of a ball. And this little ball is always on the side away from the wasp. It is shaped by the pinching of the wasp's mandibles.

At this stage of affairs, the wasp ceases his juggling. He grasps the larger ball firmly between his forelegs and presents it to the grub, so that the side with the little biscuit on it is directly in front of the grub's face. The grub takes hold, the wasp pulls the ball away, the biscuit separates; and so another child has been fed.

The wasp is here solving a problem in baby-feeding incident to a socialistic state of living. It is important that each child of this great multitude receive its share, that one be not gorged while others are famished. The meat must be given to the babies on a set ration, as far as it will go. Therefore, the adult wasp carefully measures off the mouthful that each shall receive. As for the first division of the ball among several adults, that is a division of labor. They are not only social wasps; they are essentially socialist wasps. Without this system, I imagine that many youngsters would try to grab it all, and many oldsters would not do their share of the work.

But this is not to look closely enough. As I have said, the ball has got to revolve from left to right and right to left. And as it is being spun around for the purpose of shaping another little ball on it, the work has all got to be done on one of the poles. This will be

the pole away from the wasp, because he hugs it close as it goes round.

For a wasp to reach over a big revolving ball of meat, and keep biting on the pole that is farthest from him, might seem to require a considerable act of contortion. If a wasp had an extensible neck like a bird's and a bill like a bird's bill, he would certainly have to put his head in a twisted position, not very convenient to a juggler. And when we consider that a wasp's head is set directly on his body, with practically no neck at all, it is evident that he must be built in some way that specially fits him for the work to be done. We see this fitness in the way his mandibles work.

A wasp's mandibles — a big, strong beak, which, after you have looked at it a while, seems as formidable as that of an eagle — do not open with an up-and-down motion, like the bill of a bird. His is a bill the two halves of which open out to right and left. And instead of one half moving while the other remains stationary, both move. It works like a pair of pincers. This long and strong cutting tool hangs downward, though not in the sense that it is bent to reach in that direction. A wasp has a long head, like a horse, and the mandibles, being set straight on this, naturally reach downward. Thus, he can work on the far side of his revolving ball, biting as it turns, and cutting off portions with the utmost convenience.

A successful hunter will not always divide his booty with the other wasps. Sometimes he does and sometimes he does not; and as there seemed to be no system or consistency in their practice, they had me puzzled. Watching closely, I discovered the rule that governs. It all depends upon the size of the load. If it is more than the hunter can conveniently handle in feeding the grubs, he will divide; if it is not, he insists upon doing all the feeding himself. If

it is twice as much as he can easily juggle, he will divide it in halves, and there an end. If it is three times as much as he wants, he will keep a third for himself, and give *two thirds* to the wasp before him. This surplus, which is to say the whole ball with the exception of the piece which the hunter retains, always goes round from wasp to wasp, each keeping his portion and passing it on. A wasp that stands face to face with another in making this subdivision, extends his fore-legs also and helps in rotating the ball. The ball at this stage is big and heavy, so that coöperation is welcome. Later, when these wasps have received their shares, they handle them without help, easily and with considerable speed. But if the hunter has brought in a ball that is not too big for him, he will reserve the right of feeding it all himself.

One might suppose that the hunter, having a sense of property rights, would conduct his division on a different system, giving to another wasp what that wasp could use, cutting off a proper share for the next, and so on, till he had a remainder that suited himself. As we have seen, it is just the other way about.

After more watching and further acquaintance with their problems and difficulties, I saw that this was the rational thing to do.

A wasp, after making a long flight with a heavy load, is very tired; sometimes he is so exhausted that he falls off the nest, sausage and all, and can hardly land the load. You can see him breathing heavily, his hinder parts working up and down. The contrast between his condition and that of the other wasps shows very plainly that he is nearly done for. In this state of affairs, it is quite sensible for the one that has been doing the exhausting work, immediately to pass on the bulk of his burden to another wasp. It is going to take a lot of juggling with that

heavy ball to divide it into several parts; and so he helps only with the first division — just long enough to retain his share. It is as if he said, 'Here! I'm played out. Take the rest of this and divide it among yourselves.' The second wasp, though he may not be tired, follows the same rule for subdivision, and passes the bulk of it on.

One morning, when I was watching them, a wasp came in with an unusually large haul. Possibly he had brought it from a great distance. He struck in a blundering manner near the edge of the nest and fell off, landing on the shingles a short distance below. He maintained his hold on the sausage, however, and in a little while he flew away. Why he did not now fly in the direction of the nest I do not know. One might imagine that he was disgusted with the whole performance, and had gone off a distance to get a good flying start. In about half a minute he was back again. This time he did not reach the nest at all, but lit on the roof almost directly under it. It was evident that he was very much exhausted. I could see him pant, his body working like that of a tired bee. After a period of rest, he rose by sheer force of upward flight and landed on the comb. Another wasp immediately met him and started the work of subdividing. I could see no reason for the wasp's wasting his strength by flying away as he did, nor do I exactly understand the difficulties which kept him from making a landing on the comb, when he could reach the roof directly under it. I mention this as an indication of the effort a wasp has sometimes to exert in bringing home a load of sausage.

It is interesting to note that, in a case like this, where a wasp plainly has more than he can manage, the others do not go out and relieve him of part of the burden. They knew well enough he was coming, as could be seen by their rapt attention while he was yet in the dis-

tance; and they could, no doubt, subdivide the burden on the roof as well as on the comb. But this is not according to the abstract rules which govern them. The forager, no matter how many mishaps he may go through, has to deliver his own load. Once he has landed, all are ready to receive a share.

When a wasp has got through forming the little ball on the side of the big one, it is interesting to note the accuracy with which he seizes the larger one, as between two hands, and presents the far side of it, which he cannot see, so that the biscuit is directly in front of the grub. At the beginning of my observations, when I had become pretty well versed in this part of the trade, I thought that the wasp, just as the grub took hold, cut off the biscuit with his own mandibles. Further watching showed me that this could not be the case. When a wasp is just beginning to pass the food around to the grubs, and before it has been reduced in size by several of them receiving their share, the ball of sausage is frequently so large as completely to cover the mouth of the cell as the wasp presses it firmly home against the grub's face. It fills the opening of the cell like the stopper of a bottle. And when it is drawn away, the little ball or biscuit is gone. This shows conclusively that the grub disattaches the portion, itself. This part is done so quickly, by a mere offhand dab, that you have to watch closely to catch the details. The grub is always prompt enough about taking hold.

As to why the wasp has adopted the system of leaving the grub's little ball of sausage attached to the big one, not quite cutting it off, the rationale of that is easily apparent. The wasp, having no hands, needs both front legs to hold the main ball. If he were to cut the little ball completely off, he would have two packages to manage — not very convenient in his case. It is better

to keep it in one package, and let the grub get hold before the final separation takes place. It is a part of the work that the grub is extremely willing to do.

The reader has no doubt observed that I have said nothing about the wasp's work as an architect. I do not describe him building up those incomplete paper cells. For this there is no doubt a reason. A wasp, being a paper manufacturer, needs moisture with which to work up the pulp. He gathers the loose fibre from the surface of decaying wood at a time when it is wet with rain. And I did my wasp investigating on fair days. If I had only *thought* of this, the neighbors would no doubt have seen me up a ladder with an umbrella.

I am now beginning to suspect that my too great success in getting rid of wasps had contributing reasons behind it. That south wall of my house, which is built of boulders two feet thick, has deep interstices, where the mortar did not completely fill in; and while it is thoroughly pointed up on the surface, there are cracks, due to seasoning, which allow access to this ramified interior. Having the heat-retaining properties of stone, and facing the sun in winter, it is a great place for snakes to hibernate — as I find out in spring, when I see them issuing from the ground line where the pointing-up comes to an end. Wasps, the few of them that survive, hibernate too; and they look about for a place with favoring circumstance. I am of the opinion that my place attracted all the mother wasps in this part of the country. And my fly-swat-ter, making such complete work of them just as they were coming out, gave the species a complete setback.

If I thus robbed myself of a source of intellectual pleasure, I can only say that I deserved what I got. One should not be too reckless about disturbing the balance of nature.

THE GOLDEN VANITY. II

BY E. BARRINGTON

'T WAS the evening of the Birthnight ball when George Anne arrived, in a hackney coach, attended by her dresser, and scarce visible for mantua boxes. The three children were put away — their usual fate — in the beds within, and though not able to sleep for excitement, were mute as mice, lest they be punished by the closing of the door upon the ravishing glimpses they had of the parlour.

'T is not for a mere scribbler to intrude upon the chaste mysteries of the toilet. Suffice it, therefore, to say that, when all was completed, George Anne and Mrs March, the dresser, stood back, breathless, to contemplate the work of their hands.

Mrs Gunning, her fine brown hair piled on her head into an edifice twisted with gauze and feathers that granted her five inches more of height, looked a Roman empress — her fine bust displayed to advantage and sustaining a necklace of stage emeralds set in pinchbeck, which could not be told from the veritable jewels, so closely were they copied for George Anne from her Grace the Duchess of Bridgewater's. Her hoop was very wide, and over it a green satin brocade flowered with gold, wherein George Anne had played Lady Modish but twenty times, and so rich that 't would serve her great-granddaughter. 'T was ruffled at neck and elbow with Mechlin, and the girls gazed in awe at their splendid mama. 'T was a changed woman. She expanded, she glided, she moved, as a swan floating through her native ele-

ment differs from the same lurching along the bank.

But Elizabeth — O beautiful! Sure 't was joy to see her! Her hair, a-gleam with gold, was rolled back and carried in massive braids that crowned and bound her head in the Grecian taste, confined by a bandeau of pearls that crossed her brow. Her Grecian robe (indeed the fair Miss Lebeau had played Calista in it) was a white satin with a fall of lace, and round her slender throat a chain of seed pearl. Mrs Belamy knew her business. 'T was simple, but simplicity becomes a goddess, and frills and flounces can but distract the eye from loveliness that seems native to heaven. Her mother surveyed her in a kind of amaze and then turned to Maria.

'T was peculiar to these two fair sisters that they adorned each other, each appearing more beautiful when both were in company. Indeed 't was said later that this contributed much to their triumphs. Maria now appeared in a fine India muslin embroidered in gold wheat-ears, a robe which, 't is to be feared, Mr Sidney of the East India Company, the rich nabob of Jubblepore, had laid at the feet of George Anne in pursuance of a suit not wholly disdained. No matter! On Maria it shone like the raiment of the youngest of the angels, draping yet expressing her fair limbs with a seductive reserve that was art embellishing nature. She had a row of seed pearl like her sister, and one rose of faintest pink nestled in her virgin bosom. Her hair of burning gold was dressed in curls *à la mouton*, as Mrs

March expressed it, and a string of pearls wove through the rich tresses.

But 't is useless to describe beauty. As well dry a rose in a book and look for bloom and dew. It depends on bright eye and smiling lip and wordless sweetness and the fall of exquisite lashes and the tone of music and — and this poor scribbler lays down his pen and attempts no more to paint where the great artists later owned themselves vanquished.

'And all is prepared,' cries George Anne, exulting. 'For my mother's job coach is at hand to take my three beauties; and distress not yourself, my dearest Madam, for I engage to remain with your little family and will return in the coach when it deposits you here. And now, children, peep and whisper no longer, but come see your lovely mama and sisters before they go to conquer the world.'

'T was the kindest heart! She clapped her hands, and in rushed the three children like Bedlam let loose, careering round and about the three, shouting, laughing, and begging to be took also. Raisins and oranges from George Anne's reticule alone restored them to their beds in peace.

"The Golden Vanity" has sent forth two incomparable beauties,' says she at the door as they stepped into the coach. 'May it bring them the luck of its heroine and more.'

St Patrick's Hall was all of a blaze with wax candles and flambeaux, and shining mirrors set in with gilt Cupids, and twinkling of fairy lights in the great glass lustres and their glittering chains of drops and pendants. Garlands of green, with roses interspersed, were in swags and loops about the splendid walls, where hung the pictures of by-gone viceroys in ribbon and star, in frames to match the mirrors that multiplied the scene a hundredfold.

And, more than all, the handsomest women in Ireland were decked out in silks and satins and all the family jewels, and they sparkling like the lustres above their heads; and all the gentlemen, in uniforms and silk stockings showing off their fine calves, and they strutting with their swords and squiring the ladies and bowing. And above it all the Throne, with the velvet canopy and the Royal Arms, and my Lord Harrington, his Excellency, sitting like a picture of himself, with his stars and orders and his coat of sky-blue velvet laced and embroidered with gold; and as each pretty lady came up to him and swept her curtsy he lifted her by the hand and kissed her cheek; for the Viceroy has that privilege, and many a man envied him a few of the kisses, if they did not envy them all.

And now at the great doors appeared three ladies, quietly, like persons used to assemblies, though to be honest their knees were trembling under them and their little hearts quaking. So they were passed on from one golden image to another, until they arrived before his Excellency, the company politely making way, and a whisper that rose to a buzz running with them. 'Lord! who are they?' — 'Who can they be?' — 'Look at the girls!' — 'Exquisite!' — 'Beautiful!' — 'For my part I see nothing in them. Vilely dressed. Very far from modish.' — 'Too tall.' — 'Too short' — in fact, every expression of approval and disfavour. But every lady stood on the tips of her satin shoes to see, and every gentleman took the fullest advantage of his height; and had poor Harry been there, he had died of jealousy. Alas! even his fond letters were not in Elizabeth's gentle bosom, but tossed forgot on the bed in Britain Street, with George Anne casting the eye of sensibility on them.

And now the officer who performed the introduction took Mrs Gunning's

gloved hand, very stately, and led her before the Throne.

'The Honourable Mrs Gunning, your Excellency.'

Down she flowed in a magnificent curtsy, her hands supporting her brocade on either side, her head bent majestic — Beauty adoring Power. Suddenly my Lord steps nimbly forward on the dais.

'What?' he cries. 'Do my eyes deceive me? Impossible! But sure I have the happiness to see the daughter of my old friend, and I am honoured beyond expression to welcome her beneath my roof. Where have you been retired? And what are these two lovely nymphs? Your daughters? No, sure it can't be and you all youth and beauty yourself. Present them.'

And while mama blushed and bridled, the magic words were spoke, and the two dropped the gentlest curtsies, and rising, received a salute more than usual warm from his Excellency on either fair blushing cheek. 'T was observed he lingered an instant on Maria's. Vice-roys, too, are human.

'T was an instantaneous conquest — how could it be otherwise? A moment later they were the centre of a competing crowd of gentlemen, and glances of coldness and aversion raining on them from ladies only a little less fair and now deserted. That his Excellency was the first victim, none could doubt, for when he was not in company with the beauties, he was discoursing of them to others. True it is that he conducted the Dowager Rathconnel to the supper-table, but equally true, that he left the lady seated before such dainties as ensure an old age of gout, disengaging himself with a nimble wit that should have appeased her, and sought out the mother of the Graces, devoting himself to memories of old times, while Maria and Elizabeth danced and smiled on their adorers, blooming and beautiful.

'My dear Madam,' says his Lordship, 'how is it possible that you have lived so retired for fifteen years? 'T was not justice to your admirers — of whom I was ever one. How came it about?'

'Why, your Excellency,' says the lady very serious, 't was not with my good-will. You know well that my late father's good heart was his chief possession; and my husband — alas!'

Sure a pause and downcast eyes are more expressive than any words. His Excellency shook his majestic peruke, and echoed the lady.

'Alas! Cards, horses, the bottle — how many a wife and mother hath had cause to curse that fatal trinity! And 't is even so, Madam?'

She applied George Anne's laced handkerchief to her eye, then smiled faintly and seeing opportunity, seized it.

'I would not cloud this festive scene, your Excellency, yet why should I reserve from a tried friend that I and my poor daughters —'

'Yes, yes!' cries his Lordship, very impatient.

'— Are here this night in borrowed dress,' continues Mrs G. solemnly, 'and are indebted even for the shoes upon our feet to the kindness of an actress, Mrs Bellamy.'

'Good God!' says Lord Harrington, genuinely shocked, and the more so that he had himself known Mrs Bellamy some years since. 'Sure it can't be! I won't believe it. Indeed, we must discourse further of this. Come hither!'

Profoundly interested, he led her to a withdrawing-room and there they fell into so deep discussion that never had he been such a negligent host. And when Mrs Gunning left the withdrawing-room, it was with an imperial head held high, and a flush in her cheek which became her so well that the most prying female eye would not give her a day over thirty.

His Excellency led out Maria to a minuet. Twice he took Elizabeth down the country-dances. The generous wine had warmed his heart, the glow of beauty kindled it to flame, and it was plain to be seen that his eyes were only for the fair Gunnings. The world followed his example — when does it otherwise? — and a petal from Maria's rose, a look from the violet, dark-lashed eyes of Elizabeth, were the prizes of the night.

A party of noblemen escorted them to the doors on leaving, and 't was with the utmost difficulty Mrs Gunning persuaded them it was unnecessary to ride in cavalcade about the coach to Britain Street. When the ladies were gone, they returned into the Banqueting Hall to toast 'The Irish Beauties,' and break their glasses in their honour until the floor was strewn with broken crystal, and the celebrants were most of them borne speechless to their beds. Indeed, a challenge passed between my Lords Cappoquin and Tuam upon a dispute as to which lady was the greater Venus.

Never was such a triumph! And Mrs Gunning, falling into George Anne's arms in Britain Street, declared with tears of joy: —

'You were right, entirely right, my dearest Madam. I am promised a handsome pension on the Irish Establishment, and his Excellency counsels me to transport my girls to London, where, he considers, they may pretend to the highest matches, and promises introductions worthy of them. And, O Madam, playing at faro in the card-room, I won a milleleva — no less! — Fifty guineas! — Lord! was ever anyone so happy!'

Tears of sensibility stood in George Anne's eyes. She was one who shared to the full the griefs or triumphs of her friends. She wrung Mrs G.'s hand and embraced the fair conquerors, scorning to mention the rent in Maria's muslin

gown, and the stain of wine on Elizabeth's satin. It was a generous heart, and had earned more gratitude than she afterwards received from two, at least, of the ladies.

'T was amazing to Mrs Gunning and Maria now, that ever they had contemplated the stage — so very far below their pretensions; and it took but a week to open the former lady's eyes to the little cracks in George Anne's reputation. She saw plainly that such a friendship could be no aid to their soaring aspirations; and indeed her ambition had now spread its wings to some purpose. The Earl of Harrington having advanced the first installment of her pension, she immediately moved their lodging to the genteeler Mount Street, and Britain Street was forgot, along with George Anne. Sure a mother must be prudent! Elizabeth only forsook not her friend, going to wait upon her and carrying with her many of the posies left in daily homage to her sister and herself. She had little in her power, for money was still none too plenty; but kindness and gratitude smell sweeter even than roses, and these she carried in handfuls straight from a grateful heart to George Anne.

It smoothed not her own path in Mount Street, for Mrs Gunning's pride grew with what fed it, and though admiration was plenty, offers were few. It might be that the enmity of the Dublin ladies stood in their way, for certain it is that Mrs G. was never a favourite. Where she judged well to flatter, she flattered too openly; where she disliked and saw no gain, she insulted; and many gentlemen would have retired from her acquaintance, but for Maria's frolicsome gaiety and the sweetness of Elizabeth. It gained ground about the city that there was much scheming in Mount Street with a view to rich husbands, and it smirched the girls as well as their mama, and put thorns in their

way. It made the men bolder than they should be, and the women cold.

Maria was the hardier and took it as a necessity of their situation; but the milder Elizabeth wept often on George Anne's kind bosom over the insults (as she took it) which Mrs Gunning received with rapture, as hopeful signs of love. And, whatever the actress's own case might be, 't is certain she showed more delicacy in dealing with the girl than did her lady mother.

Nor had she much comfort from Mr Harry's letters. His father remained adamant; and though he writ, 't was more carelessly, and a rumour reached Dublin that coupled his name with the great fortune, Miss Hooker, and was generally took for truth. Mrs Gunning greeted it with pleasure, regarding Mr Harry as a gone-by and much below her hopes; but though Elizabeth's heart was not wounded, her pride was pierced to the quick. It seemed that all the world conspired to humiliate her, and she asked herself what was the use of beauty, if it meant this and no more. She sighed and left his last letter unanswered.

Miss Maria too had her troubles. My Lord Errington pursued her with ardour, and his handsome rakish face and gallant impudence drew the pretty moth towards the heat and flame of a dangerous candle. Folly, no more; but his lady took her vengeance in scandals that spread about the town, and a duel was fought that did Maria no good and kept off worthier pretenders to her hand; and indeed it was not a day too soon when the family packed up their belongings and changed the air to London. The girls outshone all others — true! but 't was thought more in beauty than discretion, for Elizabeth must needs sink with her family. The world draws not nice distinctions.

But to say they were courted in London is to say little. They broke trium-

phant upon the town, supported by letters from his Excellency, and the town received them with frenzy, as it might the great Italian singer or the new lions at the Tower, or what not. Amongst the greatest, the Duke of Hamilton put himself at their disposal, urged thereto by a particular letter from my Lord Harrington and his own love of beauty. He dangled about them daily, and it must be owned that, from the first moment of meeting, Mrs Gunning fixed the eye of cupidity on his Grace. For of all of the matches of the Kingdom, James Hamilton was the greatest available. Duke of Brandon in England, of Châtelherault in France, of Hamilton in Scotland, of vast possessions, of suitable age and gallant presence, a princess need not have disdained his hand. A great prince, indeed, and knowing it possibly too well, 't was he to dazzle a girl's eye and carry her heart by storm! As for hearts, it was never supposed his Grace possessed one; at least, he wore it not on his sleeve, but was ever cold and haughty, though it was well known he liked a pretty woman as well as any — short of the wedding ring. He hung about the new beauties as a gentleman will, until wagers began to be laid at White's as to which had caught his favour, and where would fall the handkerchief of the Grand Bashaw.

Meanwhile, his attentions made them more than ever the mode, and the town gallants swarmed about them like bees at the Assemblies where they figured, attended by my Lord Duke in ribbon and star. As the days went by, however, the anxious mother observed that his preference was for Elizabeth, and that he had no thought to interfere with my Lord Coventry, who could not keep his eyes off Maria, though he committed himself no further than the Duke. Indeed, stories were now freely circulated concerning Britain Street and the

poverty and shifts of the family, and wagers were laid that neither the one nobleman nor the other looked for more than a few months' amusement with the two loveliest girls in England. Mrs Gunning was openly called the Adventuress, and it was a favourite sport with some ladies to imitate her Irish accent and carying ways with those she would please; and doubtless Maria angled a little too openly for her lord. They were, in short, easy game for the mockers, and Elizabeth shrunk daily more into the shade. It appeared as if it would be the Dublin story over again.

Mr Harry came at once to their lodging on his return from Yorkshire, and, to be sure, had not a word to say of Miss Hooker. He would have saluted Elizabeth, but she drew back with a curtsy, her manner sweet and cold as an autumn dawn with a touch of winter in the air. He found her changed, and no wonder, and said as much with some anger.

'It should not surprise you, Harry,' says she serenely. 'I am now eighteen, and have seen the world, as you have also. Our betrothal was a child's game. I like you too well to be your ruin. Marry Miss Hooker, of whom I hear. 'Tis your best way, and obedience to parents a plain duty.'

'You were not so wise in Dublin,' replies Mr Lepel, casting a jealous eye on the fair monitress. If her looks had changed it was to a more radiant sweetness, and there was that in the way her long silken lashes lay on her fair cheek that dwarfed Miss Hooker's fortune. He had better have kept his distance from the siren, he thought with bitterness. But sure a little pleasant dallying could hurt neither Miss Hooker nor his father — a summer pastime and no more; and if the tales flying about town were but the half of them true, he might hope for this, especially with the past pleading for him in Elizabeth's

tender heart. Sure there was a softening in her glance. He pushed his chair somewhat nearer and took her hand. She withdrew it, and removed her seat farther away.

'Is my Elizabeth angry with her Harry?' cries he with a fine dramatic air. 'Does she forget those happy days when we were all to one another? What is Miss Hooker or Miss Any-person to come between us? What —'

'Your future wife, as I understand,' says Elizabeth, perfectly calm. 'No, Mr Lepel — I know the world now, better than I could wish' (she sighed), 'and I desire not your attentions. I —'

But Mr Lepel broke in, pale and furious.

'And is it thus you speak, you heartless jade? Clothes, jewels, balls, 't is these you value. Is there a woman alive that will not sell her soul for the like? O God, why are fair faces made to madden us? Now I have seen you once more, how can I return to that flat-faced —'

She rose, with a wave of her hand that dismissed him; but he ranted on in a towering passion of wrath and grief. It had all burst up anew in his heart, in and for a moment. He believed himself hardly used indeed.

'Could I bury my father and inherit his land, you would not use me thus. It is all a cursed thirst for gold, and you are for sale like an Eastern slave. Who is the highest bidder? But I know well. What am I to compare with —'

'His Grace the Duke of Hamilton!' announces Mrs Abigail, very demure in her pinnars at the door; and in walks his Grace, magnificent in manners and dress, and Mr Lepel's fury stopped on a breath, though he could not regain countenance as readily as Elizabeth. She rose to meet the visitor — a rose in June; and he might take the blush of anger which was due to Mr Lepel for a welcome to himself.

What could Mr Harry do but draw back, stammering and looking foolish under the cold glance Duke Hamilton bestowed on him. Prudence counselled, 'Withdraw. What do you here?' Angry Love retorted, 'Here I stay. What! Shall I leave the field to a rival?' And so, he flung himself in a chair glaring defiance, Elizabeth palpitating between the two. 'T was not surprising that she drew nearer to the Duke, as if for protection; that there was an imploring softness in her face as she looked up to him; that she saw him greater, handsomer, stronger than ever, beside this idle and futile young man who had reviled her. The carelessness of his glance at Mr Lepel seemed to fling his pretensions in the mud — his haughty coolness to degrade the young man; and to such thoughts women are responsive. If her heart was touched before, the dart went deeper now. She held her head higher, deerlike, and wasted no words on the unwelcome guest.

The two gentlemen, seeing neither could outstay the other, departed presently together, Mr Lepel saying with assumed lightness as he bowed, hat in hand, at the door: 'We had not the pleasure to see *madame la mère* your Grace, and no doubt but she is slipped away on some hunting errand. I wonder what new fox is broke cover. Half the world bets on my Lord Coventry still!'

The duke returned not his salute, and Lepel could not tell whether or no his arrow had gone home through the armour of chilly pride and silence. He himself strode angry and ashamed down the street.

That same evening a council of three was held in the lodging: Mrs Gunning with her mask of smiles laid by, Maria fretful, Elizabeth grave and retired in her own thoughts. The ladies had but the one bedroom, with a little closet for the youngest adjoining.

'Girls,' says Mrs Gunning, 'T is time I spoke plain. This six weeks in town hath reduced my purse till I am frighted to look in it; and what have we to show? Young women with not half your looks are married and settled since we came hither. We have had a vast deal of froth and flutter, but nothing solid. Were it possible to live on sweetmeats and dress in posies, we have a fine prospect, but not else. I see naught before us but Britain Street — or worse.'

Maria shrugged her white shoulders.

'What more can we do, mama? Sir James Ramsden has offered marriage, and Captain Golightly; and Mr Lennox has asked Elizabeth, and Mr Lepel —'

'What signifies all that?' cries Mrs Gunning. 'Don't let them slip. They'll serve for the future perhaps, if all fails. Elizabeth, I command you on your duty that you please Mr Lepel, though not more than sufficient to content him. If we can't better him — But Maria, what said my Lord Coventry to you at Lady Lowther's ball? I saw him very earnest.'

'Nothing that might n't be in the news-prints, mama. His breed of black shorthorns filled his thought and tongue. I protest I loathed the man's folly. 'T is an insipid creature when all's said.'

'No man with a coronet is insipid. He is grave and reserved, and I would he had been Elizabeth's admirer rather than yours, for they could have sat silent in a corner together. But what of the Duke, child? My hopes are sadly sunk.'

Elizabeth flamed in a blush, less beautiful than painful. A sore heart was behind it. She replied not. Mrs Gunning frowned.

'Well, girls, you're easy enough, but so am not I. Now therefore listen while I speak my mind.'

'T is needless to be particular in recording the lady's speech, which was

much to the point in dealing with their needs and stratagems. She spoke for many minutes and at the end tears of shame and anger were in Maria's lovely eyes. If Elizabeth wept, 't was behind a sheltering hand.

'What signifies grumbling?' finishes Mrs Gunning. 'T is as plain as the nose on your face. Elizabeth's is the best chance, and if she makes her match, my Lord Coventry will kiss your slipper, Maria. The Duchess's sister can marry where she will.'

'T was vain to interrupt. Mrs Gunning sailed on, maternal, imperative, and took no heed. It would be impertinence to intrude on the talk that followed, and the plan laid for the entrapping of his Grace, of whom it may be said that he could protect himself against even the assaults of beauty better than Mrs Gunning supposed. But Elizabeth, borne down by two to her one, fought a losing game.

'I hate the man,' she cried with spirit, and knew 't was false as she said it. 'I'd sooner sweep a crossing —'

Mrs Gunning smiled contemptuous.

'Not you! You came pretty near it in Britain Street, and 't is known how you relished it. Beggars, my dear, can't be choosers. The Duchess of Hamilton may have as much delicacy as she pleases. Miss Elizabeth Gunning can't afford it. There's no more to be said.'

Yet Elizabeth said it furiously, and in vain.

A subdued light of wax candles — the most flattering light in the world — made the parlour enchantment when his Grace sauntered in one evening, later. Posies were in the bowpots, and a delicate scent of violets in the air. On a table by the window lay a magnificent chicken-skin fan sent by my Lord Coventry for Maria's birthday: it was covered with rosy figures of Cupids swinging garlands in blue air, the

mother-of-pearl sticks latticed with gold. It lay beside a lace handkerchief, as if a fair hand had flung it careless down. A decanter of purple Burgundy with two glasses was hard by, and a small painting of the lovely sisters from the hand of Neroni, who had asked the favour to depict them as wood-nymphs. They advanced, smiling and bearing a garland between them down a forest glade, while two Cupids concealed behind a tree aimed a dart at each fair breast.

The Duke contemplated this work of art, smiling at his own thoughts, and not pleasantly. Presently the door opened and Mrs Gunning and Maria entered, in hats and capes, followed by Elizabeth, dead pale and in a negligee with blue ribbons, her hair falling in long tresses to the knee, confined only with a fillet of ribbon. She looked not even her eighteen years in this dress, and had a most touching beauty. His Grace kissed Mrs Gunning's hand, yet with the half-contemptuous air of the great man. Some might resent such a kiss as an insult, but the lady's armour was defensive as well as offensive. Says she, curtsying: —

'I beg a thousand pardons, your Grace, but we are disturbed with an unexpected call. 'T is what we never imagined, but can't refuse. Good Mrs Acton, a friend of our Dublin days, is took ill and hath sent for us to Harbour Street. She is unattended in London, and I know your Grace's sensibility will excuse us.'

'Why, Madam, friendship is so rare a virtue that 't is worth proclaiming at the Exchange. I will give myself the pleasure to wait on you another evening.'

His hat was beneath his arm; he picked up his clouded cane.

'I thank your Grace.' Mrs Gunning's voice was stately. It changed as she turned to Elizabeth. 'And now, my

flower, my dove, repose yourself on the couch, and Mrs Abigail will bring you the lavender drops, and let me find my treasure well and smiling on my return.'

'What? Does not Miss Elizabeth accompany her mama?' The tone was alert.

'By no means, your Grace. She has ailed all day with her head, and is not fit for a sick chamber. Farewell, child. I wait your Grace.'

He took Mrs Gunning's hand to conduct her to the coach; 't was as pretty a comedy as ever George Anne Bellamy played. He laughed inwardly leading her to the door, and on the stairs discoursed charmingly on the last masquerade at Vauxhall. Without the hall door he paused.

'Is Miss Elizabeth Gunning too ailing, Madam, to receive a friend for a few moments? Permit me to assist you.'

And before the lady could reply, he bundled the two into the coach, and was halfway up the steps ere Mrs Gunning could cry: 'I know not, your Grace. A moment perhaps —'

He bowed from the door.

'Be easy, Madam. I will myself administer the lavender drops if needful.'

It was impossible for the Duke to hasten himself, for this he had never done within the memory of man; but 't was scarce a minute since he had left the room when he reëntered, half fearing to find his pretty bird flown. Not so, however. She leaned against the shutter, her eyes fixed on the evening sky. It seemed she had forgot his Grace, for her expression was sorrowful and quiet, unlike the female trifling he expected, and he heard a faint sigh. She turned, startled.

'Forgive me, my Lord Duke. I think I can't stay. My head —'

She would have glided to the door. 'T was provocative, however meant, and

he put himself in her way. She tried the other side of the table. He blocked that also, and was before her again. Finally she ceased the attempt and stood with eyes cast down.

'Child, don't hasten. Give me a few minutes. I see you alone for the first time and never so lovely as now. Is it your long hair, or what is it? Sure the angels have locks like this.'

He lifted a heavy tress as if marveling. She snatched it from him like an aggrieved queen; then, seeming to recollect herself, stood silent again. 'T was but a schoolgirl, with trembling lips and veiling hair. He took her hand like a man accustomed to be obeyed, as indeed he was.

'Child, your mama hath left you in my care, and you can't desire I should relinquish the pleasure. Such an opportunity no gentleman could resist. Be seated, Madam, and let us discourse.'

'T was all on one side, for she had not opened her lips. But she obeyed him, and sat in the chair he handed her to, as passive as a marble lady. He seemed at a loss to continue, and stood looking at her where she drooped, then took a chair beside her.

'You are pleased to be less cordial than I have known you, Madam. Is it whim or anger? I like a woman's pretty coquetries as well as any man, but this silence —'

It still continued. She was snow and marble. Not a word. Only the dark lashes like fans on her cheek. Not a gleam rewarded him.

'A sullen beauty!' says his Grace languidly, 'but yet a beauty beyond all others. So here we sit!' He drew out his jeweled timepiece. 'I give you a minute, Madam — nay, two. And if by then you have not spoke, I will try if the warmth of a kiss on those sweet lips won't thaw the ice. I swear it!'

He laid the sparkling toy at her el-

bow on the table, and stared in her face. 'T is certain his Grace had dined. He was not wont to treat any woman thus unless where it was asked for. A minute went by — the tick was audible, but she moved not. And now a slow hot tear scorched its way down her cheek. If this followed mama's instruction, it bettered it. The time was scarce out when he springs up and cries with triumph: —

'I was not mistook. Your silence asks a kiss, child, and James Hamilton was never the man to refuse a woman's challenge. Give me your lips, and more.'

His swashbuckling Border-ancestors were stirring in his veins, and for a moment his face coarsened and his eyes were gross. He caught her by the two arms and bent his mouth upon hers.

In a flash the fair statue was living and dangerous. He was a strong man, she a wisp of a girl; but she flung him off and stood glaring at him.

'How dare you?' she panted, and could no more. The eyes were unveiled at last and rained fire on him. Never had any person seen her look thus; she faced him gallantly. He applauded as if it had been the Woffington or any other fair game.

'T is prettily done — but I see your drift, Madam. If a young lady is left by her friends and her own desire to sit alone with one of the best-known men in town, she takes the consequences. Yet I would not have missed Lucretia — she lacked only the dagger in her hand. But the comedy may end. Give me your lips, child, and coquet no more.'

'Sir — if you are a gentleman —'

'Madam, I am a lover.'

'Oh, 't is too much — too much!' she cries. 'I have undertook what was beyond me, and I can't — I can't carry it through. I would if I could — I cannot!'

The strange words, the despair in her face was no stage-play. The Duke knew sincerity when it cried aloud. Still grasping her hands, he stood at arm's length, staring in her face.

'You cannot, Madam? What mean you? Are you in earnest?'

Not withdrawing her hands, fast held and quivering, she kept silence. He could feel the pulses flutter in her wrists, and the fumes of wine cleared slowly out of his brain and carried the brutality with them.

'Have the condescension to explain yourself. You are safe in my company now. Possibly I was mistook, but I supposed you not unwilling for our tête-a-tête. Accept my apologies if this is not the case. I thrust no attentions on women who dislike them.'

'Sir, I will explain and go, and never see your face again. I die of shame.'

He could still feel the pitiful flutter in her wrists. He relaxed his grip and handed her to her chair, — a gentleman again, — James, Duke of Hamilton and Brandon. 'I see myself gravely in error Madam. I await your words.'

She would not sit, nor he. They stood apart now, and he could scarce hear the silver tremble of her voice.

'Sir, we are poor. You know this. And last night my mother did ask me whether I supposed your Grace had any feeling for me beyond careless good-will. I knew not. What could I say? And she then revealed to me — oh, how reveal it now! — that our little means is all but spent, and that gone, we must retire into poverty and misery again. Also that there are debts, and prison for debtors. Also that any match for my sister is impossible to hope for — No — how can I tell it! And she did say that if we could hope — could but know that —'

Her voice died on her lips. She hung her head in agony. He took her up.

'The task is too hard for you. Let

me continue. Your mama said that, if she and your sister withdrew and left you with me, if you put forth your charms (and God knows there were never such!), 't was possible you might set the sweetest trap for the rich man, and with his aid clamber out of the mud and sit secure beside him. Confirm me if I don't err. Confess!'

'I confess.' The words scarce broke the silence.

'And love was not in the bargain,' the cruel voice persisted. 'Mama did not enquire whether James Hamilton was distasteful to you or the reverse. He was a moneybag — no man. Confess again.'

'I confess. Sir, we have used you very ill. I ask your pardon. I was a fair mark for insult.'

Her head dropped lower. She could not otherwise hide her face, but the shame overflowed it in waves of crimson.

'To be frank, Madam, I have never found your mother congenial company. 'T was not for her I sought this house. Tell me, was this her plot only? Was it acceptable to you?'

'At least, I followed it. She is my mother. I am one flesh and blood with her. If she is a plotter, so too am I. I bid your Grace farewell, and pray for so much pity as that you will never come this way again, nor see me, lest I die at your feet.'

'Madam, do I owe you no apology?'

'I think none, your Grace. You acted as the woman you took me for might, I suppose, expect. Let me go.'

A singular thing happened here. The Duke, the haughtiest and coldest of men, bent his knee and carried her hand to his lips. So on Birthnights he kissed the late Queen's hand, she standing before the Throne. Then stood very grave. 'Madam, I entreat your pardon. I have shown you a side of a man's character very unfitting for your eyes

and you but the child you are. Forgive me and, ere we part for ever, answer me one question, in token of your pardon. Had I been but James Hamilton, the lowest of my clan — could you have honoured me with any regard?'

She stammered — trembling before this melancholy gentleness.

'I know not.'

He persisted, gentle but firm: —

'We have perhaps something to pardon each other. I ask again — would this have been possible?'

Constrained, she sought for breath. Because a cold handsome face softens, and because distrust is melted, shall a woman let her heart fly like a bird to a man's bosom?

'Sir, you ask more than I can answer.'

Still the eyes insisted, and now the strong hand held hers.

'Sir — I think — I believe — it had not been impossible.'

'What — not James Hamilton — no more? — with a shealing on the moors, and the heather-cock for food, and a Hamilton plaid to wrap his heart's darling, and a fire of peats to sit by, and this hand empty but for love and his claymore? — Would the beauty of the world have come to his breast?'

His voice was a strong music — a river in spate. His eyes caught hers and held them.

'T is not impossible. But oh, how should I prove it — prove it? There's not a word I say but rings false now. Leave me — leave me. I have said too much.'

'You can't prove it? But you can, and if you prove it, I will distrust God's mercy before I will distrust my girl. All you have told me was known to me — known to all the town. It rings through the streets that the fair Gunning and their mother are schemers; that they love none and seek only the best price for their charms. Marry me now, this hour, Elizabeth, and face the world that will call you plotter and

adventuress. For they will so! There's no club in town but will ring with the story of how the beauty was cunningly left to a half-drunk man's advances. That's how Horry Walpole and all the old women of both sexes will have it! All this will be known through your mother's folly and your Abigail's chatter, and they will tell how you trapped me, how I would have escaped and could not for the snares about my feet. Marry me and face this, if you will, and I will believe you love me, for you will stand a disgraced woman for all time. Marry me not, and I will make your way easy with gold, and your mother shall tell her own tale, and not a smirch on your name, and fear not but another rich man will give you all I could, and not a spot on it. Choose now once and for all. I have seen and I know how my coronet will sting you with shame — with shame set in it.'

He did not embrace her. 'T was the strangest wooing. The clock pointed to eleven. The house was dead silent. Her eyes widened with pain and fear. She looked piteously at him.

'They will say you caught me drunk, whom you could not catch sober. They will say you forced the marriage, lest I escape. There is nothing they will not say but the truth — that my sweetheart is the sweetest, the purest, the proudest woman alive. Your delicacy will be trod in the mud, Madam. Will you take your man at that? Will you crawl through the dirt to his heart?'

His fire kindled hers. Her eyes glittered.

'And if they believed me worthless — that is not what I ask. What would your Grace think?'

He smiled with peculiar sweetness.

'Child, you know. Look at me.'

And still she trembled.

'Beloved, adored!' he cried. 'Think you I knew not 't was death to you to tell the truth? Shall a man find a pearl

in the dirt and not set it over his heart. I have loved you since first I saw your fair face, and now I honour you. Come to me and bless me; and when these fools cackle and gibber, I shall know how to protect my wife.'

His arms went round her.

'I will do it,' she said.

The minutes passed in an exquisite joy, plucked out of shame like a rose from a torrent. He left her and went to the door, and leaning over the balustrade, called down the stair: —

'Armitage!'

A young man, handsomely dressed and something of a fop after his valet-fashion, sprang up the stair, his Grace's gentleman. His master, very tranquil and haughty, was by the door — the fair Miss Gunning erect in her chair.

'Armitage, proceed at once to my house, and acquaint my chaplain, Mr MacDonald, that this lady and I are to be married immediately. Desire him to come hither with all that is necessary, and lose not a moment.'

And seeing Armitage hesitate like a man wonderstruck, the duke stamped his foot and set him flying down the way he came, calling after him: —

'Desire Mrs Abigail to come up this moment.'

They heard the door shut violently, and Mrs Abigail came up, very demure and curtsying to the ground.

'Be seated, good woman. Your lady will excuse you. We wait the Reverend Mr MacDonald, with ring and licence, and you and Armitage shall serve for witnesses to the marriage. Now I think of it, call also the woman of the house.'

He carried it masterfully, and Elizabeth, no more than any other woman, could be insensible to that charming tyranny. He stood behind her chair while the woman called for Mrs Mann — who came, mortally afraid of her company.

'Shall Mrs Abigail braid my hair? — it tumbles all about me,' says Elizabeth, questioning her master timidly.

'T is so great a beauty I will not have it hid,' he cries, standing behind her chair where the long locks lay on the ground.

Silence again, and the time passing.

At last, a sound as if Armitage propelled somewhat before him up the stair, and into the room walks his Grace's gentleman, and before him a stout personage in bands and cassock, so breathless from haste as to be incapable of any speech.

'Hath he the licence?'

'He hath, your Grace, but he declares that the occasion being so great, and the incumbent of Mayfair Chapel, Dr Keith, being at home and the chapel open, for the greater solemnity 't were well to have the marriage solemnised there. 'T is but ten minutes, and I have brought the chariot, if it please your Grace.'

And now, puffing sore, the clergyman put in his plea, not for delay, — the Duke's face forbade that, — but that all be done with ceremony.

'If a word more be said, I send for the Archbishop!' swears his Grace, flushed and handsome. 'My chariot's at the door. Bundle in all who can. Madam, allow me.'

He drew the bride's hand to his, and preceded them down the stair, holding it high as in a minuet. The women followed without a word. Elizabeth went in a dream, half enchantment, half nightmare.

The chapel was dark and musty — no time to light the lamps; but Mr Armitage, the facile, the adroit, a perfect Mercury and old in experience, called in four linkmen waiting by their ladies' empty chairs in the street outside. These grimy fellows stood upon the altar steps, two at a side, lighting the book the parson opened, his voice

resounding through the silent place with startling loudness. Behind the bridal pair huddled the women.

'Dearly Beloved, we are met together — ' and so to the close. But his voice was muffled beside the clear ring of James Hamilton's. His 'I will' fell like a sword on the air. He was never a man to show his heart but to the one in whose hand it lay, and his tone disdained all but the woman who stood by him. He put his signet ring on her finger, and they turned from the altar man and wife.

'Give each of these men five guineas, and bid them light her Grace to her chariot, Armitage. Take you the women back to Mrs Gunning's lodging, where we follow. I thank you, Mr Keith, for the best service man ever did me. It shall not go unrewarded.'

He handed her into the chariot with the utmost ceremony; and when the door was closed, flung himself on his knees before her, clasping her waist.

'My dear — my girl, how shall I thank you? Think you I don't know what it hath cost you — and the proof you have given me that your heart is mine. My wife — my sweetheart!'

'T was half after twelve when Mrs Gunning returned with Maria, being a prudent woman, and resolved that, if the criminal did not hang himself, it should not be for want of rope.

'The chariot's at the door and the light still in the parlour!' she whispered; 'sure, he can't be there still? Heaven send he be not drunk and asleep. 'T was mere folly to leave the wine!'

Not a sound. They approached as it were on tiptoe up the stair, and softly opened the door.

My Lord Duke, attended by Armitage, stood before them, splendid in his dark red velvet laced with silver, the blue ribbon crossing his breast. He held Elizabeth by the hand, she pale as ashes but perfectly composed.

Mrs Gunning gave a fine dramatic start, Maria advancing behind her, devoured with curiosity.

'What — what can this mean? Little did I expect to find your Grace here at this hour. Elizabeth, I fear you have been vastly imprudent. Your good name —'

She might have said more, but the Duke came forward, very magnificent.

'Madam, permit me to introduce a *stranger*,' says he, with emphasis on the word, 'Her Grace the Duchess of Hamilton.'

'Lord! Then 't is to be!' cries Mrs Gunning, all radiant, and mistaking his meaning. 'O my sweet child, my Elizabeth — how have you took me by surprise! When shall it be, your Grace?'

'Madam, it is done. Miss Gunning became my bride in the Mayfair Chapel — was it twenty minutes since, Armitage?'

'Fifteen, your Grace.'

'T was all in order — a clergyman? — 't was legal?' pants Mrs Gunning, her hand to her heart.

'Assuage your maternal fears, Madam.'

His lip was disdainful; he set her a world away.

'All was as you could have wished. Permit the Duchess and myself to

wish you farewell and good night — or rather good morning.'

He led Elizabeth to the door, which Armitage held open. It closed behind them, and their steps were heard descending. The Duchess had not said a word.

There was silence until the chariot had rumbled away, when Mrs Gunning found her voice.

'I did not credit her with such skill. She hath played her cards well indeed. I would give the world to know what passed.'

'That we shall never know,' says Maria. 'He 's not the man to tell his secrets, nor she neither. Sure, they 're a pair.'

'Well, Heaven send you show the like skill with my Lord Coventry. You can't do better. Lord, how my heart beats for joy!'

'I shall not need, Madam,' says Miss Maria coolly. 'She has ensured my match with her own. The Duchess of Hamilton's sister won't go begging for a husband. 'T is now but to choose my wedding silk. Come, let us to bed. These late hours hurt my bloom. Let us however drink a toast in this wine to old Mother Corrigan and the Golden Vanity. 'T is the least we can do. Blow out the candles.'

(Elizabeth, later Duchess of Argyll, bore her honours with dignity and became a very great lady. Maria, Countess of Coventry, died aged twenty-seven, not untouched by scandal, and a victim to her own frivolity. Mrs Gunning received a valuable appointment as Housekeeper at one of the royal palaces. 'The Luck of the Gunnings' became a proverb.)

ASK NOT ONE ANOTHER

BY CLAUDIA CRANSTON

Ask not one another
Concerning the Spirit —
Can the mute inform the deaf?
Would you, O Incautious,
Ask again for a miracle according to your senses?
O Backward and Base,
Do your lips yet long for the dust 'neath the feet of a golden calf?

Would you ask the sun to pour out differently, or less, or more?
Behold you not that the sun pours out, not all it can pour,
But all that you can use?
Behold you not the sun gathering together the clouds to shield you only,
While upon your neighbor falls his fullness?
Behold you not that in your turn comes your need,
And the clouds are folded up like a plumed feather fan?

Ask no man —
O Unabashed and Forward,
Would you fishwife in a cathedral?

Go ask the sun!
Go ask your eyes how they open to the light of the morning;
Go ask the comb whence comes the honey;
Go ask the lily cup whence comes the dew.

And when you know,
All shall know you know,
For these are things not said in words.

So ask not one another;
Tax not rude speech with messages beyond its speaking;
But bide without clamor until your time to know is come.
For, — believe me, for I love you, —
The bell that claps in the belfry of the mouth calls no one to vespers,
And the gates of the flesh open not upon the Spirit.

PETER BELL IN SEARCH OF A RELIGION

A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.

Peter Bell

BY WILLARD L. SPERRY

I

A WINTER's evening in Michaelmas Term at Oxford. The year does not matter, but it antedates these hectic days of *vers libre*, and is already slipping into the middle distance of the dark backward and abysm of time.

A don's room in one of the colleges on The High. The don himself just out of Balliol with a double first, an archiepiscopal tradition behind him and an episcopal destiny ahead of him, but for the moment little more than a healthy, hearty, overgrown undergraduate, much preoccupied with Plato in particular and with the romance of life in general. The usual after-dinner crowd of boys who habitually gravitated to that room of an evening, to bask in the radiance of the double first, and to share with its possessor the immemorial Oxford pastime of plucking at the elusive hem of The Mystery.

A generous fire of good pit-coal burning in the grate, innumerable basket chairs, a fresh tin of 'John Cotton,' the whole night long, and — Robert Browning. After much wrestling with Pacchiarotto and his works in distemper, with Ferishtah and Fifine, the ardors of this discipline are rewarded with a taste of shameless romance, 'By the Fireside.' The poem 'dates' — certain-

ly it dates. Somewhere midway between the disembodied Eros of Shelley and the masterful male who is the pace-maker for modern letters. But it had its place in the total economy of things. And as the echoes of Big Tom, pounding out the end of day, died away over the Towers of Oxford, the voice of the don boomed out the tender lines, —

Oh, the little more and how much it is!
And the little less and what worlds away!

Then 'Silence — eldest of things' fell on the room. The spell lingered unbroken, until the coals settled in the grate with an irreverent restlessness, and the stirring flames lighted up the awed faces of the circle. Finally, the don roused himself out of the chair, heaved a vast sigh, and turned to the prosaic business of academic life, with this tremendous conclusion to the whole matter: 'It must be very jolly to be in love!' Looking back, one does not know whether it is to laugh or to cry.

On the shelves of all respectable libraries there are the classical books of first-hand religion. In any measured five feet they are inevitable and inescapable. In some hour when we are obsessed by the 'too-much-with-us-ness' of the world, we take down one of these books and dip into it. There is *The*

Little Flowers of the Glorious Messer Saint Francis and of His Friars. It must be very jolly to have a religion like that. Even the most two-fisted of us could not have made better work of the wolf of Gubbio. And hanging out suet for the passing grackles is a poor secular substitute for preaching a sermon to our sisters, the swallows.

There on the same shelf is John Woolman's *Journal*; for Charles Lamb and Doctor Eliot have said so, and who shall say them nay. There are the poignant volumes of *Confessions*—Augustine's and Tolstoy's. There is Piers Plowman standing at the heart of his Fair Field Full of Folk, and there, too, Brother Lawrence possessing God in the sacramental tranquillity of his kitchen.

There, just added, is the Edith Cavell edition of the *Imitation*, with its entries on the flyleaf and its markings on the margin. This is holy ground, where no modern mind can walk irreverent along the King's Way of the Holy Cross. That flaming spirit passed on the morning of October 12, 1915. How much of the tragedy and glory of human life live in the three heavy black lines and the brief entry, 'St. Gilles, 11 Oct.,' which stand against the text:—

'I indeed labour in the sweat of my brows. I am racked with grief of heart, I am burdened with sins, I am troubled with temptations, I am entangled and oppressed with many evil passions; and there is none to help me, none to deliver and save me, but Thou, O Lord God, my Saviour, to whom I commit myself and all that is mine, that Thou mayest keep watch over me, and bring me safe to life everlasting.'

There, also, is Pascal's *Pensées*, with its matchless meditation upon the greatness and the littleness of man, prefaced by that memorable inscription on the bit of parchment found next his heart when he had died.



This year of Grace 1654
Monday November 23rd,
From about half past ten at night, to
about half after midnight,
Fire.

God of Abraham, God of Isaac, God of
Jacob,

Not of the philosophers and the wise,
Security, security. Feeling joy, peace,
Deum meum et Deum vestrum.

All this is more than 'jolly': it is austere and imperious.

The noisy traffickings of the world are silenced. Here are exultations, agonies, and love, and man's unconquerable mind. Even the pagan and the outlander realize that the banked fires of all that is imperishable in human experience slumber on such pages. Both the meaning of life and its central energy are found in such authentic lines.

To have known such hours in one's own life is to have lived in the eternal moment; to have missed them is merely to have existed through the appointed threescore years and ten.

These myriad days, these many thousand hours,
A man's long life so choked with dusty things,
How little perfect poise with perfect powers,
Joy at the heart and Beauty at the springs.
One hour, or two, or three in long years scattered,
Sparks from a smithy that have fired a thatch,
Are all that life has given and all that mattered.

How much of the profounder pathos of contemporary life is to be heard in the voice that still echoes in the sombre recesses of the prison of St. Gilles in Brussels:—

'I thank God for this ten weeks quiet before the end. . . . Life has always been hurried and full of difficulty. . . . This time of rest has been a great mercy. . . .'

II

Of the need of recovering the central tempers and energies of religion there is no possible doubt to-day. The pulpit cushion is not the only piece of furniture that has been threshed to pieces as the mute victim of our perplexity. The thing cries out to high heaven from all the world. A man wastes his time and breath, who seeks to vindicate the axiom that what the world needs to-day is a religion.

To the description and recovery of the 'Grand Perhaps,' which never ceases to invade our minor moods of cynicism and candid materialism, the more serious mind of the time has addressed itself. The philosopher of religion reviews the content of this experience in history, and announces with due solemnity that 'Religion affirms a supreme *Is-ness*.' The writings of the mystics are rescued from old neglect and republished in limp leather. Psychology meticulously classifies the phases of the standard episode, so that we now know a great deal about the neuroses and complexes of the saints, which, happily for them, they did not know. But still the wonder tarries.

The initial presumption is that the thing can be taught, 'line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little.' Surely the master of the correct pedagogical method can turn the trick. Else what is he for? From the far countries of our own ignorance, we appeal our case to the Imperial Cæsars of the schoolroom. We vest the hope of our salvation in the process which we call religious education.

William James once propounded the theory that the sole object of a college education is to enable us to recognize a real man when we see one. The longer we reflect upon that conclusion to the whole academic matter, the more adequate it seems. In the same spirit, we

may go on to say that the sole object of a religious education is to enable us to recognize God when we see Him, and to have communion with Him. Voltaire was once walking the streets of Paris with a friend, when an ecclesiastical procession went by, bearing the Holy Eucharist. Voltaire lifted his hat as the sacred elements passed. His friend remonstrated to the effect that he had not supposed the great atheist recognized the existence of God. To which Voltaire replied, 'We bow, but we do not speak!' It is not enough for religion that a man have a bowing acquaintance with the Divine: God must be addressed and communed with.

Now, the fundamental fallacy of most of the religious pedagogy of the present time is the assumption that learning certain ecclesiastical and historical facts is the equivalent of communing with God. Most of us have carried over from youth the impression of one or two wholesome and invigorating teachers in the Sunday School. But, so far as the stuff of instruction was concerned, there lingers a chaotic memory of unassimilated facts, more or less reconciled to modern learning, and made the occasion for certain rather far-fetched moralizings.

There was the Creation story, arbitrarily readjusted to the body of knowledge covered by the first hundred pages of Mr. Wells's *Outline of History*. Maps of Egypt and Arabia, with a consideration of the plagues of a semi-tropical river basin, and occasional low tides in the Red Sea. Incidental attention to the pyramid of Cheops and the mummy of the great Rameses. The Conquest of Canaan, giving ample opportunity for an excursus on the effects of geography on history, — in this particular case, a phenomenon that may be noted quite as clearly in the Coast Range, the Sierras, and the desert of California, — in short, a

prospect neither more nor less religious than the view either way from San Bernardino. Samson, to be half-furtively enjoyed for all those qualities which distinguish him from the saints, and which would relegate him, in a modern reincarnation, to the police blotter. The Kings of Judah and Israel, a kaleidoscopic confusion of hard names, certainly less real to the average American child than the ritualistic 'Washntonadamsjefferson' of the day school, and probably yielding nothing more distinctly religious than the latter. The morass of the prophets, almost unintelligible to any but the severe student of history. A whipped-up interest in the dramatic values of the Book of Job, for healthy young pagans who have never so much as heard whether there be a problem of evil. Later on, much navigating the eastern Mediterranean with Saint Paul, to conclude with a glorious shipwreck tale.

To all this the gospel story of Jesus forms an inevitable exception, simply because Matthew Arnold was right when he said that Jesus is greater than his reporters, interpreters, and critics. But in the main the conventional discipline yields a strange potpourri of geography, dissociated happenings of varied ethical content and implication, much honest romance, and some dubious moral realism. It is not suggested for a moment that this is the content of the Bible, but merely that something of this incongruous sort is the actual product of the routine system in a vast number of cases: the whole to be read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested, as the substance of a religious experience.

Yes, it must be very jolly to have a religion. But in so far as most of us have achieved anything approximating to that consummation, we do not owe it to God seen, recognized, and directly communed with, in the story of Sam-

son's escapades or the nautical information as to Euroclydon and the coast line of Malta.

III

It will be at once said by the apologists for up-to-date religious pedagogy, that nothing of this sort is going on in the modern theological information factory; that all dubious material has been expurgated, and all permanently valuable material carefully reëdited, with a view to the needs of the time.

Persons of the Wells cult call attention to the forthcoming new scriptures of the race. But it is hard to suppress all advance skepticism. To begin with, there is a certain stable and reassuring somewhat in the very press work of Humphrey Milford, or of Eyre and Spottiswoode, which one fears the latest revisers will neglect. Moreover, the literary flavor will certainly fall far wide of the square-toed English of the King James translators. That version is vital with concrete Anglo-Saxon words that lie near the primal human emotions. The new version will almost certainly be done in the passionless language of universals and abstractions. Furthermore, the new scriptures will be a *tendenz* thing. Samuel will no longer be allowed to hew Agag to pieces before the Lord, nor Solomon to loll in luxury, because the editors have an advance eye already squinted toward a pacifist communism. In the place of Ezekiel prophesying over the valley of dry bones, we shall have Karl Marx desiccating reality for classroom consumption. In short, the new scripture may be useful, in the jargon of the modern office, 'as a matter of record'; but it will not capture, in its imminent pages, the elusive secret of religious education. Indeed, the better it turns out to be, the greater liability it will become. For the greater the burden laid upon it, and the more confidence vested in it as a

pedagogic tool, the farther away we get from the reality of the religious life. It is not, finally, the content of any scriptures, ancient or revised, that is under condemnation, but the process in which it is used, and our dull mechanical faith in the process. For learning facts, however venerable and venerated, is not getting religion. And what Henry Adams said of his 'futilitarian' search for an education holds true as a criticism of the pedagogic method, no matter what its particular content. 'Nothing in education is so astonishing as the amount of ignorance it accumulates in the way of inert facts.'

We might as well assume that mastering a standard textbook on eugenics, and exhausting the *Golden Bough* is the equivalent of falling in love. Whereas there is absolutely no connection whatsoever between the two. Somewhere in the hinterland of our natures, sex and religion short-circuit. The experiences of the one may be used to interpret the mysteries of the other. A man may read Havelock Ellis's five monumental volumes on *The Psychology of Sex*, and become a sadder and a wiser man; but he will never see on those pages 'the face that launched a thousand ships,' nor will he meet there his Helen, who shall make him immortal with a kiss. In short, it does not matter whether our pedantically accumulated information concern the love of woman, or the love of man passing the love of woman, or the love of God — the thing is not to be had from pedagogy pure and undefiled. The wife and the friend and the God that you got from a printed book go with you, Tomlinson!

IV

For the essence of religion is a certain 'given-ness.' And in spite of all our earnest twanging on the well-worn iron string of Self-Reliance, we cannot

improve upon the elder doctrine of the arbitrary and irresistible Grace of God. You cannot whip yourself up to falling in love. Either the thing is done on you by the beloved, or it is not. And religion is like that. 'My mother, the Holy Spirit,' says an old apocryphal gospel, 'took me by the hair of my head and carried me to Jerusalem.' The figure is painful to contemplate in imagination, but is vividly faithful to a certain drastic imperiousness which marks the ways of Reality with man. Either religion does step out of the picture one day and lay its masterful hand upon you, or it does not.

Vision will mate him not by law and vow;

Disguised in life's most hodden grey,

By the most beaten roads of every day

She waits him unsuspected and unknown.

The hardest pang whereon

He lays his mutinous head may be a Jacob's stone.

A very unecclesiastical friend ventured the other day the confession that he had been given a direct insight into the joy of the Creator; that he had shared for a moment what he could only suppose must be the transcendent pleasure of the Divine mind. It was a late afternoon on the Charles River Embankment. The waters of the basin lay flat and motionless, mirroring the flaming red and gold of the sunset and the black shadows of the Harvard Bridge. To the east the great gray curve of the West Boston Bridge bounded the quiet of all around. Suddenly, down this still beauty came a Metropolitan Police boat, moving swiftly and noiselessly, straight as a flying arrow. The little waves from her wake troubled the reflected colors of the sunset and the dark shadows, and the face of the waters moved like the systole and diastole of some great heart. Then the basin returned to its untroubled dreaming. Here was joy in color and pure line, in motion and rest—the divine aspect and the eternal temper of things.

It is in some such homely way that every real revelation comes to men. It comes in the familiar scene at the unexpected hour. It is gloriously free of all the conventions. It is supremely simple and natural, bringing with it the sufficient credentials of its own authority. The God whom we have fashioned out of the patient pedantry of the classroom or the sermon hour seems hopelessly artificial by comparison. And he yields place to One so utterly natural and wholly credible, that we wonder how we could have ever doubted that He was there. The thing that is given is never without these mingled elements of surprise and recognition, and utter satisfaction at authentic reality. We simply look out on the world and say, 'Surely God is in this place and I knew it not.' The profoundest thing that was ever recorded about this whole matter of getting a religion was said long ago, and once for all: 'The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit.'

But at the heart of this experience there lies a paradox, namely the deepening conviction that revelation is never given without a commensurate insight on our human side of the transaction. It is true that

Men have oft grown old among their books
To die case-hardened in their ignorance,
Whose careless youth had promised what long
years
Of unremitted labour ne'er performed;
While, contrary, it has chanced, some idle day,
To autumn loiterers just as fancy free
As midges in the sun, gives birth at last
To truth.

But that mood, deliberately courted, means quietism pure and simple. And it is a fair question whether any revelation is ever given to the Simon-pure quietist. In the case of that 'autumn loiterer' on the Charles River Embankment, exactly the reverse was the case.

He was one who had read of 'the rest most busy of God'; who knew that matchless tale about the world held in the hand as a very little hazelnut; whose mind echoed with the old affirmation, 'All shall be well, and all shall be well.' He was one whose outlook on life had been much colored by the poetry of Wordsworth; who brought with him a heart that watches; who sought to see into the life of things; who listened in the vast sea shell of being, and heard there its authentic tidings of 'central peace subsisting at the heart of endless agitation.' Had it been otherwise, a Metropolitan Police boat by the river's brim a Metropolitan Police boat was to him, and it was nothing more!

A friend once happened upon the painter Turner before one of his glorious sunset canvases. 'I don't know how you saw that sunset,' he said. And Turner answered only, 'No, don't you wish you did?' Henry Adams, dabbling in water colors out in Samoa, complained that La Farge, working by his side, could see sixteen different shades of red in a sky that to him was just pure cobalt blue. The flaming sunset and the subtle colors of the blue sky were undoubtedly given to those artists as indubitable revelations. But they brought to that ultimate 'given-ness' an initial and disciplined insight, which had been won by years of drudgery in the studio.

It would seem, in our human experience, that authentic revelation from without always matches, and is in some measure dependent upon, an advance discipline and a clear expectation on the part of the recipient. This is certainly true of the 'discoveries' of science. They always have, in the end, the quality of being given rather than achieved. But if you want a duffer at an investigation, as James used to say, get a man who has no idea what he is looking for, and no interest in what he is to find. It

is certainly true of all the artists, that the access of inspiration, the intrusion of the creative power not themselves into their work, follows upon a long struggle to master their own technique. The pages of the 'Prelude' and the 'Excursion' are witness to this fact. They alternate between dreary passages of pedantic versifying and flaming verses of authentic inspiration. A *Golden Treasury* may cull out the latter and ignore the former, for our profit. But the chosen selections that appear in an anthology give an inadequate and fundamentally inaccurate account of the total experience of the poet.

The same paradox holds true of the given-ness of God. The ability to recognize one or another of the revealed aspects of the Divine rests upon a certain drudgery with the stable stuff and the normal technique of the moral and spiritual life. The mind that shirks this discipline and rests its case entirely upon a vacant quietism cannot understand how Brother Lawrence possessed God with sacramental tranquillity in the offices of his kitchen, or what General Booth saw in the ragged children and homeless old men of Whitechapel, or what Tolstoy saw in the peasants among the wheat fields at Yasnaya Polyana. To which they can only answer, 'No, don't you wish you did?' As a matter of fact, they all saw flashes of the Divine, actual, or potential. But the power to see what they saw has its advance price. And this advance price is the mastery of the recognized stuff and technique of this greatest of life's arts, the art of the worshiper. Both the power of initial insight, which prepares the way for the given reality, and the power to consolidate experience and to make it permanently fruitful in character, rest upon the daily unremitted drudgery with the method of the religious life.

Having fallen in love, it is, after all,

a help to have read 'By the Fireside.' Browning gives first aid to self-knowledge and self-expression in that tumultuous hour. He does more than that: he is a very present help to self-mastery and the subsequent consolidation of the experience. One turns to him, as who should say, 'So this was what he meant, and that is what has happened to me.'

So it is with religion. There is a reliable congruity between the reality that is given, and the insight with which we approach reality. Insight, relying upon its own achievements, is blind. Revelation apart from disciplined expectancy is impossible. The strenuous religion of the seeker and the inert receptivity of the quietist are alike unfruitful of themselves. Each needs the other.

Religion is given, not learned. There is no possible doubt about that. But without the learning and the discipline, its very power to give itself adequately is thwarted. An advanced and disciplined knowledge of what history has defined as religious experience, a wise perception of the ways in which men consolidate and utilize revelation, is the only assurance we have that we are fit for the given hour. The event, learned as book-knowledge in the classroom, — the thing that once happened to psalmist, prophet, evangelist, saint, and pilgrim soul, — becomes a medium for making articulate what must otherwise be inarticulate; and beyond that, a kind of grappling-iron of the mind, with which to lay permanent hold upon the given reality.

Without this advance drudgery in the technique of life's greatest art, religion may be given, and even casually recognized as such. But it will be elusive and ephemeral, leaving only a vague bewilderment and light-headedness, but no permanent residuum in the solid content of character.

V

We come now to the point where those two rivals for our Sabbath loyalty, the church and the golf links, may begin to see their interdependence.

The emancipated Sunday golfer is in rebellion against the pedantry of religious education, which would parade itself as the content of the reality. He is in rebellion against the monopolistic claims of churchmen to the sole mediation of reality. He has come to the independent conclusion that the divine is quite as likely to reveal itself on the eighth green as in hymn 349.

If the links happen to be laid out in some serene breadth of open ground, along the seashore or through a noble woods, he is probably right. Who shall say that God does not walk on the fairways of St. Andrews? Moreover, there is something approaching a religious experience in watching the flight of a perfectly driven golf ball, for its great arc is drawn by the divine necessity.

But the nub of the matter is here. The ability to see God revealed on the eighth green depends upon the initial assumption that he who plays up to it is approaching with a mind that knows what it is looking for, a mind intently

watchful and expectant. And the ability to see God there depends upon some advance discipline in insight, which is roughly represented by having been to church that morning.

Without that discipline, the eighth hole by the river's brim the eighth hole is to him, and it is nothing more. Of themselves, eighteen holes of golf, apart from a candid struggle to master the recognized technique of the religious life, hold no assurance of any revelation. But given the insight, the golf links, or any other aspect of the daily scene of work and play, may become our very Shekinah — the place of the Presence of the Glory of God. And to give that disciplined insight, that advance intent expectancy, is the whole aim of what we call religious education and of the normal processes of public worship. By all means, let us away with ecclesiastical monopolies and pedantry. Let us not confuse them with what we mean by the given realities of religion. But that we may be able to recognize God when we see him let us not neglect to

Join chorus

To Hepzibah tune, without further apology,

The last five verses of the third section

Of the seventeenth hymn of Whitefield's collection,

To conclude with the doxology.

THE WIND'S WILL

BY CORNELIA GEER LEBOUTILLIER

NOLIE CAROL found small comfort in his pockets as he sauntered through the fields, his hands thrust into them, seeking it. He was nearly a man; but he had n't his full growth yet, and there was a boyishness about him, in the carriage of his shoulders and the loose spring of his step. The warm wind rumbled his Irish crop of curls, which had now for many days and one despairing night been rumbled by his own unquiet fingers.

He came on Ellen sitting in the paddock. The tall grass was waving almost over her head, bright now with the joys of ten bright summers. The sun was yellow on her hair, and in and out among the bare, brown toes of her. Her figure in its little, faded frock was limp with distress. She was in tears.

'What are you doing, child?'

'I'm crying,' Ellen said.

He sat on the grass and stroked her tumbled head.

'Can't I see that. But what's making you cry?'

'I've been reading sad, beautiful verses, Nolie.' She raised her wet eyes to his, and sent a pang through him because they were like Kathleen's. She waved a bit of paper at him, and broke down again. 'It's verses a boy wrote to Kathleen before she was married.'

'Wrote to Kathleen?' he exclaimed; 'give it here to me.'

The frown disappeared as he read. He blushed, and read again. He held his head on one side and ducked his chin to emphasize the cadence. A smile looked out of his eyes.

'Sure, there's no sadness in them lines,' he asserted with pride. 'They're beauties.' He read them once more, slowly. 'I'll keep this.' He tucked it away in his coat.

'Oh,' she explained, 'it is n't the lines that's sad. It's the man that set them down.'

'The one that wrote them!' he exclaimed in consternation. 'And what's sad about the man that wrote them? I think there's a mistake in this.'

'No.' Ellen shook her head. 'Kathleen was telling me. He was fond of Kathleen, but she would n't have him. She said he was too young!'

Nolie reddened instantly. He rubbed one hand through his curly mop and dug deep into those comfortless pockets.

'It's a pity about her,' he muttered. 'He was a handsome man, and a man that wrote verses, and a man that has a good chance to rise out of the place he's in. Kathleen thought a pretty face would bring a duke itself from London. But is Johnnie Fahey from Ennis a duke? Or is he —'

'But Nolie,' said Ellen, with the tears still running down, 'this man is a sad man. He said to Kathleen himself, and Kathleen give it in to me, that there was nothing in him would make a woman want to be kind to him. It was for that I was crying. I think it is sad.'

And Ellen began to weep again, pressing her pale little face against the crook of her arm. Quick tears gushed into Nolie's eyes and were beaten steadily back. He gulped a bit, and hesitated, and ended up by swaggering.

'Ho! Don't be so simple, Ellen. Sure, I know the feller myself, and he's as gay as a bee. He was only foolish, and he saying that. He's a big, handsome lad, I tell you, and the girls is mad for him. Sure, he could walk out with a different one every night if he liked. There's not one in the place would n't have him. Nellie Frawley would give her eyes for a smile from him — and Margaret McGinnis — Nonsense, child! What are you talking about?'

'He does n't want them other girls. He wants Kathleen.'

Her pointed chin still trembled, and Nolie's trembled with it.

'Ah, sure, Kathleen would n't take him. What would she want with him at all? Sure, he's a big gawk of a man. He's as clumsy as an old horse. What would he do with a wife at all, or what would she do with him?' He kicked the clumps of daisies at his feet. 'He was a fool to think of Kathleen. There's nothing in him a woman would care about.'

'Did n't I tell you that?' sobbed Ellen. 'And you said it was n't true?'

'It's God's truth itself,' said the broken voice at her side.

'Why, Nolie!' she cried. 'I knew it was sad. You're crying yourself. I see your eyes have tears in them. What's making you cry now?'

'I'm lonely for Kathleen,' he whispered, 'the same as yourself. I was mad for Kathleen to marry me.'

He rubbed his sleeve across his eyes.

'But are you old enough to be married?' asked the child in surprise. 'I thought you were young!'

'What do you know of ages, y' old-fashioned piece! I'm as old as Kerry Croon was, and he marrying Michael Casey's daughter. I'm old enough for Margaret Dolan, that's as old as my mother, to want a kiss off, times I'm passing her door.'

He waited for this to sink in.

'But Nolie! Old Margaret Dolan! Margaret Dolan would not get a kiss off Jingle that's Thomas McDonagh's doggeen.'

'Well, did I say I give it to her?' he demanded angrily, 'or did I say she asked me, just?'

'But did you write the verses?' asked Ellen, as the thought came to her.

'I did,' he replied, 'and better ones.'

'Nolie!' Ellen caught her breath. 'Nolie, I did n't know you could write verses. Who ever learned you?'

'I learned myself, for the most part,' he told her shyly, 'and I met a man one time that told me the rest.'

'Where did you see him? Do you think he was one of Them?'

'I thought of that,' said Nolie, 'and I don't think he was. I seen him one time and he stopping the night in the old barn is down by the side of Michael Casey's field. I heard a sound in it, and I going home from Patrick Shanahan's place. Like running water, it was, and like falling water. I went in to see what was it, and there was the man before me, lying on his back on fresh grasses, saying his verses loud, and singing them, like. I stayed there all the night with him, and part of the day after. He showed me verses of his own, away better than these. They'd draw out the heart of you the same as Nicholas Sheridan, and he playing an air on his flute.'

'What did they tell about?'

'What would they? They were like any verses, but better — about love and about magic and about fighting. I repeated him verses of my own, and he praised them, and faulted them, and showed me great kindness. He was off on a journey, he told me. He asked would I come along with him.'

'Nolie!' exclaimed Ellen with open mouth and eyes, 'it's well for you you did n't go. You'd not get back so easy.'

'Maybe I would n't want to get back. I'll see him again and go with him.'

'Don't, Nolie. Don't say such a thing even for fun.'

'It's no joke. I'd go with him the last time, only for thinking of Kathleen.'

Ellen burst into tears.

'You won't come back and you go. I'll never see you again.'

'Much you would care, Ellen,' he said, running a lock of her hair between his fingers. 'I was no favorite of yours. You'd sooner John Fahey than me, or Joseph Croon, or Paddy Wince.'

'I did n't know then it was you wrote the verses.'

'And you 'd be sorry now to lose me?'

'If Kathleen won't have you, Nolie, then I 'll have you. I 'll be bigger soon. But don't go off with that man. It might be he is n't right.'

Nolie laughed, and passed the smooth hair again and again through his hands.

'He 's as right as myself. It 's not one of Them he is, but a play-boy or a mummer or some sort of a wanderer. I might go with him. I 'd go the last time if it was n't for Kathleen.'

Ellen put her hands to her eyes. Tears slipped between her fingers.

'But you 're only a child, Ellen.'

'I 'd grow very fast.'

'And would you keep pretty, and hold me in your mind?'

'Oh, I would! I would!'

Nolie drew a long sigh.

'If you really would,' he said, 'I 'd not be near so lonely.'

'And would you make your verses for me?'

Nolie thought a minute, and nodded.

'I have some for you ready.'

'For me?' Her eyes were like stars.

'Yes, for you. There 's only one or two little changes I must put in them, and they 'll do you as good as another. I 'll bring them to-morrow.'

'Oh! Oh! And will I show them to Kathleen the time she comes up from Ennis?'

'No!' There was a sudden change in

Nolie, and a dark look on his face. 'You 'll not show them to Kathleen at all. If you 're to show them to her, you 'll not get them.'

'Well, I 'll not, then, Nolie, I promise.'

Nolie rose and flung his hair back.

'Now, mind, Ellen. I 'll give you the verses, and maybe I 'll make some more. But if you show them away to anyone, I 'll destroy them on you, every one.'

'I 'll show them to no one at all, then.'

'Will you promise that, now?'

'I will. I 'll show them to no one at all, only myself.'

He nodded, and started briskly off. Ellen reached a hand after him.

'Leave me that one you took away from me. That one 's mine, Nolie.'

'Yours!' He turned about quickly. 'What makes you say it 's yours? It 's not yours it is at all.'

'It is mine, Nolie. Kathleen gave me it.' She fluttered her hand fearfully.

'Kathleen! Kathleen had n't the right to be giving it away. Kathleen should know better than to do such a thing. Would n't you think she 'd know better than that, Ellen?' He drove down his hands into his pockets, and set his teeth on his lip.

'Give it to me now, Nolie. I 'd never give it away.'

'Here.' He tossed it beside her.

Ellen pounced on it.

'Can I think it 's for me?'

'Think what you like,' called Nolie over his shoulder, 'and I 'll bring you some others that will be for you.'

She smoothed the paper on her knee, and fell to reading with shining eyes.

He walked backwards for a step or two, shouting out, 'I 'll show Kathleen she 's not the only one. There 's as good fish in the sea as ever was caught.'

He swung away out of the broad field then, and by the thin path through the woods. As he went, he mournfully rumbled his hair.

RESCUING HER CUB

BY ENOS A. MILLS

Two hunters and a number of dogs made camp one evening near the headwaters of the St. Vrain River. They were after grizzly. There were grizzlies in these rugged mountains. But with numerous high, rocky ridges, deep, rugged cañons, and miles of forest, most grizzlies avoided being seen, and escaped the hunters even when dogs were used.

Off to the north, up a steep mountain, a mother grizzly had her cubs. The bayings of the dogs, or the scent of the far-off hunters, reached her the next morning after the hunters' camp was made. A grizzly mother takes no chances with the cubs. Generally her keen senses warn her of the approach of a hunter while he is still far off. The instant she scents danger, she hurries the cubs far away, out of the danger zone. But one of the cubs of this grizzly was crippled by the fall of a tree-limb and could not travel.

The mother grizzly appeared in the hunters' camp just as they were finishing breakfast. Instantly everything was in an uproar, and twenty dogs were after her. Away she fled to the south — away from her cubs. But she did not succeed, did not, after an all-day struggle, lead dogs and hunters away.

The following morning mother grizzly reappeared near their camp. Again hunters and dogs pursued. Miles to the south she ran. This time she led them far from her den and cubs. She zig-zagged, circled, waded three miles up a mountain stream, concealed her trail, and escaped. The bewildered dogs were left at the foot of the mountain.

She should be safe now. But a grizzly ever assumes itself followed and ever is watchful for ambush. The breeze was behind her. Coming to a low ridge, she peeped over. The way appeared safe.

But, the instant she reached the skyline, the hunters opened fire. The grizzly was out of sight in a few seconds. Miles she ran toward the southwest, away from her den. Late in the afternoon the pursuing hunters paused on a high spur. In the distance they saw the bear pacing back and forth on a pass.

She was more than twenty miles from her den. But the cubs were not yet safe. These hunters and dogs must be led farther off.

It was possible for her to cross to the other side of the Continental Divide, and, over a rough and roundabout way which dogs could not follow, come back to the den. This would mean perhaps fifty miles of travel. The grizzly stopped pacing. While the hunters were watching, she crossed the Divide.

A little while after mother grizzly had left her cubs, an enormous landslide slipped from the mountainside and carried the bear den and surroundings down into the bottom of a cañon. From my camp I heard the slide and saw the dust it threw off. I did not then know that the mother was away from the den, seeking to lead the dogs off. I feared that the entire grizzly family had been carried down by the slide, and started out to make a search.

The second morning following the landslide, the grizzly returned. She

probably had traversed the western slope of the high Divide, to a point opposite her den, then climbed over the summit. I was on the mountainside near where her den had been. Through the glass I watched her shuffling rapidly down the long, treeless slope. While still a quarter of a mile from the place where her den had been, she appeared to realize a change. Perhaps she saw some of it, and scented the fresh surfaces and crushed trees. She stopped, stood on her hind legs, drew her paws up to her breast, leaned forward, and, with nose pointing here and there, looked over the changes in the place.

A stupendous pile of chaotic wreckage lay in the cañon. Uprooted trees, boulders, broken rocks—many of enormous size—were flung in wildest confusion. In this débris and along the slide's destructive way, I had searched and searched for the cubs and the bear.

The grizzly showed surprise and interest in the landslide, but no fear, no alarm. She approached the torn edge cautiously, looked at it for a moment, then plunged down into the cañon and began searching for the den. Then she raced here and there, her nose down like a dog, searching for the cubs.

I hurried on down to where the slide had plunged wildly over the cañon rim. Later, the grizzly came hurrying along. In the channel and on both sides she galloped, searching with eyes and nose.

She caught my scent, put her nose in one of my tracks, and rose on her hind legs, with neck bristling. She scented man-danger for the cubs. Ordinarily, man-scent causes a grizzly to rush from the locality. But her attitude was defiance, not retreat. Intent on the search, and steaming with warmth, she passed near without detecting me. Down into the cañon she went, searching among the landslide débris.

At the bottom, almost on the edge of the stream, she unearthed a lifeless cub.

She fondled it, licked its body clean, laid it down and looked at it with a puzzled expression. She lifted it upon the bank. Gently, ever so gently, she pawed and pushed it about as if trying to awaken it. She pushed it against a boulder and backed away, watching it. Then she turned and climbed back up the landslide's torn track, as if there to search further for the other cub.

Fearing that mother grizzly might come upon me in one of her wild dashes, I started for camp. About a mile down the mountain, I stopped to look around.

While I stood upon a log in the woods, a dirty little cub came from among the trees and walked slowly toward me. Neither sight nor scent warned him of my presence. After smelling and sniffing by the side of the log, he began digging. He found nothing, raised his head, and whined. He was a lost, hungry cub—the one for which the mother was now searching. He took a few steps, then stopped as if uncertain which way to go.

I grabbed the cub. He fought me, clawing, biting and struggling. He was weak,— he had not nursed for two or three days,— and weighed only a few pounds. I pushed him into the pocket of my coat, where he snuggled down.

There I stood with the grizzly cub in my pocket. Any instant the mother might appear, having trailed me down the mountain, or, more likely, having trailed the cub to this place.

But, before the mother found the cub, it might perish from hunger. The right thing appeared to be to carry him up the mountain and place him close to the dead cub, where his mother would be likely to find him. This would be taking desperate chances, with the mother so close. But I took the chances and started up through the woods with the cub.

Carrying a long-lost grizzly cub toward its desperate mother is walking into the zones of adventure and suicide.

If she came upon me with the cub in my possession, no explanation would save me. I did not carry a gun, and I was baiting a grizzly bear — the female of the species.

Rushing muffled footfalls on my left startled me. A heavy animal was approaching. Unable to see far because of thick tree-growth, I threw myself down on the pine-needles, to look beneath the low hanging limbs. Nothing could be seen. But the animal could be heard circling around me and coming closer.

The cub set up a bawling. He seemed determined to tell the passer-by that he was being carried off by a kidnapper. I slipped a raisin into his mouth. He became quiet. *Thumpety-thud*, a deer ran by me.

Knowing that this cub outburst might have reached his mother, or that it might be repeated, I made ready to separate myself from him instantly. But, after I had waited a minute or two behind a tree, the forest seemed so peaceful that I went on.

Crossing the stream in the cañon a little below the dead cub, I saw that the water was filled with sediment. Was the mother digging in the landslide débris above? Behind a rock I waited and listened. I was ready to drop the cub and vanish, or to shoot up a tree if the cub whimpered, and mother *Ursus horribilis* appeared.

Eager to be rid of the cub, I hurried up the cañon. Startlingly fresh mother-grizzly tracks were by the dead cub. The crumbling track-edges showed that one minute earlier there would have been a different story. I dropped the live cub by the dead one.

It was no place to linger. Mother might return suddenly. I headed for camp; but, as I hurriedly climbed out of the cañon, I looked back. The little cub was snuggling up to his dead brother.

As I reached the top of the cañon, it came to me like a flash that I was not

yet out of danger. Grizzlies have a keen nose. My clothes were filled with the scent of the cub, and as mother grizzly rushed here and there, she might come close enough to catch this cub-scent. If she caught it, she was likely to see if the cub was concealed in the clothes. I hurried from the place.

Down the slope I stopped to look back and listen. A gigantic grizzly coming stealthily behind along my trail was almost upon me. I was in an opening, and it did not seem safe to run, although the bear was approaching as if to pounce upon me.

By the tree nearest to me the bear stopped, and rose on tiptoe to look me over. It was the mother of the cubs. She was steaming with warmth. She put her forepaws against the tree, as if to steady herself. She moved her head slowly from side to side, as if she could not see plainly; then she moved her nose up and down, as she looked me over. Suddenly she dropped on all fours and started toward me. I was less than twenty feet away. After the second step, she stopped. Again she stood on her hind feet.

There was no show of anger. She plainly was greatly puzzled over something. This close approach and apparent hesitation — neither attacking nor retreating — was extraordinary action for a grizzly.

She had caught the scent of the cub. This scent was her first clue of the lost cub, and she was certain to follow it up. I wondered if she would not come up and take hold of my clothes; and what her next move would be on finding my coat full of strong scent of the cub — and the cub not with me.

Perhaps she would allow me to escape, if I threw her my cub-scented clothes. But she might assault me instead. She wanted the cub.

I would have climbed a tree had any been within reach. But it did not seem

wise to move toward one, or to move at all. So again I stood still when she started toward me, and resolved not to move unless she growled or charged. Fortunately she concluded to walk entirely around me. This she did deliberately, stopping a few times to stand still for a better look, and to sniff her nose. Not seeing the cub, she again came to a standstill, and finally sat down dog-like, keeping her eyes upon me.

Apparently she intended to stay until I delivered the cub to her. Although there was no suggestion of anger or fierceness, some unexpected thing might arouse her in a second. If the cub should walk out of the hollow log near by, or come out of the clump of bushes between us, she might assault me in an instant. Grizzly mothers insist that men keep far from their cubs.

So I thought to edge slowly toward a tree. She watched me, but with no show of resentment. When almost to the tree, I concluded to try running away. After many steps I stopped by a boulder, to find out if she was following. She was, and was close to me.

Again I ran. Looking back over my shoulder, I saw her following, a little to one side and at about my speed. She was watching me curiously.

She was trying to find the cub. Its scent being upon me, but no cub in sight, evidently mystified her.

Plainly, the only thing for me to do was to lead her to the cañon near the cub — that is, if she would follow my leadership. If she caught the fresh scent of the cub, I should escape.

I made a dash for the cañon; full speed I ran, without looking back. For several seconds I could not hear her. Suddenly she leaped into an opening in front of me, as if to head me off from the cañon. She stood up, sniffed and sniffed, and acted as if blind. But there was no cub to be seen.

Footfalls on our left disturbed us both.

She dashed off, but after a few jumps, came to a stop behind a clump of firs. I stood still. The footfalls, perhaps those of a passing deer, had ceased. A woodpecker was tapping far off, a Clark's crow was noisily clamoring in the top of a pine, and close to me a squirrel was just bursting with curiosity.

In a most leisurely fashion the grizzly came walking back. She stopped, and I hoped that, in the silence, the cub would whine or the breeze would bring his mother a message from him. But nothing happened.

Another short run brought me close to the edge of the cañon, above the cubs. I had hoped to reach the rim in this advance, but the grizzly placed herself before me, a short stone's throw from the cañon. She stopped abruptly, with both eyes upon me.

Then she scented the cub. She rose on tiptoe quickly, and turned her face toward the cañon. She looked and sniffed. She growled. Her neck fur bristled.

In a flash she changed to furious, aggressive motherhood. I now was in danger. She was about to charge me for coming so close to her cub. Fortunately she had not yet seen the cub, and trying to see it delayed her charge. But, bristling and furious, she edged sideways toward me. The cub, near, but out of sight, was climbing out of the cañon toward us.

I had stopped by a tree, up which I could quickly swing if the grizzly charged. If the cub failed to appear, the mother might sit at the bottom of the tree and keep me up indefinitely.

With jaws working and teeth gnashing, she looked at me and gathered herself to spring. A brush near by snapped. She gave a terrific growl.

I swung free of the earth and up the tree. In her leap she turned and plunged toward the cañon.

Looking down from a high tree-limb I saw her lift and hug the little cub.

WHAT COAL MEANS TO US

BY GEORGE OTIS SMITH

I .

THERE is no romance in coal; the word calls to mind no pleasing pictures of adventure and conquest. Argonaut expeditions never set sail to find coal; but to mention the spicy Indies, sunny California, the far-away Rand and Australia, and the frozen Yukon, is to recall the lure and the glamour — centuries old, yet ever new — of man's perennial search for gold. Yellow gold suggests high adventure in the open, but black coal suggests only hard toil underground — it belongs to the big world of work rather than to the smaller realm of romance. Dull and dirty, coal is the symbol of the purely utilitarian in life; for coal is as highly useful as it is meanly prosaic. Though it is won from the depths of the earth by laborious effort, and though it soils everything it touches, coal makes our world a brighter and better place to live in.

What coal means to the world, however, is little appreciated by the many who share its benefits. The man on the street thinks of coal only in terms of the few tons he buys for his furnace and his range. A coal strike, though it may be country-wide, means little to him. 'I use anthracite, and I bought mine in March,' is the casual remark with which he absolves himself from any further interest in an impending shortage of both bituminous and anthracite coal. A newspaper headline telling of disorder and riot at a mine in Illinois or West Virginia may bring from him the question, 'That's where they mine

coal, is n't it?' The fact that coal is mined in thirty states, and that the industry employs three quarters of a million men as well as two and one third billions of invested capital — all this escapes his notice and the notice of most of us, absorbed as we are in our own daily tasks.

At times, it is true, public interest in coal is thoroughly aroused. Of the raw materials that go into the warp and woof of modern life, coal is one of the few that is directly purchased by the citizen. Our consumption of the useful metals, per capita, is, in value, roughly equal to our consumption of coal; but few of us ever buy pig iron or bar copper, and so we rarely think of the prices of these metals. But, unless he is so unfortunate as to dwell in a hotel, an apartment, or a boarding-house, every head of a family must buy coal for his own household. When, therefore, for any cause the price of household coal rises, his pocketbook nerve is touched, and he begins to feel feverish concern. A rise in the price of no other commodity, gasoline excepted, can more easily bring public opinion to a high temperature.

This sporadic concern about coal and coal prices lacks both perspective and proportion. The public interest in coal is something far larger than that based on all the use we make of it in our homes. Of the six tons that measure the per-capita consumption in the United States, less than one and a half

tons are used for heating and cooking, even though that is the coal which we buy and whose price we know.

There is a large personal service that we receive daily from coal that we often overlook, if indeed we ever fully appreciate it. Coal comes into our homes, not only by way of the chute to the cellar bin, but over the wire, and through the pipes, and also, in no small amounts, by the kitchen door. Our electric current and gas and water and ice all represent coal — more coal than we are likely to realize. Into the house that I happen to know best, for example, there came in a single year thirteen and a third tons of bituminous coal, which was never seen by any member of my household, but for which I had to pay, just as truly as I paid for the fifteen tons of anthracite I bought that year. A study of the accounts for the year shows that one and one fifth tons of coal had to be used at the power station, to furnish my electric current; more than four fifths of a ton of coal at the ice factory, to make my ice; more than eleven tons of coal, or its equivalent in coke or oil, at the gas plant, to furnish the more convenient fuel in my home; and, even with a gravity system, one hundred and twenty pounds of coal at the city pumping station, to raise the water we used from filter plant to reservoirs. These thirteen tons of coal thus bring to a home of to-day what we call its modern conveniences — service rendered by energy-slaves, whose presence we forget, but who quietly do so much work that our grandfathers — and grandmothers — had to do for themselves.

This indirect consumption of coal, amounting to more than two tons a person in the household I have studied, is nearly as great as the direct consumption of coal for heating the same home; so that the visible coal I buy from the coal-dealer is only half of my supply;

and, be it noted, the most of my invisible coal is received in the form of what we call public-utility service, for which I pay at publicly regulated rates.

II

Essential as coal, both seen and unseen, is to the comfort of the home, it is a far larger aspect of our coal supply that demands national attention. Our industrial and transportation systems are built on a coal foundation: take coal away and the great structure that expresses all the material progress of which we as Americans are proud would be a useless thing. Coal we take too much as a matter of course; too seldom do we notice how it enters into the life of the nation. As we watch the railroad train passing, laden with coal, the truth of the statistics of coal and the problem of its transportation should come home to us: 40 per cent of all the freight loaded is coal, and the locomotives themselves consume more than a quarter of all the coal mined. For every five cars of coal that the railroads deliver to themselves, seven cars go to the boiler-house of factory, mill, or power plant, three and one half cars to the dealers who deliver the coal to our homes for heating and cooking, and two other cars to the coke ovens and gas works; the rest of the coal is used at the mines for power, or taken to the seaboard for bunker or export. Almost every modern industrial and commercial activity depends upon coal for its motive power.

Nature did not trouble to make an equal distribution of coal among the nations; nor, until recently, have the makers of national boundaries given much heed to the location of coal fields. To-day the wealth of each continent and country in unmined coal is well known, though the figures showing these world reserves of energy are far

too large to be comprehended — roughly five million million tons of coal, not including the low-grade variety known as lignite. An easily remembered and thoroughly gratifying detail, however, is that half of the world's known supply of coal is in North America. If, by way of humanizing these incredibly large statistics of coal reserves, we give the measure of a nation's wealth in coal in the per-capita tonnage of coal unmined, we find that the leading industrial nations rank about as follows: the United States possesses more than 23,000 tons of coal, other than lignite, for every man, woman, and child of its present population; Great Britain has about 5000 tons per capita; Germany probably still owns not less than 4000 tons per capita; Belgium, perhaps 1500 tons; France, probably more than 800 tons; Spain, less than 400 tons; and Japan, 150 tons, or considerably less than our own per-capita reserve of anthracite, our luxury coal, the supply of which we regard as extremely scant.

If population were a fixed quantity, and the uses of coal were a fully determined factor, the rate of consumption of coal might be predicted for future centuries; but what we know about our grandfathers' days justifies some hesitation in prophecy about our grandchildren's days. If fifty years ago the per-capita consumption of coal was one ton a year, and it is now six tons, what dare we say as to the requirements of future generations? This rapidly increasing rate of consumption is, in fact, an ever-changing unit, which we have to use in measuring our reserve stocks of coal. It is true that over 99 per cent of our country's original supply is even yet unmined, but it is also true that in the last dozen years we have mined more coal than in the whole of the preceding century and a half since coal mining began.

This startling increase in our coun-

try's consumption of coal can be better understood if we look beneath the surface of everyday things. The trace of coal is found everywhere in modern life. That large tonnage of unseen coal already mentioned as entering our homes disguised as public-utility gas, electricity, and water is by no means the full measure of the domestic service rendered by coal. We know, for instance, that in the industrial zone between Boston and Washington — a relatively small area, in which, however, is concentrated one fourth of the population of the United States — the bakeries use over half a million tons of coal a year for heat and power, the sugar refineries a million and a quarter tons, the manufacturers of other food products another million and a quarter tons, and the ice plants nearly three quarters of a million tons. Indeed, fully seven per cent of what is called industrial coal in this area is thus translated into food; so that, again in invisible form, more than ten thousand tons of coal come each day to our tables. To this extent is coal consumed outside the home in fact a food-necessity.

Even more has coal become the staff of life of our industries. We can best realize what coal means in a national sense if we study history in terms of the steam-engine and industry. In the century and a half since the Declaration of Independence gave to the world a new political ideal, the substitution of steam for human labor in doing the world's work has created a new industry, a new commerce, and a new social order. The leading industrial nations lead because of the coal they produce; their rank in the world's markets is largely fixed by the coal they consume; and their future power must be conditioned by their wealth in coal. Hence the national significance of a properly functioning coal industry.

The modern industrial system, as we

know it in the United States, is founded on a use of mechanical power more generous than prevails elsewhere in the world. We multiply man-power with machinery; we lift the load from the back of man by offering him the use of electrically driven tools; and man thus becomes the master of a machine rather than the slave of a Herculean task; yet these power-driven machines must be thought of as not so much labor-saving as product-increasing agencies. The modern steel plant may employ thousands of men, but back of each human worker there is from five to ten horse-power of electric drive; and this large coöperation of the machine with the man explains the low cost of American steel. And practically all this vast supply of energy, upon which every industry draws so heavily, comes from coal. So it is that each ton of steel we use represents more than two tons of coal; the cement that forms the other essential component in our modern structures has cost half its weight in coal; and the roof of copper shingles, three times their weight in coal; so too, this printed page has cost more than twice its weight in coal; and even the sheerest of fabrics contains its quota of coal, for the silk mills of New Jersey and other Eastern states consume each year nearly half a million tons.

Moreover, this large and increasing use of coal-generated power is typically American; no other country equals ours in its per-capita equipment of power-generating and power-using machinery. And we need to keep in mind, as we face the future, the obvious truth that there is no other route to nation-wide prosperity so direct as this machine method of increasing the productivity of labor. Planning for an ever larger supply of mechanical power and for the ever wider use of improved machines is the surest way to continue American standards of wages and living against

all competition in the world's markets.

We have learned to look upon radium as the wonder-worker among minerals; yet the more common and commonplace coal possesses truly marvelous powers in its contribution to the everyday work of the world. Coal perhaps deserves to be called the magical multiplier of man-power. Take the average daily output of the soft-coal mine worker — four tons in 1920; the half ton of coal he mines in an hour will yield, under average practice, steam-power to an amount of 500 horse-power hours, or say 5000 man-power hours: in that ratio do coal and the steam engine multiply human energy. Or, to put it in other terms, although the coal-miner works a short year at best, nevertheless his year's endeavor, measured in the coal he mines, is equivalent in mechanical energy to the continuous effort for a year of a thousand men turning wheels in some man-power machine. By a thousandfold at least does the energy in our coal replace the slave-labor of the ancient world. Better the Coal Age of America than the Golden Age of Greece.

Coal, then, is a wonder-worker whose rôle has become a commonplace — a faithful slave whose service we take for granted. Yet the sum total of all that coal means to us is so great a part of modern life that the public can no longer with safety shift the responsibility of the coal industry, even though the larger users of coal — the railroads, the steel industry, the electric public utilities — all have a more direct interest in watching it. In speaking to the members of the American Iron and Steel Institute, — men of engineering and financial talent, who have won world-leadership for their industry, — I held them to a definite responsibility for the one hundred million tons or more of coal they use each year in making steel; but the rest of us must also face

the plain issue that the story of coal is a story of waste, all the way from the face of the mine-working to the smoke-stack of the boiler plant: waste of a natural resource, waste of human endeavor, waste of capital, waste of transportation capacity, and waste of energy; and of none of these have we enough — much less, any to spare.

III

The betterment of the coal business is not a simple matter. First of all, there are two major classes of coal: anthracite, or hard coal, and bituminous, or soft coal — a distinction that is commercial and industrial even more than scientific. The contrast in the physical characters of these two kinds of coal is so marked that it is evident even to a passer-by; but this Nature-made difference results in two distinct types of industry, whose diverse features are essential in any consideration of the coal problem. The annual output of anthracite, for instance, is less than one fifth that of bituminous coal, although more than one fifth as much capital, and even one fourth as many mine-workers, are engaged in the anthracite industry — that is, the dollar invested and the man employed cannot produce as much hard coal as soft coal. Practically all the anthracite comes from a limited area in Pennsylvania, while bituminous coal is mined in thirty states; there remains in the ground in the United States about one half of one per cent as much anthracite as bituminous and lower-grade coals. So it happens, logically, that anthracite mining is a natural monopoly, out of which has grown a well-organized business, duly proportioned to meet current demands for its high-grade product, which commands a luxury price not closely related to the price of soft coal. To maintain this favored

standing, anthracite is prepared for domestic use by cleaning and separating into different sizes, with a resulting by-product of sizes too small for domestic use, — the 'steam sizes' of commerce, — which are sold in competition with soft coal, at prices much below the average mining cost for the whole anthracite output. The anthracite industry is thus a manufacturing as well as a mining business, and its product is roughly divided into 70 per cent domestic sizes and 30 per cent steam sizes. A contrast sometimes overemphasized is that, while 70 per cent of the anthracite mined goes to homes, only 12 per cent of the bituminous coal mined is classed as household coal; yet the fact is that about the same quantity of each, sixty million tons, is burned in domestic use. Both may equally be said to keep the home fires burning; but bituminous coal is preëminently the fuel that makes the wheels go round.

With so much at stake, it is high time that the common people look into the soft-coal business or at least learn the A B C's of its economics. Nature has blessed these United States with wonderful beds of high-grade coal that can be easily mined; the productivity of our American mine-workers, backed by modern machinery, is higher than that of any coal-miners elsewhere in the world; but in Europe the miners work much longer years. In coal-mining it is the American hare and the European tortoise; for while in normal times, in Great Britain, Germany, Belgium, and France, the coal mines have been open for work from 290 to 320 days a year, our average American bituminous mine has been open only 215 days in the average year, and considerably less than 170 days last year. Moreover, for over thirty years the American soft-coal miner has faced not only the certainty of idle days but also the uncertainty as

to when his idle days were to come. Intermittency of employment year after year does not breed good working habits.

It is all too plain that this irregular running of mines for hardly more than two thirds of the working days of a year requires more mines and more mine-workers — it involves a sad waste of capital and a sadder waste of manpower. This overdevelopment of a basic industry is now generally acknowledged, even by those most interested. This excess of capital and of labor in the coal industry leads to the hazards of unemployment; and naturally both capital and labor seek wages high enough to cover expected idle time as well as actual working time. Larger profits and higher wages loom up as the logical content of this vicious circle of too many mines and too many miners and too short working time. All this makes the consumer's coal bill too large, because it includes a charge for too much idleness — he pays for what he does n't get.

The obvious remedy for inflation is deflation; but who is to begin the deflation? A coal operator with wide outlook suggests bankruptcy for one third of the soft-coal mines; and a spokesman of union labor suggests 'back to the farm' for 150,000 surplus miners. Probably neither of these radical programmes can be carried out, however desirable. A more practical line of attack will be to strike at the causes that have opened thousands of new and unneeded mines and attracted this excess army of mine-workers. The stimulus to overdevelopment has been furnished by high prices obtained under exceptional market conditions; and the stimulus to overmanning the industry has been furnished by high wages demanded for short-time employment. And so again we discover this chain of irregular operation and intermittent

employment together causing a too high wage-scale, and yet resulting in too low annual earnings; with full justification, the coal-operator and the coal-miner and the coal-consumer, each thinks he is not getting a fair deal.

The average mine and the opportunity it offers the average miner is a statistical fact rather than a social picture. Thousands of miners have a better chance to work than that four-day week of the average mine; but, unfortunately, many thousand others have a much poorer chance. For ten years the coal mines in New Mexico have had an average working week of five and one half days; but in the same period the Oklahoma mines have been open almost two days less to the week. With such extremes, the United States plainly is not a land of equal opportunity for the coal-miner; and the steady work in New Mexico has not helped the family of the miner employed in Oklahoma.

The marked differences between states in the length of the working year are due in part to differences in type of market demand, quality of coal, mining costs (including wage-scale), and degree of overdevelopment. Copper smelters and railroads stabilize the demand for New Mexico coal, and the mine capacity of the state is well proportioned to the needs of the market. In Alabama the steel industry and the cotton-oil industry together give to the coal mines a much longer working year than is possible in Illinois, where a seasonal demand and overdevelopment of mines have combined to make a working year that is all too short. Undoubtedly these market differences tell only part of the story; for the lower wage-scales in the nonunion districts have made possible lower-cost coal, giving it an advantage over coal from union districts in any competitive market and affording the lower-cost mines the longer working time and more days'

wages to their workers. It is part cause and part effect, therefore, that the strongest union centres are the districts with the shortest working years.

Much that may be done to better the condition of coal-mining can be done only by the coal industry itself. The mining engineer is needed to raise the underground efficiency of the average mine nearer to what has been attained in the best mines; for we have large coal mines, well laid out and fully equipped with modern machinery, which show in practice how coal can be mined with the least waste of manpower. It is significant that in these larger and better-planned mines there is opportunity to work more hours in the day and more days in the year. Best of all, in such mines the individual mine-worker loads more coal for society and earns more money for his family, so that the two ideals are attained — cheaper coal and larger earnings. Both mine-worker and mine-operator have paid far too little heed to this method of bettering the coal business — the one has specialized too much on selling his labor and the other on selling his coal.

IV

Yet the economic defects in the coal business cannot all be cured by more attention to engineering by the mine-operator or a larger interest in his work by the mine-worker; for much of the trouble originates not at the mine but at the distant market. The consumer is too often uninformed about coal; and even if informed, he is too often utterly neglectful of any but his own interests. The charge of selfishness can be brought home as strongly to those who buy coal as to those who mine or sell coal; and public opinion needs to put the same ban on the consumer who disregards the interests of the coal producer, as on all those who disregard the

interests of the coal consumer. Learning the A B C's of the economics of the coal business is, indeed, no more needed than are a few kindergarten lessons in practical ethics as applied to coal-buying. Few coal consumers, for example, ever consider the possibility of accommodating their coal dealer by ordering a year's supply of coal to be delivered, let us say, 'a.d.c.' (at dealer's convenience). Yet that simple reform would enable the local dealer to stabilize his business, and in turn would help to stabilize the mine-operator's business, to the end that the mine-worker's April might contain nearly as many days as his November, instead of six or seven days less.

A thought-provoking instance of shortsighted self-interest is afforded by the recent bituminous-coal market. In June, New England and New York buyers were refraining from adding to their fast disappearing stocks of coal and were even cancelling their orders for shipments, because freight rates to seaboard points were to be lowered July first. The known facts that the country needed the product of every mine that was then running, that half a million tons waited on the cars at Hampton Roads, and that the failure to move this coal slowed down mine operation in West Virginia — all this counted for nothing against the expected reduction of 28 cents a ton on freight in July, even though at the National Conference of Social Work an earnest inquiry was made about ways and means of aiding the miners' families in West Virginia: *Dollars for charity, but not 28 cents in a business deal!* The result of this penny-wise disregard of the larger interest was about what might have been expected: in July everyone who had waited for the saving of 28 cents in freight rushed to market; and this demand not only cleared the docks of unsold coal but quickly pushed

the price of coal at the mine up 56 cents; so that those who found coal to buy paid 28 cents more, not 28 cents less, for their coal at tidewater. Nor is this recent experience unique; for most of the surplus mines owe their origin to the high prices of panicky markets, and these in turn are due to the mass movement of buyers, whose selfishness causes them now to delay buying until coal may be cheaper, and now to rush to market for coal of any kind at any price. The 28-cent margin of such speculator-buyers is soon wiped out.

This failure of the consumer to see the producer's side of the shield may be due as much to the distance that separates them as to lack of sympathetic vision. Measured even by the recent unusually high transatlantic rates from Cardiff, Welsh coal is only a few cents more distant from the Boston market than all-rail Pennsylvania soft coal. This long haul from mine to market, so large an item in the cost of coal, hinders the growth of community of interest between those who burn and those who mine coal — too often they are not citizens of the same state. Coal, in its relation to general welfare and to interstate commerce, thus has special significance in the New England States, New York, New Jersey, and Delaware; for this industrial belt has no coal of its own and is therefore wholly dependent upon mines outside of it. This means that the 21,000,000 citizens of these nine states look to their Federal government to protect their health and welfare so far as these depend on fuel and power: they ask Washington to provide coal, adequate as to supply and reasonable as to cost.

The evidence that sets forth the bad economics of the whole coal business is not yet all in; what we have learned in the last few years about the mining, distribution, and marketing of coal simply opens up wide fields for further

inquiry. The sooner all the facts are known, the better it will be for the coal industry as well as for the public. Dead-set opposition to permitting representatives of the public to poke into so-called private business is a policy already out of date. What is most to be feared is public action without adequate consideration of the facts. Public opinion needs for its guidance a better understanding of the consumers' possible influence on the marketing of coal; of the burden put on the railroads by the seasonal variation in coal shipments; of the useless duplication of transportation facilities demanded by competitive service to too many mines; of the waste of man-power in small mines that operate intermittently; of the lack of mine-efficiency due both to poor management and to union regulations; and of all the man-made handicaps placed on this industry, upon the health of which practically every other industry depends. We should not expose the coal industry to political experiments, but we must plan its restoration to economic health.

It may be that radical changes will be found necessary, such as permitting larger combination, under strict public regulation, of corporations engaged in mining and marketing coal; or controlling the distribution of coal along rational rather than fortuitous lines — a revival of zoning, so as to secure economy in the large item of transportation cost; or limiting the development of the industry more nearly to the measure of public requirements. Any of these methods may seem to run counter to the established ideas of the rights and privileges of private business; but public regulation has already taken similar liberties with the public utilities, and for the general benefit of all concerned. Monopoly of market, regulated quality of service, and prices adjusted to costs, are now accepted as

basic premises in the conduct of what are well termed public-service corporations. What was private business a few years ago has now become public business; and it is noteworthy, too, that the public-service executives have visions of future advances in economy of power-generation and distribution in the public interest far beyond anything proposed by private initiative in the coal business.

Indeed, it appears wholly inconsistent that, although the energy put at our service through the agency of railway train or street car or electric light is recognized as of a public-utility nature, and the rates we pay for it are fixed by municipal, State, or Federal regulation, the price of the coal that constitutes the source of that energy and the chief component of that public utility is regarded by some as outside the pale of public control or even of public inquiry. Coal, they say, is simply a commodity, like boots and shoes, and is therefore not to be made a matter of public concern or investigation. The coal mine, say these defenders of the past, is private property, even though the electric-power plant and the steam locomotive, which together consume so large a part of the output of that mine, are agencies engaged in business so affected with a public use that they are wholly subject to public regulation.

The futile conferences in Washington in July between coal-operators and coal-mine-workers emphasized again and again the fact that the stoppage of coal-mining was looked upon by both parties as purely a matter of private business, a controversy to be fought to a finish; and clever cartoonists were quick to portray the insignificance of the common citizen with the empty coal-hod. President Harding's repeated references to the larger public interest in this issue were sorely needed to offset the vociferous utterances of those who

set their business and their jobs above the general welfare; and no argument, however skillfully framed, could meet the President's assertion that both workers and operators had an obligation '*to serve that public which made possible your industrial existence.*' It is society that gives value to coal and opportunity to the coal industry.

The 'general-welfare clause' undoubtedly must play an increasingly prominent part in national affairs, as the constitutional basis for action to protect the majority against any minority that arrogantly exhibits its indifference to the common good. The aggressive minority may derive its power from its monopoly of a valued resource or its monopoly of skilled labor; but the eventual reaction of the public will be the same, whether the monopolistic minority wears the label of trust or of union. Too long have the mine-owners treated the coal business as private privilege, and too long have the labor leaders, with no less monopolistic attitude, obstructed every move for underground efficiency and economy. The people's coal costs too much because of the mistaken idea that mine-owner and mine-worker can continue indefinitely to fight over contracts and rules.

Yet there is equal need and greater opportunity for the general-welfare clause to be made a standard for personal decision and a motive for individual action. The coal problem may yield in part to better engineering underground; but that engineering should have the humanitarian purpose of increasing the earnings of labor as well as the economic purpose of reducing the waste of capital. The coal problem may be solved in part by better distribution, but railroads and coal companies need to coöperate in a spirit broader than that of exchanging empty coal cars for coal contracts at prices

below cost. The coal problem may also be made simpler by bettering the marketing system; but here, too, no machinery of public regulation can be so effective as the mutual recognition by buyer and seller of coal that broken contracts and profiteering prices do not serve to stabilize any business.

Not only does the trouble in the coal industry include sins against both economic and moral law, but at bottom there has been a lack of vision of its true relation to the general welfare. In the present readjustment period, for example, the coal-operator, coal-miner, and coal-merchant have too often failed to see that the price at which coal sells becomes a first item of cost in the great productive industries, so that the general recovery of business for which everyone prays is conditioned by the trend in coal. If the coal industry fails to keep down prices, what hope is there in other industries? No other producers exert a more general influence; and this relation of the coal industry to the general welfare carries the larger obligation to the nation.

For many years the coal industry has been burdened with evils that were only in part of its own making, — it is told that the first man who sold hard coal in Philadelphia was chased out of town as a swindler, — and now, in 1922, the controversy between the two active partners in the business has involved the silent partner in heavy losses. Exasperated by indifference and neglect, this silent partner has come to realize to some degree how large his share in the coal business really is and has now even threatened to take over the management of the business. Perhaps it

would be wiser, first, to learn more about the coal industry and to apply the force of public opinion to its betterment in less extreme fashion than by Government operation. A somewhat radical journal recently referred to 'a naïve belief in the power of public opinion'; yet in a democracy what other power can be appealed to for either conservative or progressive influence in public affairs? A larger faith in popular government was voiced by our President at the dedication of the Lincoln Memorial, when he said: 'Deliberate public opinion never fails.'

Let a public opinion enlightened by a thorough study of the coal industry be the force that refuses capital to open or operate unneeded mines; that refuses either wages or profits figured on only two-thirds working time; that refuses, in short, to regard as private business the mining and marketing of so indispensable a commodity as coal, but that encourages, in turn, off-season purchase and storage of coal by consumers; that replaces suspicion and criticism with true coöperation between consumer and producer; and, especially, that endorses any legislation needed to put coal-mining and coal-distribution on a better economic basis.

With this more lively appreciation of what coal means to us, and with a more definite purpose to help to make the industry function better, the passing car of coal may catch our eye as one of the symbols of American greatness — as visible evidence of the energy whose uninterrupted service is needed in home and factory alike; for without coal our great industrial cities would be cold and dark and silent.

THROUGH AN ULSTERMAN'S EYES

THE BIRTH OF THE IRISH FREE STATE

I

WHEN England put its pen to the Treaty with Ireland, a chorus of thanksgiving rose to heaven from three fourths of the English people. They thanked heaven because it seemed that they were at long last relieved from the care of a thankless and profitless charge, which cost much money, clogged the wheels of Parliament and crowded out the consideration of many much needed reforms affecting Great Britain alone. It was clearly impossible for an officially controlled Press to jubilate on such base lines as these, so the real cause of national joy was hidden behind an affectation of sympathy with the Irish people. The United States, France, and indeed all civilized mankind applauded the action.

In one quarter alone was there an ominous silence. The child itself, which for three hundred years had been spitting on its English feeding-bottle and screaming for its mother's milk, refused to smile now that the natural food was at its mouth. This was perhaps intelligible. The poison of the bottle, it was said, was bound to remain in the system for a time even though the noxious thing itself had been flung back across the wet ditch on the far side of which lay all that was foul and repugnant. It was confidently felt that under the soothing influence of its mother's milk the child would quickly settle down.

Alas and alack! it was not to be.

This paper was prepared before the deaths of Collins and Griffith. — THE EDITORS.

The milk must have lacked some quality, for the child grew worse and worse.

A sage and poet once observed truthfully that, —

We're charmed with distant views of happiness,
But near approaches make the prospect less.

That realization is too often a fraud is a commonplace truth, but in Ireland the realization of self-government turned to gall before it was even tasted. In the dish proffered there was in fact one bitter morsel which poisoned all the rest. Twenty-six out of thirty-two counties had been handed over to the official representatives of the Irish people to do as they would with, but six counties in the Northeast, in which were a majority of Protestants, had — at their own earnest request — been withheld and established as a separate and independent community. Here was an obvious grievance; a flaw in the perfect happiness of the Irish people. Much had been given by or, rather, wrested from the British by the prosecution of certain traditional methods, but there still remained something which had not been given and which could have been given. It was only reasonable to suppose that a continuance of the same methods would add this vineyard to the rest.

In this sanguine mood the Free State Executive — as it was called — mustered its new levies and, having equipped them with arms and ammunition, confidently handed over (for a widely

different purpose) by the British Government, marched them northward in hostile array against the Ulster border. The immediate object of this expedition was not the conquest of Ulster but the annexation — through forcible occupation — of certain outlying portions of the six counties adjacent to the Free State.

The scheme did not quite work out according to plan. An immense amount of ammunition (English) was expended in firing across the border at any mark that presented itself; the two salients of Belleek and Pettigo, where in each case Ulster juts out temptingly into the Free State, were forcibly seized and the loyalist residents ejected. Further acquisitive inroads were, however, checked by the unexpected attitude of the British troops in Ulster. The Free State Executive, in fact, in formulating its plans, had made the grave mistake of forgetting that, with the advance of the twenty-six counties to the status of a colony, the supervision of its affairs, together with the control of the British troops in Ulster, had naturally drifted into the province of the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Winston Churchill — a man of very different fibre from the majority of his colleagues in the Cabinet, as events now proved. He advanced two regiments, under a heavy fire, against the captured salients and saluted the invaders with six rounds from a field-piece. Several casualties resulted from this discharge and the remainder of the invading army withdrew precipitately over the border. Loud-voiced was the indignation of the Free Staters over this incident. It was an outrageous thing, they protested, and wholly contrary to precedent, for British troops to return a fire directed at them in the interests of patriotism. Efforts were made to excite the sympathy of the House of Commons, but there was a lukewarm response and they were wisely dropped.

In this serio comic way ended the threatened invasion of Ulster; but guerrilla warfare on the old familiar lines of midnight visitings, firings, and shootings continued to be directed against such of the Ulster agriculturists as an unkind fate had domiciled on the Free State border. The object aimed at was to intimidate these into abandoning their homes so as to facilitate a gradual encroachment from the South.

The Free State Government disclaimed all responsibility for these outrages, — and indeed for similar outrages in other parts of Ireland, — all of which they, rightly or wrongly, laid at the door of their own deadly enemies, the Republicans. So complex had the situation in Ireland now become that it was impossible to gauge the truth or falsity of this disclaimer. It is, however, a significant fact that, although hundreds of murders have been committed in Ireland since she assumed control of her own affairs, not one single murderer has been brought to justice and executed by the Free State Government.

In Belfast itself the state of affairs, for some time after the signing of the Treaty, was deplorable in the extreme. Every effort within the scope of rifle, revolver, bomb or torch was made to render government impossible and life unendurable in the Northern city, with the idea that, in despair, the Union Jack might be hauled down by the trembling citizens and the green-white-and-gold tricolor hoisted in its place. The attempt failed, as everyone with a knowledge of the Ulster character must have known from the first that it would fail. The Orangemen were neither cowed nor shifted from their purpose by the death and destruction dealt among them, but they were unfortunately goaded into reprisals which, in point of ferocity, fell but little short of the original crimes. Either as the result

of these, or as the result of increased police activity, there was a sudden slump in murder and arson, and at the moment of writing Belfast is at peace. Outrages have ceased and the pulse of the city is once more even and slow. Out in the six counties, under the constant tutelage of its magnificent constabulary, Ulster has resumed its normal tranquillity and the farmers sleep secure.

With Anglo-Saxon Ulster basking in prosaic peace or, at all events, in something so near peace as to cheat the eye of the spectator, the focus-point of interest shifts with a jerk to Anglo-Irish Leinster, where the Free State confederates, baulked of their Northern prey, have turned fiercely on one another.

It may be said at once, in reviewing recent happenings in and around Dublin, that, though these can be described, they cannot be explained except by the doctrine of atavistic tendencies. There is no logical explanation of them, but in Ireland such things have always been.

In December, 1921, the long-sought and much discussed Treaty was signed. Through it Ireland gained what she had been struggling for year after year and generation after generation; one might almost say, century after century. In many ways she had gained more than had been hoped for or even asked for; but, on the other hand, the six counties had been withheld. This was a defect and, as already described, active measures to remedy that defect were taken — and failed. The shells of the 18-pounders had shown clearly that, with the relinquishment of the twenty-six counties, the limits of British complacency had been reached.

With the Northern door thus closed to martial and political enterprise, the activities of the newly enfranchised people had to find another outlet. It was found in what may broadly be described as intertribal feuds. Collins,

Griffith, and Valera, the hybrid triumvirate whose united efforts had achieved Ireland's independence, found themselves no longer able to walk abreast. A triumvirate obviously cannot split into two equal parts and, in the split which followed, Valera had to face a majority of two to one. Undismayed, he launched his attack in the threefold formation made sacred by usage — first, impassioned appeal; then, hot vituperation; and finally, blows. The hot vituperation and the blows were returned with interest.

What it was all about no one knew and no one knows to-day. Nominally the cause of dispute is that Valera wants emancipated Ireland to be called a Republic, while Griffith and Collins want it to be called a Free State. To the interested observer, watching the scrimmage in the cockpit, there seems no difference. Collins has repeatedly proclaimed in public that the Free State is in effect a Republic masquerading under a more expedient name. When the psychological moment arrives, he assures his supporters, the true label will be attached. In the meanwhile, the observations of the dispassionate onlooker tend to confirm Collins's claim. The Free State does not fly the Union Jack, as do all the other colonies of the Empire. On the contrary it flies the Republican tricolor. Its armed forces are known as the I.R.A. What more can Valera or any hot-souled Republican want? Where is the point of dissension? No adequate answer can be found, for the dissentients themselves cannot furnish it. The martial spirit of each side is kept alive by the assurance that it is fighting England. Valera denounces Collins as the myrmidon of England's intriguing politicians. Collins denounces Valera as England's secret agent deliberately engineering a turmoil which will force the hereditary foe to a reconquest of Ireland.

In the meanwhile the whole structure of Ireland's civilization is crumbling to Iberian dust. In eight short months she has slipped back to the tribal conditions of Tudor days, before the imposition of the English rules of society so bitterly resented and now so successfully shaken off. With names changed, a page out of the *Annals of the Four Masters* would read like a column of to-day's *Morning Post*. What are Collins and Valera fighting about? No one knows. What did the O'Neils and the O'Donnells fight about four hundred years ago? No one knows. For centuries the two great Northern clans systematically wasted and ravaged each other's lands with fire and sword for no adequate and tangible reason. Then, as now, the great majority of victims were noncombatants and then, as now, hatred of England was made the excuse for torturing Ireland. Con Bacagh, the O'Neil of Henry the Eighth's day, as a protest against the use of English ploughs, burned all the corn crops in his dominions and so produced a famine from which thousands died. On his deathbed he invoked a curse against any and every man in Ireland who used a plough, built a stone house, or spoke English. Was the curse effective? Are four centuries of intermittent misery traceable to the effect of Con Bacagh's dying invective? It would almost seem so, and it would almost seem as though efforts were being made to-day to rescind the curse. Land is going out of cultivation, the use of Erse is being enforced by statute, and all the noblest stone structures in Ireland are being destroyed by Irish hands. The splendid Customs House went first, burned by the Irish under the wild belief that they were thereby in some way injuring England. Now the magnificent Four Courts and many parts of Sackville Street have followed — battered to pieces by Collins with his new artillery toy, because

they were in occupation of Valera's men. The finest buildings in Limerick and Waterford have met the same fate. Why? Would the English batter down St. Paul's or the Americans the Capitol at Washington if they were held by a handful of insurgents? No, but then perhaps the curse of Con Bacagh has not reached so far.

The Valerites are even more mad in their iconoclasm than their opponents. Wherever they extend their patriotic movements, they leave behind a trail of desolation. Bridges, canals, railways, and public buildings are ruthlessly destroyed. Trade is at a standstill; brigandage and highway robbery are the common sports of the people. Every man does that which is right in his own, and wrong in other people's, eyes. Law Courts have not been suspended, but they have ceased to function, for the popular eye views them with repugnance. Restrictive authority in any shape has always been the bane of the Irish people. So long as England was the official representative of law and order, revolt against restrictive authority became a popular form of patriotism. Now that restrictive authority is native, it has been made dismally clear — even in eight short months — that it is not the uniform in which it comes but the thing itself which is abhorrent. The brehon law would be tolerated and we may yet see this superseding the reasoned logic of judicial tribunals. Con Bacagh knew no other law.

II

After prolonged absence from Ireland, due, perhaps, to threatening letters, articles in the *Morning Post*, and other deterrents, I landed at Rosslare Harbor in the small hours of an April morning, 1922. All seemed normal. That portion of the 'Cork Express' advertised for Waterford took precedence

after the engine, while cars destined for the terminus had hitched themselves on behind. Six Roman Catholic nuns occupied the only compartment labeled 'smoking,' and the window blinds of the remainder had been lowered according to custom by travelers requiring 'seven feet by two' on which to extend their limbs. I opened a door and peered within, to meet the scowl of a blue-chinned vendor of store cattle innocently engaged in recharging an automatic pistol. As he did not appear to like my looks, I told him to cheer up, closed the door and then crept silently to roost in the breakfast car, isolated by forethought of a ticket-collector from other portions of the train.

Poached eggs and bacon, Limerick butter, and a rising sun dispelled the after effects of a bad crossing. I sat up and looked around. Golden gorse, limpid streams, blue-gray mountains at the back of beyond, and all things bright and beautiful in the shape of scampering pigs, children playing in the muck, and 'herself' hanging the family wash on the line. Surely a 'Die-Hard' press had lied! Then the train slowed down to a station, and I knew. The Ireland to which I had returned was not the Ireland I had quitted eighteen months before. The stationmaster, a jolly acquaintance of bygone days, had neither time nor inclination, it seemed, to greet me. The irresponsible frivolity of the red-headed porter was a thing of the past. The stalwart Royal Irish Constable was no longer on his beat, having been relieved by a pair of armed and furtive corner-boys; and there was something uncanny, something almost terrifying, in the shifty silence of the watching crowd. . . .

The Black and Tans had certainly left their mark on one side of Patrick Street, Cork City. From amid charred beams, bricks, and rubble, rose wooden huts bearing the names of ruined trades-

men and offering nothing in particular for sale. On a pole in the window of a burned-out shop was exposed a 'Cap of Liberty' with tricolored rosette, and attached to it a card inscribed with a large note of interrogation. That was all. They told me at the railway station that the five o'clock train might leave then, — or thereabouts, — but that, as the bridges were down, it would not get anywhere to speak of. Past experience had taught me, however, that Irish trains generally get there somehow; and, although it was Friday, I decided to chance it and selected a compartment in which were seated a Roman Catholic priest and a patriot who had 'drink taken.' The former sought spiritual comfort from a small black book, while the latter emitted loud and prolonged snores.

I had extracted all available amusement from the *Cork Constitution* (since suppressed) and from the *Cork Examiner* now censored by Miss McSwiney, — affectionately known to her admirers as 'Bloody Mary,' — when the priest closed his book, lifted his eyes to the hills, and directed my attention to some barbed-wire entanglement surrounding a derelict-police station. A snore broke off in the middle, and a husky voice remarked that 'the sanguinary Father might go to Hell, and mind his own business.' At the next station the priest changed compartments, after which the patriot resumed his beauty sleep.

Our train came to a standstill in a railway cutting about 9.40 P. M., and remained there for no particular reason all through the night. At early dawn I shared a packet of sandwiches with my traveling companion, who in return showed me how to load a Service revolver, and then went off to get a drink from the engine. We reached a common destination shortly before noon.

Ballymuck, our happy home, was in full enjoyment of the 'Second Terror,'

a thoughtful British Government having that morning withdrawn two companies of enemy infantry on receipt of information to the effect that one hundred Republican gunmen, fresh from New York, were coming to massacre the entire community. Leading citizens had 'phoned an S.O.S. message to the English general, for which act of treason they had, very properly, been condemned to death, their graves having already been dug. I was distressed to learn their whispered names, but relieved when those about to die saluted me on my doorstep and consented to remain to lunch.

There was no massacre. It was — 'postponed'! The hundred gunmen, reduced by wastage of war to a score of Republican Kerry boys, arrived to take over the coastguards station on behalf of the Free State Government from an unsuspecting British naval officer, and, as a finishing triumph, the two companies of enemy infantry returned at 10 P.M. by a special train, to be received with shouts of welcome from a dense crowd collected and inspired by representatives of local tradesmen who had had the honor in past years of supplying His Majesty's forces with meat and bread.

I spent my Sunday at home, grubbing up weeds within the four walls of my garden, or stretched in a hammock listening to the love call of wood pigeons, the 'caw-caw' of the rooks and reading *Poems of Power* by Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

So many gods, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind;
While just the art of being kind
Is all the sad world needs.

Down by the docks a machine gun peppered at intervals while church bells of various denominations competed one against the other. After tea arrived the news that a child of ten had shot and killed the parish priest, and a second

report followed to the effect that she had only missed the curate.

But I had not crossed to Ireland in order to collect rumors and listen to church bells; I had come to get at the truth. Therefore, on the second day of the week, a 'Ford' was hired (my own car having been 'borrowed'), and I and another set forth. The first thing noticeable, after a wealth of primroses and gorse, was the fact that all along the road my appearance was greeted by signs of consternation and alarm. Ass carts backed into ditches; farm carts bolted up bohreens, whilst no man looked my way until after I had passed. The lad alongside of me knew why, and told me later. I was wearing a rain coat, black necktie, gray cloth cap, and leather leggings — the undress uniform of the I.R.A.! It was my purpose to run through the counties of Cork, Kerry, Limerick, Tipperary, King's County, and thence to Dublin, pausing at places where bad work was alleged to have been done, visiting such friends as were still clinging to their properties, and allowing my leg to be pulled by publicans and sinners. The average individual who could be stimulated to talk politics was, of course, the soul of loyalty to the British Empire, and so on; but now and again the truth slipped out. The conviction grew upon me by degrees that the people as a whole were simply terrified — not so much at the trend of political events, but at the spirit of anarchy growing, as they said, in every district but their own. Bad men were here to-day and gone to-morrow, leaving a trail of blood and grief, or as an Irish lady of ninety years put it, 'The Devil is tramping about like a roaring lion. God help us!'

A movement in favor of ridding the twenty-six counties of Loyalists in general, and of disbanded members of the Royal Irish Constabulary in particular, was then being pushed from Dublin for

all the extremist section was worth. The R. I. C. had concentrated at various centres and awaited transportation to England, while the 'Castle' authorities thought good to discourage the removal of wives and children, deeming them safe from interference. But those who had held the fort knew better. Sinister rumors of outrage on unprotected women were gaining credence, and it followed that many a gallant man took the law into his own hands and, without permission, went off to join the wife. A number were murdered straightaway. Others escaped in the clothing in which they stood or ran, to watch from afar the destruction of their homes. As I motored north small pitiful groups of wounded men, distracted mothers, and exhausted children were making their way toward the eastern ports. How they managed, one cannot say; for to offer them bed and board was to court death at the hands of local gunmen, and the majority were penniless. At that time 'the Army' had not decided which portion of itself should sing the 'Battle Hymn of the Republic' and which should flaunt the Free State flag; but the Press, needing copy, had anticipated events. 'Three days and a night under machine-gun fire' — 'Murphy's Hotel goes up in smoke' — 'Death before dishonor, boys' — 'Desperate hand-to-hand fighting.' Casualties: one Brigadier-General wounded in the toe, one cow shot in a field.

While 'the Army' was thus lightly engaged, the most dreadful atrocities were being committed by the dregs of the population. In every case of outrage and murder those responsible were known, but no one dared to whisper a name. Death was always very near. Bands of ruffians moved from place to place killing for killing's sake. One gang operating in the Macroom district boasted of having poured petrol over victims and then set them alight. Bod-

ies were often mutilated and outrages on women and children were becoming more frequent.

By the end of my tour I had investigated forty-one instances of murder, arson, outrage, and so forth, and I give one case of violence as typical — that of a residential landowner of King's County. I reproduce her statement written at a time when the full horror of her experiences was upon her.

I was alone with maids and an old manservant when I heard the Reds coming. It was about 2 A. M. and very dark, with sleet showers. I went down and a body of eight or ten men rushed at me like wild beasts; one struck me full in the face with his clenched fist; they all struck me and kicked me down like madmen. They tried to break my neck holding me by my hair which they tore half out. Then one man, in the midst of yells of 'Let me at her,' 'Where are the guns?' said something and the moment he said it, two men who had beaten me with the sticks of the Pampas grass from vases, helped me and dragged me up, shouting to stop it, and saying, 'For God's sake get up, ma'am.'

I am very strong and tall and four times I got up and was kicked and beaten down again. Somehow I got to the dark stairs, the men dragging on to me (these sort of people can't get up stairs) and got up two flights. They had flash lamps. They went on to my room on another landing which they searched and wrecked. I got to another staircase, and through a window into the woods, and then across fields to one of the Sinn Féin magistrates who had known me for years. These people helped me. I was wet to the knees and part of my foot broken. When I got back, the beautiful old Georgian house was wrecked.

Since then we have had to keep, at our expense, a guard of farmers in the place; it costs quite £400 a year. The gang who attacked me are perfectly well known to all. Three of the men I had done every possible kindness to — nursed when ill, and so on. After the attack on me, they were all caught by the local people at once, with some of the things they had stolen from me. At

once the Provisional Government let them out. I went to Dublin and remonstrated. Later there was a trial, and a Sinn Fein Judge told every stealer of money and cattle that they 'had good honest faces and had spoken the truth.'

And so he let off all!

When he came to me and I recounted the attack on me, the rabble, the criminals, and the jury laughed aloud. I was told I 'deserved all I got' as I had brought in military and police and had got people put in prison in 1920. In 1920 a mob of four hundred attacked me to make me sign away my property. I had to give in, as they were going to burn my poor father alive and drown me unless I gave in. Amidst shouts of 'Beat her down, beat her down, drown her,' I gave in and signed.

When I explained this the Judge told me 'not to make a speech.' I was alone in the Court without a friend and as I walked out through the mob outside they jeered and shouted, 'Where are your Black and Tans now? Up the Republic!' I hope I looked the contempt I felt. I 'd have liked to say, 'If I had six men of *any* kind, you'd all be cringing.'

All my criminals, of course, the Judge let off without any punishment. That night they attacked me again and I ran out into the woods. My farmers' guard was too strong and fired and I was able to return. Later the same gang robbed the local Bank. They were caught by the farmers and again let out by the Provisional Government.

I can get no letters. One is surrounded by triumphant murderers. And yet I am indeed fortunate in comparison to those who served the British Government. They have endured and are enduring, if caught, such

horrors and such tortures as would disgrace any barbarians in the most terrible times.

How will it all end? End is a big word to which no man's eyes can strain, but even weak eyes can see that, before she is better, Ireland must be worse and far worse. In any community in which armed idleness preys systematically on peaceful industry, the evil must continually roll up; for it is always easier and pleasanter to do no work and rob than to work and be robbed. So the ranks of the robbers are continually finding recruits among their victims.

Where, under such conditions, can we look for the first beginnings of salvation? Can we look for any among a people who light-heartedly efface all the country's monuments of civilization because they are England's handiwork? This is elemental and, in coping with it, twentieth-century appeals beat the air. The Provisional Government would beyond doubt like to see order restored, for only so can they hope to tap the coffers of England. But the task is beyond them. They are themselves too deeply tainted with that which they are now up against. And they have not the courage. Their tribunals dare not punish. That, sooner or later, England will be implored to come across to set things straight again is tolerably certain and, such is her quixotic imbecility, she will probably do as she is asked. But the task will be neither grateful nor profitable.

FRANCE'S PROBLEMS IN NORTH AFRICA

BY H. E. WORTHAM

I

At a moment when the responsibilities of empire appear to be weighing on Great Britain as never before; when not only India and Egypt, but Palestine, Mesopotamia, and East Africa are, each, presenting anxious problems to tax the wisdom of English statesmanship, France seems to stand more than ever secure in the loyalty of her Mohammedan subjects in North Africa. The immunity of French North Africa from the currents of opinion that sweep through other portions of the Moslem world was usually taken for granted, even before the war. Eleven years ago we find Mr. Wilfred Scawen Blunt, an unfriendly observer with a strong Mohammedan and anti-European bias, regretfully agreeing with an English friend, who lived in Tunis and like himself was a sympathizer with the ideals of the conservative — one might call it reactionary — party in Islam, that fanaticism was dead in North Africa, because it was recognized that resistance to Christendom was useless.

It is instructive to note that, while so keen a supporter of extremist nationalism, which is the present-day form of fanaticism, appealing as it does to the same prejudices and appetites, saw no signs of any national movement, French officials were already predicting a 'catastrophe' in Algeria. The fact is that, although Algeria politically belongs to the Near East, its geographical situation has caused us to forget it. The special correspondent avoids Al-

geria as offering no scope for copy, and we are all only too pleased, in the perturbed state of the Mohammedan world, to think that no news is good news, and to adopt the theory that the native Algerians are loyal sons of France.

During the war, we heard a good deal of the way in which the Arabs and Berbers supported the Mother Country. In effect, the native population did not contribute in a proportion commensurate with the results that conscription, which had been imposed in 1912, should have produced. For, while the 620,000 European colonists sent 115,000 men, the four and a half million natives provided only 157,000. Still, this effort, coupled with the fact that, with the one exception of Ain Toulou in 1916, Algeria remained quiet, although the normal garrison had been enormously reduced,¹ reassured those Frenchmen who may have felt doubts about their dependency. Since the war, the popular complacency has been strengthened. For while in India, the Middle East, and Egypt, the anti-European movement has flared up with an unexpected intensity, a calm, to all appearance, has reigned in French North Africa, and the few echoes of the unrest in Tunis which have been bruited in the press have been attributed to 'infection' from Egypt, or from Italian Tripolitania.

¹ The present garrison in French North Africa is about 170,000, including French, Algerians, and 'auxiliaries.'

To lend emphasis to this optimistic view, the President of the French Republic has recently completed a tour through Morocco, Algeria, and Tunis, which has been stage-managed far more efficiently than was the progress of the Prince of Wales through India. Nothing has been allowed to detract from the impression it was meant to create in France and the world at large. The Sultan of Morocco, descendant of the Prophet, and the Caliph of Northwest Africa, spoke of the 'glorious Protectorate Government,' which defends the 'imprescriptible rights of the Sher-eefian throne'; and the local feudal chiefs — who, on the whole, are inclined to support the French régime so long as their own power over their followers is left untouched while that of the Sultan is kept in check — made their protestations of loyalty to the French President.

M. Millerand waited, however, till he reached Algeria before addressing himself definitely to Europe. Then, in a public speech, he spoke these significant words: 'What more striking tribute can be paid to the wisdom of the French people, to its calm, tranquil power, than the fact that, at a moment when the gravest problems are being discussed between the nations, the Chief of State can without anxiety leave the capital for five weeks, to carry to Morocco, Algeria, and Tunis words of hope, confidence, and gratitude from the Mother Country.'

We were supposed to draw the contrast between the wranglings of the Genoa Conference and the immutability of victorious France — a great imperial power, secure in the loyalty and affection of her subjects; and, doubtless, many people on both sides of the Atlantic did so. But it is possible that the French President did not so much believe in the picture himself as wish us to believe in it. Faith is a cardinal vir-

tue in politics, as well as in religion, and the rulers of France are very anxious to impress the world with the success of their rule in Northern Africa. M. Millerand's highly colored phrases certainly lose something of their power to convince, when we remember that, two or three days before this allocution was pronounced, a certain Antoine Fabre, editor of a local newspaper called the *Cri du Soir*, was expelled from Tunis on the ground of his Bolshevist connections. The Paris *Matin* took the opportunity of announcing this, to explain that an attempt was being made to restore the old Beylic régime, that is, to overthrow French rule, by an unnatural alliance between the Bey and the communistic Young Tunis Party, the Bey espousing their claims for a constitution and an elected national assembly, *plus* his own private programme for the suppression of the 'freedom of the press' — which, by the way, has lately been taken in hand by the French authorities.

II

It is vital for France that the resolute bid she is making for supremacy in the Islamic world should not be hampered by any inconvenient incidents in Tunis or Algeria. And, seeing that the foreign policy of France, in which the United States as well as Europe is interested, depends very largely on the success of this entente with Islam, it is of considerable importance that we should get the French position in Algeria, of which it is the corner stone, into true perspective. On the Gallic *Drang nach Osten* I need not enlarge. In that desperate year, 1916, France staked out her claims in the Middle East by the Sykes-Picot Agreement; later, we have seen the Franklin-Bouillon Treaty with the Turks; the attitude of the Quai d'Orsay toward British policy in Egypt, recently manifested in

an attempt to reopen that hoary question over the corpse of Tangier; the rumored overtures that the French have made to Ibn Saud, the powerful Sultan of Central Arabia; and even the objections that the Vatican has formulated about the Zionist programme in Palestine. We can see it, too, in more trifling, but not less significant, ways; in the Colonial Exhibition now being held at Marseilles; in the provision of a Mosque and Mohammedan Institute in Paris (there is none in London); and in the recent presidential journey, which was untroubled by *hartals*, or other untoward incidents.

This lure of the *esat* is no new thing for France. It is difficult perhaps for an American to realize the interaction of Europe and Asia, which has been the most potent political factor in the history of Europe during the past thirty centuries; but we cannot, without doing wrong to the historical sense, level imperialist accusations at France to-day for doing what she and all other European nations have always done in the days of their greatness and power. The exception is sixteenth-century Spain; and then Columbus discovered America in looking for the Indies.

But, though France is simply following the policy of Saint Louis and Louis XIV, of Napoleon and his nephew, — the third Emperor, — there are special reasons which make this policy more vital for her now than in the past. It is no longer merely a question of trade, or of sentiment. To France to-day the supreme problem, of which reparations is only one facet, is how to maintain its position as the great military power of the European Continent, with a population inadequate in numbers to shoulder the burden. The solution has been sought overseas. France's colored subjects have been brought in, to redress the balance of a diminishing birth-rate

in the Mother Country. Thus, the employment of black troops on the Rhine has been no mere piece of official tactlessness, but has been designed to encourage Frenchmen to take comfort from their imperial resources, and to demonstrate to Germany that France has at her back great reserves of manpower in Africa.

This conception is not the fruit of the war; it goes back to the years of strain preceding the catastrophe. The introduction of conscription into Algeria, in 1912, was fraught with consequences which are now only beginning to emerge. But the acceptance of this idea, with all the moral and material support it implies, makes the success of French rule in Algeria, and throughout North Africa, vital to the national position of France. Egypt, or rather the Suez Canal, may or may not be a necessary link in the chain of the British Empire; Algeria is the foundation-stone of the imposing imperial structure which the French began to erect in 1830.

That is why any student of foreign politics may say with Bassanio, 'so may the outward shows be least themselves,' and attach a deeper significance to the presidential visit than that popularly given. For in spite of the 'calm, tranquil power' of the French people, there is very real anxiety among the governing clique in Paris regarding the situation in Tunisia and Algeria. If we may believe General Gouraud, the costly and not very successful efforts that France is making to enforce a 'friendly tutelage' over Syria are connected with this same preoccupation. That is, at least, the legitimate inference from the French High Commissioner's words to a French journalist: 'If the balance is once reestablished [that is, the Mandate effectually enforced] in this vital spot, there will be peace, not merely in the East, but in the whole of

French Northern Africa.' One may disagree with these conclusions, but they are an interesting illustration, both of the motives that underlie French policy in the East to-day, and of the apprehension among responsible Frenchmen concerning the situation in North Africa.

III

To understand the reason for this, we must first realize the differences between the three dependencies, which together are about two and a half times as big as France, or one sixth the area of the United States—Tunis, the smallest, being rather larger than New York, whereas Algeria and Morocco are each, individually, larger than France. The first step was taken in 1830, when a French naval and military expedition attacked Algiers, and overthrew the government of the Dey Hussein, the last of a line of tyrants as bloodthirsty as any recorded in history. France found little difficulty in cleaning out this nest of pirates, a thorn in the side of Christendom for centuries, and deserved well of Europe for so doing. But it was not true of the conquest of Algeria that 'it is only the first step that costs.' On the contrary, the subjugation of that country—what Chateaubriand called 'the most spotless of conquests'—was to prove a long and costly business, made longer by the indecision of the French Government. For, when the Dey had been deposed, and the Turks, who filled such offices as existed in his rotten government, had been packed on shipboard and sent off to Asia Minor, with two months' pay as indemnity, Paris seems to have thought that it was sufficient to establish a French administration in Algiers. It was not till Bugeaud pointed out that definite peace for Algeria lay in the Sahara, that the French conception of the country as a French region, a pro-

longation, on the southern side of the Mediterranean, of the sacred soil of the Motherland, took shape; and only after the serious native rebellion of 1871 was direct administration introduced.

Twenty years later, there was another swing of the pendulum, when M. Jules Cambon, the most distinguished Frenchman who has been connected with Algeria, tried, as Governor-General, to oppose the policy of assimilation, of treating Algeria as if it were indistinguishable from France, by developing the local liberties of the North African dependency. But this only partially succeeded. Algeria to-day remains under the French Ministry of the Interior; it is divided into departments, and sends senators and deputies to the French Parliament. It has its own budget, however, and the local prefects (governors of departments) are answerable to the Governor-General, and not directly to Paris. Most Frenchmen who have written about Algeria agree in complaining of the cast-iron French mould into which the local administration has been forced, and deplore the absence of that spirit of elasticity which is supposed to characterize English colonial administration.

While Algeria is thus part of France, Tunis and Morocco are protectorates, with their own native rulers and officials, side by side with those of the protecting power. In Tunis, under the Convention of 1881 with the then ruling Bey, which set up the Protectorate, power centres in the hands of the French Resident-General, who is also Minister of Foreign Affairs, and to whose advice the Bey is forced to submit. Of the other ten ministers, eight are French and two Tunisian. The provincial governors also are all French, and the native element is found in considerable numbers only in the lower ranks of the official hierarchy. There is no elective assembly. A protectorate

of this kind is practically indistinguishable from annexation, and the French hold over Tunis is weaker than that over Algeria only because of the more formidable organization of native opinion which former independence makes possible.

It is worth while noting that the English never attempted in Egypt to exercise anything approaching this control of the administration. Egyptians always filled the ministerial portfolios and the positions of provincial governors; and since the recognition of Egyptian independence, even English supervision through advisers has ceased for all purely Egyptian affairs. To this example, — which does not at present show any very hopeful auguries of success, — following on President Wilson's asseveration of the right of peoples to dispose of themselves, the French attribute the 'infection' which has indubitably attacked the body politic in the Regency, as Tunis is technically called, and is spreading to Algeria.

There is, finally, Morocco, the last and, in some respects, the most satisfactory of the French conquests in North Africa. It is slightly superior to Algeria in size, has a better climate, and more potential wealth. Its pacification, which it is confidently anticipated will be entirely completed next year, will have been accomplished in a quarter of the time, and at one seventh of the cost, of that of Algeria. Thanks to the genius of General Lyautey, the counterpart in the military sphere of M. Jules Cambon in the civil, France has established her ascendancy with a minimum of effort, and the Protectorate, formally established in 1912, works with far less friction than in Tunis; the reason for this being that the French have wisely respected the feudal powers of the great chiefs, and also have left more initiative to the central government. As in Tunis, there is a French

Resident-General, who has the last word in every important matter; but the Vizier (Prime Minister) is a Moor, and there are Moorish ministers of Finance and Justice, with French advisers on the Anglo-Egyptian model. Unlike Tunis and Algeria, Morocco contains no educated effendi class, which is the backbone of the nationalist movement in all Islamic countries. Until fifteen years ago, it was still an oriental despotism, tempered only by the particularism of the tribal chieftains. Under French administration it has prospered exceedingly. Imports in ten years have risen from 10,000,000 to 813,000,000 francs, and French trade has gained a more than proportional benefit. It is not surprising that General Lyautey, with this achievement to his credit in the Caliphate of the West, carries weight in Paris when he recommends the policy of an entente with the Caliphate of the East — in other words, with Turkey.

When we come to look into the matter more closely, however, we find that it is just in this policy of establishing an entente with Islam, or, to put it more precisely, of reaching a *modus vivendi* between European and Mohammedan, that France has hitherto failed in Algeria and Tunis. That charming writer, Gaston Boissier, contrasting the success of Rome in turning the natives of North Africa into loyal subjects of the Empire with the comparative failure of France's efforts in a similar direction, says: 'May not the obstacle lie in religion? That is the most potent cause of division; it is what makes the nations our mortal enemies to-day. They are no more a nation than they formerly were, but they follow a religion that commands them to detest us. It is that which sets a deep gulf between them and ourselves; which brings them together, despite their natural taste for living by themselves; which makes

them suspicious of the benefits we confer on them; which leads them to listen to all those who try to incite them to rise against us. The war they have been carrying on against us for fifty years is no longer a national, but a religious, war.'

Boissier perhaps overestimated the power of imperial Rome to assimilate the peoples of North Africa. The 'inflexible zeal of freedom and fanaticism,' which, in Gibbon's sonorous phrase, animated the Donatists and cut them off from the Empire, shows that the anti-European spirit was alive, even in what Mohammedans term the days of the Ignorance. One may well believe that Islam, imposed on this stubborn national character, has made it impermeable to French culture and civilization. 'Xenophobia,' says a French writer to-day, 'is still the basis of the native soul'; and every effort of France dashes itself in vain against the impenetrable barrier of the Koran.

IV

Had the French possessed the swarming power of the Anglo-Saxons, the Teutons, or the Italians, the situation in Algeria to-day might possibly have been different, for the coastal region is fertile and not unsuited to European settlers, at any rate, from the Mediterranean peoples. But the French have not settled in Algeria in such numbers as to make it 'white'; and even the French who are there are described by M. Raymond Aynard, who knows what he is talking about, as 'Spaniards, Neapolitans, Jews, who can hardly stutter a word or two in our tongue.' These, to come to figures, amount to 620,000, out of a total of over five millions. Thus the real French colonist is in a minority of a minority.

To make the position worse, the natives are increasing far more rapidly

than the Europeans, the one adding but 6000 to their numbers annually, the others 60,000. Hitherto, this numerical inferiority has been counterbalanced by the privileged position held by the Europeans. But the law of 1919, the charter of native rights, has, to a great extent, swept this away, with the result that the colonists have become disheartened, if not actually alarmed, as to their physical security. They say that their social and economic situation has been made intolerable; that they have been sacrificed by the politicians of Paris to the imaginary grievances of the Berbers; and there has been a not inconsiderable movement among the Europeans to dispose of their farms to the natives, who are always 'land-hungry,' and to migrate to the towns. Their discontent was shown in a recent European election at Algiers, where, though 14,000 voters declared for the candidate of the Republican Left, no less than 8000 supported a declared Bolshevik or, rather, Communist. This unrest among the Europeans is a factor which has to be reckoned with. It is particularly prevalent in Constantine and Kabylia; and in Oran, where the Spanish element (with its traditional anti-Arab feeling) is numerous, the tension between European and native is even stronger than elsewhere.

There may be some reason for the bitterness of the colonists at the way their interests have been sacrificed; but the real fault is their own. Had they increased and multiplied, had the French and neo-French shown the fecundity of the American settlers in the eighteenth century, the problem of Algeria would have presented itself in very different guise to the French Government. There would then have been no necessity to venture on the dangerous path of trying to win over the natives by conciliation and concessions.

Yet the first step in the new direction

was, in appearance, neither. This was the institution of native conscription in 1912. The native party-leaders, with an acuter sense of its possibilities than the French War Office, welcomed the measure as strengthening their hands, and they exploited it to the full during the war. It was natural to argue that, if the natives of Algeria were good enough to fight for France, they were good enough to vote for her; if they were called on to make the same military sacrifices as French citizens, then they should, at least, be treated with fairness and sympathy. The result of this campaign, which was vigorously conducted by the Young Algerian Party, in Paris as well as in Algeria, and was supported by the Extreme Left in the French Chamber, — whose alliance with the more subversive forms of nationalism in North Africa, particularly in Tunis, is curiously paralleled by the similar incursions of English Labor Members into Egyptian politics, — was the law of 1919.

Passed in a hurry, in the first flush of victory, it seems to have aroused little opposition in France, where it was generally regarded as a grateful geste, in return for the military assistance afforded by the Algerians during the war. French colonists in Algeria, already in alarm at the changed demeanor of the native, became thoroughly frightened when they realized the attitude of the people of France, their fellow citizens. This was shown in a report to the Senate in 1918, where the problem was enunciated as being one of stimulating the initiative of the natives — in its sentimental liberalism almost as naïve a statement as the celebrated phrase used by Mr. E. S. Montagu, the English ex-Secretary of State for India, as to the need of arousing the Indian from his pathetic contentment. In vain the French colonists protested through their Senators and Deputies. The

French Parliament was determined, in the words of one opponent of the measure, to make of their subjects, 'if not citizens, at least electors, at the risk of driving the country into paralysis or convulsions.' The bill, therefore, duly became law, and 140,000 French electors found themselves faced by 421,000 natives also possessing the franchise.

This 'Law concerning the Admission of the Natives of Algeria to Political Rights' has two chapters. The first deals with naturalization, which is made somewhat easier to effect. It should be explained that, though every native of Algeria is French, he is not a French citizen. He may become one if he likes, and he will then enjoy the rights which attach to this status; but, in order to do so, he must give up his privilege of being regulated in questions of marriage, divorce, and inheritance by the Koranic law. In other words, he must cut himself off from his fellow Mohammedans, in whose eyes, by doing so, he will appear a renegade. It is not surprising that, in the past half-century, there have not been above 1000 naturalizations; nor is the process likely to become any more popular in the future. The native leaders are laying stress on the study of the Koran and the need of better teaching of Arabic in the schools. This, we may take it, is a mere party cry, as sincere as such things usually are, and designed merely to flatter Moslem sentiment. For the Berbers of North Africa speak a dialect further removed from the classical language than that spoken in Egypt, where the same reasons have prompted the allocation of many hours a week to the study of the Koran and the Arabic of the classics. Neither in Algeria, nor in Egypt, are the demagogues really anxious to raise the people from the illiteracy which is the general rule in both countries.

On the other hand, the French, with their splendid pride in their own lucid

tongue, look with disfavor on the extension of the teaching of Arabic. It has yet to be demonstrated that any Islamic people can benefit from education, as we understand it nowadays. Those Frenchmen who know Algeria best question the wisdom of the present educational scheme in Algeria, by which, in course of a rather long time, the whole juvenile population will be brought within the orbit of the elementary school; and they are probably right in insisting that the need of the Algerians, who are sunk in abject poverty, is for technical and agricultural, rather than literary, instruction.

It is this illiterate population that the law of 1919 has enfranchised. For, by the second chapter, Mohammedans who are not French citizens are granted the privilege of electing native members, with the same rights as the French members, to all the deliberative assemblies in Algeria; to the financial delegations; to the superior council, which discusses and, with the last-named, votes the budget; to the general councils, the municipal councils and commissions; and, lastly, to the village councils, the *djemaas*, which form the smallest unit of the administration.

Here, then, almost at a single bound, the natives of Algeria, if they have not been placed on the same footing as the Europeans who return members to the French Parliament, have, in their own country, broken down the position of privilege which the colonists once held. In every assembly natives sit side by side with the Europeans; they have the same rights of deliberating on municipal and provincial affairs, the same opportunities to influence the central government, and to air their grievances. It is true that these concessions, generous as they are, leave the question of representation in the French Parliament where it was; and, so long as the four and a half million natives are un-

represented there, their leaders will claim that they are little better than helots. This, at any rate, is the ostensible reason why they profess to be dissatisfied with the law of 1919. It is significant that, on M. Millerand's recent tour, a certain Mir Khaled, an ex-Captain of Spahis (native Algerian troops) and an officer of the Legion of Honor, pointed out that they now wanted representation in the French Chamber; and that the President, in a conciliatory speech, urged the natives to be patient, to consolidate the gains they had already won, and to show their ability to make use of their new privileges.

So far they have done none of these things. Those, on the contrary, who profess to speak for the inarticulate masses, express their dissatisfaction in no uncertain voice, and the French, as the result of their concessions, are more mistrusted than they were before. A not un instructive analogy can be drawn with Egypt, where English prestige is at a lower point to-day than ever before. When the Young Algerian Party spoke for the Algerian natives, the movement was never an extremist one, the Young Algerian leaders being too deeply impregnated with French culture ever to be fundamentally anti-French. But it is just this European sympathy which caused them to lose influence with the new party, which takes its inspiration from the Koran and its programme from the Socialists, of which the realization would mean the end of French rule in North Africa. At the head of the new party's demands is that for the naturalization of the natives in their religious status, which no French government could grant; for, apart from political considerations, it would create a class of French citizens who, in the vital questions of marriage and divorce, would be outside the French codes. If this were obtained — and there is a

speciousness about it that appeals to the African mind — the other planks in the platform — the suppression of the disciplinary powers of the French administrators, the application of the common law to all, the equality of French and native officials — would follow almost as a matter of course. The representatives of this party were successful at the polls; and thus, for the first time, the French find themselves opposed, not merely by the blind forces of fanaticism, or Xenophobia, or whatever label we choose to attach to the frame of mind which shows itself in a disinclination to accept the rule of a foreign race, but by a political party definitely nationalist in color, and with as definite an anti-French bias.

V

But though the natives are dissatisfied with their concessions, as being insufficient, they have not proved their ability to put them to any useful purpose. In the village councils, or djemaas, where the results are more immediately perceptible, the elective principle has proved a failure. Previously these djemaas, which play an important rôle in the economic life of the country, since they regulate the questions that arise over the three million hectares of common land throughout Algeria, consisted of native caids and sheiks, nominated by and responsible to, the central administration. Now that the presidents and members are elected, the way has been opened to jobbery and corruption so flagrant that, in many cases, natives returning from the war have found their rights in the common lands usurped by interlopers who were friends or relatives of the members of these djemaas! The abuse has grown to such an extent that the Government has already been obliged to re-create the old official djemaas.

Nor is there much hope that the vote, which all Orientals regard with contempt as a Western idea and useful only if it shows some prospect of immediate material gain, will be any more successful in the larger spheres. It looks as if the elected native members, instead of taking M. Millerand's advice, will form a sort of permanent native opposition.

The Algerians, though they understand, as little as other Orientals, the real nature of representative government, have, from all accounts, proved apt manipulators of the ballot box and experts in the arts of demagoguery. There is something in the programme of the new native party to appeal to all appetites and prejudices. The native capitalist hopes to gain from the relaxation of French rule, just as the Egyptian pasha hopes to profit from the removal of British control in the administration; those who look to an official career eagerly support the demand for the complete assimilation of French and native officials; the agriculturists favor the application of the same law to all, natives and Europeans alike; and the town mobs take up the cry that the disciplinary powers of the French administrators shall be swept away. And not only the disorderly elements in the towns: one of the results of the law of 1919, which allowed all natives to buy arms without any formalities, has been to create a condition bordering on anarchy in many of the country districts in Algeria. In Oran, it was calculated that nine tenths of the crimes committed went unpunished; everywhere the Pax Gallica, established as the result of ninety years of effort, was endangered. An amendment has now been passed, withdrawing this freedom in the purchase of arms from the native. But it is easier in politics to give than to take back, and the products of St.-Étienne are still having a good sale among the Berbers.

These are some elements of the situation in Algeria to-day. On the one hand, the European colonists, French and neo-French, hostile to the policy imposed from Paris and disheartened at the deterioration of their political and economic situation: on the other hand, the natives, outnumbering the Europeans by nearly eight to one and following their leaders, who are determined to break down every barrier which has hitherto hedged them in. And to hold the balance there are the French officials, not specially recruited for dealing with an Oriental population, as in the Indian Civil Service, but too often transferred at the whim of the Ministry of Interior from posts in France. So far the French Government has tried political concession. Further along that line it cannot well go; as we have seen, it has already had to draw back in certain respects. How, then, is the unrest to be allayed? Frenchmen who have had experience in Algeria believe that, with a control over the native press, — at present the restrictions over the press in Algeria are the same as those in France, — with a reform of the Civil Service, and with a development of the essential public services, such as the survey, irrigation,² and the like, a good deal can be done to counter the present movement, which, the French assert, when they admit its existence at all, owes much to Bolshevik and German propaganda. Certainly the theory of 'infection,' in that it attributes the present instability to outside causes, is soothing to the national pride. But it is difficult to say how far it is the case. When we are told of anti-French intrigues in North Africa, we cannot forget that the French have always proved particularly suspicious of foreign interference, and seen it where it has never existed;

² A loan of 1,600,000,000 francs for Algeria has recently been sanctioned.

as, for instance, in their treatment of the American Evangelical Mission in Kabylia, or the recent visit of Mr. Crane to Syria, which was made responsible for the outbreak which had been brewing in that country for many months.

In Tunis the connections that exist among the upper classes with Cairo and Stamboul have played a part in developing the present form of extreme nationalism, which sets the natives in sullen hostility to the French, and puts the Bey in sympathy with the Young Tunis party, whose cry is Tunis for the Tunisians. A good idea of the conditions that prevailed there shortly before the war may be obtained from Mr. Norman Douglas's book, *Fountains in the Sand*. He shows the conditions that prevail in Tunis, and the weakness as well as the strength of French administration in the Regency. The Algerians do not, at present, go so far as their neighbors to the eastward. Their demand is for assimilation, which no French Government could ever grant, given the fundamental fact that France does not, and cannot, trust the loyalty of the natives in Algeria.

I have tried not to overcloud the picture. I have not mentioned the sporadic examples of a sort of communistic pan-Islamism which have cropped up in the past few years; of Berber school-boys advocating Bolshevism; of the dockers at Oran going on strike as a protest against French policy toward Russia; of the sabotage of the railwaymen at Constantine; and of the fact that the 'North African Proletariat' sent its representative to the Tours Congress, and signified its adhesion to the Third International. But I have said enough to show that M. Millerand's recent words about the 'calm, tranquil power' of France in North Africa require a good deal of modification before they can be taken as a factor affecting the political situation of the world to-day.

THE FRENCH POINT OF VIEW

BY ANDRÉ ROSTAND

I

THE present state of the great mass of French opinion could not be better explained than it has been by M. Poincaré on various occasions recently, and notably in his speech to the Senate, on the 29th of June; a speech listened to approvingly, and the conclusions of which were sanctioned by a resolution voted unanimously by the Upper House.

The questions of the Interallied debts and of German reparations can scarcely be separated from each other, for France. Theoretically, it is true, they are distinct and of a different kind: the first result from engagements more or less freely contracted between allies, or associates, in the course of a war conducted in common; the second, from conditions imposed upon a conquered enemy. An objection might be raised as regards the debts of France to England (about 14,000,500,000 francs in gold). These should perhaps be considered as a single account, comprising the common sacrifice entered upon freely by both countries. They came into the struggle at the same date, and one of them expended in human matériel much more than the other. Would it not, therefore, be just to consider as a whole the losses in human lives, in matériel, and in cash, suffered by the two nations, and to emphasize the fact that the mighty effort put forth by the British Empire could not have been made except for the occupation of the frontier by the French army; while

at the same time the French army found its needs of every kind satisfied through British financial and naval support? If the balance sheet of the war is thus made up, it may rightly be asked which of the two Allies owes more to the other.

II

As to the United States, to whom the French owe about 16,000,250,000 francs in gold, the situation is different. In this case a power enters into war freely, at her own time. The sums which she advanced to her associates have, as a matter of fact, served to pay for the supplies, in matériel and equipment, bought from her. American industry largely profited and these sums, in consequence, did not go out of the United States. However, the reasoning does not apply, in this case, as closely as with England. To be sure, France has made to other states (Russia, Belgium, Italy) certain advances, less in importance, — about 6,000,000,000 francs in gold, — but still, not negligible. Nevertheless, she has up to now made no claim for repayment. Finally, loans and advances in time of war were agreed to at a time when the unsteadiness of exchange was scarcely noticeable. It seems as if it would be just to maintain for the loans this real value, as it was when they were subscribed, and not to apply to them the actual current rate, which has been completely warped by

an economic situation, the direct consequences of the war let loose by the central empires. Although there are these reservations, France has no intention of repudiating her debts, if payment is demanded. M. Poincaré has affirmed that anew; and in addition there is the assurance that no *French* government will fail in its engagements. Only the means must be given to fulfill them.

First of all, it is necessary to emphasize certain figures which establish the weight of France's financial burden. The amount necessary for the restoration of the devastated regions is estimated at 130,000,000,000 francs. We must add to this, service pensions for the wounded, the widows, and the orphans of war; all charges which ought to fall upon Germany, but which, following successive reductions, have fallen back — for more than half the amount — upon the victorious country. France has already advanced in this way 90,000,000,000 francs.

One factor which is not negligible is the lessened amount of the tax collections. It is physically impossible for our ten devastated departments, the richest ones in the country, to discharge their whole obligation. Besides, the twenty billions, or thereabouts, of French capital invested in Russia and not productive of interest for several years, causes a diminution of private fortunes which is not without reflection upon the tax yield. Despite this, the financial effort which has been made for two years is considerable. The old taxes and the new have reached a maximum that it no longer seems possible to surpass. Loans have succeeded one another and the care of this internal debt absorbs a large part of the national budget. Why is this? Chiefly because France has the desire and the imperious need to reconstruct the devastated regions; she exhausts herself in this work, the burden of which, as I have mentioned above,

ought to fall back upon Germany. Now the interest of 90,000,000,000 francs, thus advanced by France represents almost exactly the 4,000,000,000 deficit foreseen in the 1923 budget.

So long as reparations in money and kind are not made good by Germany, the financial restoration of France remains impossible. And the objection should not be made that the military expenses are exaggerated. These have increased in proportion to those of 1913, 90 per cent only, although those of the United States have increased 174 per cent, those of England 181 per cent, those of Spain 275 per cent, those of Japan 290 per cent, those of Italy 390 per cent. Although the military expenses of France are 1,823,000,000 francs in gold, those of Japan are 1,900,000,000; those of Great Britain 4,300,000,000; those of the United States 6,100,000,000. One is found, therefore, facing this paradoxical situation: extreme exigencies on the part of the allies and associates and the impossibility of making the conquered pay. In order to facilitate settlement, at Genoa they went as far as to demand of France that she abandon one part of her claim against Russia.

The two questions, therefore, are closely connected, and only a general liquidation will allow an escape from chaos. In the praiseworthy intention of giving to Europe a certain economic stability, the Allies are forced to come to the aid of the country which is most impoverished, Russia, and to lighten the burden imposed upon Germany. The order adopted causes astonishment, and it is asked, why begin with Russia — that is to say, with the least civilized country in Europe, who, by her own faults and her own crimes, had brought upon herself a frightful situation; who repudiated the principles recognized till now as most sacred; and who finally showed herself incapable

of drawing upon her immense resources. We agree that the Russian nation inspires pity, that it ought to be recognized by charity; but we cannot go further, and can only approve the position taken by the government at Washington toward Moscow. Serious and sincere discussion is impossible with the representatives of the Soviets; the first sessions of the Hague Conference confirm on this point the experience of Genoa, just as it was foreseen and predicted in the French press.

After Russia comes Germany, where the factories are intact, but where the government follows with success a financial policy based upon the progressive debasement of its currency. Here is a country which England represents as a future client, although she will be for her the most redoubtable of competitors — a country, finally, whose political equilibrium is every instant at stake.

III

Would it not be more just at this time, and more in conformity with good sense, to begin with the most civilized nations, and with those that the devastations of war have affected most profoundly? The work of European restoration is a long job. It ought to make a vigorous start and then advance steadily. Logic demands that the work be distributed in the region of Western Europe which was in former times the most prosperous and most fertile in intelligent initiative, and which has been systematically ravaged and depopulated: the North and the East of France. Not only would this rehabilitation make reparation for one of the most unjustifiable attacks that has ever been made against the right of

nations (a voluntary and calculated destruction of industrial organizations, ironworks, farms, and mines), but also it would permit production to get on its feet again. Finally, applied at the most seriously injured point, it would have its effect in the country most opposed to ideas of disorder and anarchy. General equilibrium can be gained only when France — where revolutionary propaganda is marking time — is again strengthened and stabilized.

Since it is considered indispensable to restore to Germany her economic powers, in order that she may meet her obligations to the Allies, how can a similar treatment be refused to France, who also is obliged to acquit herself of a heavy debt?

If then the desire is sincere that Europe regain little by little her healthy life, it is indispensable that France be permitted to recover her breath as soon as possible. For this she requires that the stipulations of the Treaty of Versailles do not remain a dead letter, and that Interallied solidarity continue to function in peace as it did in war. This solidarity, far from being secured by the successive conferences, has on the contrary been brought in question by them. Behind official programmes, there is, above all, the eager search for oil concessions. Further, the practical utility of those conferences is very questionable, with the United States not participating. Her position seems to us perfectly justified, but we cannot imitate it, for France must be at all places where European affairs are discussed.

We must seek a close liaison with our allies and war associates, and we must above all bring them to the knowledge that debts and reparations are indissolubly bound together.

A NEW SOUTH—THE TEXTILE DEVELOPMENT

BY E. T. H. SHAFFER

I

FROM the time when the terms North and South were first used to designate two phases of civilization, the two divisions of culture into which American development branched, the peculiar genius of the North has been accepted as being fundamentally commercial, that of the South, agricultural. In the first is found a people with a taste, in the early days, for barter and for trade, progressing to the higher realms of commerce and of manufacturing. In the latter is found a people following agriculture on a scale of constantly increasing magnitude, until at length slavery becomes commercially profitable to the ruling classes and, therefore, acceptable to the public conscience.

In the North, owing to the growth of large commercial enterprises and involved manufacturing processes, the people soon became interdependent, and the rights of the individual became in a certain degree subordinate to the common good. In the South, the vaster the scale of agricultural development, the larger became the personal unit of enterprise, the wider the sphere of individual authority; and thus was created a distinct type — individualistic, aristocratic, ill-fitted for that coöperation necessary in the conduct of large manufacturing enterprises, requiring obedience to authority and management.

Probably the most typical example of what one might term the Northern type is New England. Here the activi-

ties of the very first settlers were, as is the case in all newly settled regions, directed toward farming. However, because of the short growing season and the harsh nature of much of the soil, agriculture did not long engage the deepest interest, but it was found more profitable to enter into fishing, commerce, and manufacturing; the products of the soil were more profitably obtained from other sections more favored as to soil and climate.

An equally good example of the Southern type of culture is found in the Carolinas. Here, as throughout the colonial South, the extensive coastal plains, and the frequent river valleys extending far inland, were early occupied by Englishmen who promptly began the cultivation of the soil. Here they did not stop content with the mere production of sufficient food for their own necessities, turning, when that point was attained, to seek other avenues of wealth-producing activity; but they sought, diligently and successfully, crops which could be sold to other sections and distant lands, and so become the basis of prosperity and civilization.

In Virginia and North Carolina tobacco became the wealth-producing crop; in Georgia and South Carolina indigo and rice were shipped across the seas, in exchange for England's gold and goods. The wealth of the great planters attracted settlers of agricultural inclination from far and wide.

Agriculture became the honored pursuit, the gentleman's vocation. For the gentleman's son there were offered only the law, the church, and the plantation. The youth from Charleston or Savannah, who may have had a taste for commercial or mechanical life, frequently moved to more congenial sections, feeling that there was no field at home for the exercise of such talents.

Likewise the New England youth, feeling the call of the soil, began the long trek which carried him to an empire of fertile prairie lands, and ended only when he saw the sun set beyond the Golden Gate. Thus, by a process of elimination, were the tendencies of the two sections accentuated.

With the introduction of cotton into America, the two industries based upon cotton — the growing of the plant and the manufacture of the fibre into cloth — divided naturally, as the conditions which I have mentioned had previously shaped the tastes of the people. For climatic reasons cotton-growing was necessarily confined to the South, but it was eagerly seized upon as being ideally in harmony with the inclination of the people. As I have shown in a previous article, it was a crop, above all others, which could be produced by the lowest type of labor and with a minimum of expert supervision. So nothing could have better suited an aristocratic, leisure-loving civilization, with countless slaves to shoulder the rough burdens. The invention of the cotton gin by Whitney, in 1792, gave enormous impetus to cotton-growing in the South, yet it seems to have created almost no ambition on the part of the Southern people to become the manufacturers of their own product. Here, however, was an activity which suited the New Englander; and the men of affairs who had amassed fortunes upon the sea found profitable investment for their capital in the building of cotton-

mills. The falls and rapids of the short rivers furnished ample power; the large families from the hillside farms found easy, profitable employment in the mills, and a welcome shelter from a bitter rural struggle through long bleak winters.

So the South, land of men who gloried in the cultivation of the soil as the noblest calling, land of patient, toiling slaves, of fertile fields, sluggish streams, and mild climate, produced the cotton. New England, land of commerce, industry, keen bracing air, rapid streams, and prolific, hardy, native stock from the hills, made the cotton into cloth; and from her convenient ports her ships carried the finished product to the far corners of the earth. On account of lack of land-transport, such an industry could have existed then only in close proximity to seaports. As early as 1793, a cotton-mill was in operation in Rhode Island; by 1811, one hundred and two mills were in operation in the several New England states, with a total of more than 80,000 spindles.

In the light of recent events, it is interesting to review in some detail the growth of the industry in America. At the close of the Civil War, New England had 6,500,000 spindles, while in all the Southern States at that time there were only 200,000. By 1875, New England had increased to 10,000,000 spindles, while the South had not quite half a million. It was said to be unprofitable and impractical to bring the mills to the cotton country, where it would have seemed the logical thing to locate them. About 1890, the Southern textile industry began to indicate by a sudden growth that some hitherto overlooked factor had entered in. In the year 1900, the New England spindles numbered 15,000,000, while the South had reached the noticeable figure of 4,500,000. But soon after this we meet an amazing statement: figures

which seem to belie our entire reasoning up to this point. For at the present time, 1922, we find New England with 20,000,000 spindles and the Southern States with 15,000,000; and in the month of May of this year, 65 per cent of all the cotton manufactured in the United States was spun in the South. Financial interests having the welfare of New England's textiles at heart have begun to take marked notice, and from many sides reasons are being advanced to explain the Aladdin growth of the textile industry in a land where, for a century, it seemed unable to strike root. There must also be some factor at work which has caused the relative slowing-up in the growth of this industry in that section which has always seemed the best suited of all to its highest development.

A high official of one of the national textile associations, in a recent address, dwells at some length upon the present situation of the industry in the two sections of the country, and mentions a number of factors which may have brought about the recent changes in relative volume. For the checked growth of the industry in the North, he assigns as the chief cause the New England state legislatures, many of whose acts he deems hostile to her manufacturing interests. In his opinion, the time has arrived when the local law-makers must decide whether they desire their section of the country to retain its industries, or to become a mere summer resort. State laws restricting working hours, high taxes, and similar handicaps may, of course, serve to curtail for the time being the profits of the New England mills; but these things cannot possibly furnish a satisfactory explanation of the almost over-night growth of a mighty industry, in a section whose people have always been considered as being unsuited by tradition, environment, and temperament

for skilled technical enterprise on a large scale.

Were this textile growth diffused throughout the entire South, or were it confined to a given area, but one with nothing to differentiate it from the South in general, then it would seem necessary to change the entire popular conception of Southern culture, as our deductions up to this point would not be justified by the event.

However, even a casual survey will disclose the fact that, while not confined to any one state, the successful textile plants of the South are, almost without exception, located in a clearly defined area, comprising portions of several states, yet at the same time comprising a section of country similar in all its extent, and standing out in marked contrast to all other portions of the South, and to all popular conceptions of the Southern land and people. I refer to the Piedmont Plateau, which begins in Virginia, crosses both Carolinas, and ends in the hills of northwest Georgia. This is the home of the textile industry, and this region differs so strikingly from its surroundings as to seem an island of alien culture. Therefore, fully to understand the development which is taking place there, it is important to note the character of the country, the history of its settlement, and the causes of those differences which set it off as a land apart.

It is a continuation of that hill country which skirts the whole eastern base of the Alleghanies, from Pennsylvania through Maryland and Virginia. From 1740 until the beginning of the Revolution, there flowed southward along this high tableland a constant stream of Scotch-Irish and German settlers from Pennsylvania. The coastal plains were already preëmpted by the English planters, who had the lands divided into vast estates, where they established their slave baronies. They

clung to the coast and to the lands near navigable streams, where the cultivation of the great money crops was profitable, and where the waterways furnished easy communication with the culture and life of the Mother Country.

The hill lands they deemed worthless, and so left them open for the influx of a hardy yeoman stock from the northward. Into this open gap flowed the vigorous, liberty-loving stock which had settled the Northeast and which later was to set toward the West. About twenty years after this movement began, many shiploads of Scotch, Irish, and Palatines landed at the Georgia and Carolina ports. Finding the coast lands already taken up by the planters, under whose system there was no dignified place for the small landowner or the white laborer, these settlers pushed on through to the hill lands, and there found already established their own people, who had come by way of Pennsylvania. They mingled with them, and so the Piedmont Plateau was settled. Its people had nothing in common with the Bourbon culture of the low countries.

During the Civil War and the period just before that conflict, the civilization of the Piedmont was merged and joined with the remainder of the South in the face of a common enemy. As soon as the crisis was past, the fundamental differences of the two peoples became at once evident. The coastal South, whose prosperity and wealth were founded on slavery and on class, lay prostrate for decades. The Piedmont, under the new order of things, came into its own and advanced rapidly toward healthy and well-rounded development. As soon as the first shock of the great war was past, and when means of transportation had been established, its people turned naturally to that industrial progress for which they were in all respects well fitted.

Even the religions of the two sections of the South marked a difference of origin. The Church of England was supreme on the coast, while the men of the hill-country were Presbyterians, Lutherans, and Moravians. As a proof of the extent of the movement which I have mentioned, it is a fact of church history that nearly all the early Presbyterian churches in the upper Carolinas were supplied with pastors from Pennsylvania and New Jersey. The country became a land of small farmers—industrious pioneers, who cleared up the hardwood forests, tilled the soil with their own hands, lived simple, frugal lives, and on Sundays gathered at their little log meeting-houses. Here, for a long while, slavery was almost unknown; and it never gained sufficient volume to leave its effects upon the people.

Naturally, two such distinct types of culture could not long exist in such close proximity without some strife and some modification. As early as the year 1800, considerable friction developed between the Pennsylvania pastors and the slave-owners of the lower districts. As the country filled up, and communication became easier and frequent, the manners and customs of the coast did to some extent penetrate into the up-country, and change the life there, especially in the larger towns. Ohio and the Near West were now opened up, and the tide which had flowed south into the Piedmont for fifty years receded and turned westward.

While that culture which bounded the Piedmont lands on the east did change to some degree the life of the towns, the character of the rural districts remained almost identical with that of the states located north of the Potomac. From the Piedmont there was also a constant trickle from the hills into the coves and gaps of the high mountains which lay just to the west.

It is important to note that here, in a country very similar to the highlands of Scotland, the pioneer Anglo-Saxon stock has remained almost unchanged down to the present day.

The wealthy planter element of the coastal plains, having leisure to travel and to engage in public life, forced the acceptance of its particular brand of culture as being representative of the spirit of the South. They were good publicity men; and so in time the world lost sight of the latent possibilities which lay in the simpler, hard-working small farmers scattered over the wide extent of the hill country and the mountains.

II

It is often said that France is that portion of the earth best fitted to be a dwelling-place of the human race. Possibly, taking the country as a whole, this may be true; yet I cannot believe that even France contains any one spot better suited for the development of a happy well-rounded civilization than the Piedmont of the Carolinas.

Owing to the latitude, the winters are mild; yet one finds pleasant summers, and the invigorating effects due to a considerable altitude. The elevation is from 600 to 1200 feet above the sea; the surface of the land is gently rolling; the soil is nearly everywhere fertile, producing bounteous crops of cotton, corn, wheat, and all kinds of fruit. The streams are clear and cold, and in their rapid descent from the mountains offer almost unlimited power for hydro-electric development.

From some open vantage-point one frequently obtains a wide outlook over the landscape of low hills, checkered into well-tilled fields and small patches of woodland, white farmhouses, and, here and there, the tall stacks marking busy industrial towns. It is, indeed, a pleasant land viewed against a setting

of the blue mountains to the west. As one travels nearer to the mountains, past neat prosperous mill villages, past compact stone farm homes, by cool springs shaded with white pine and hemlock, one feels on all sides a brooding spirit of peace, of contentment. Entering the passes of the mountains, which rise blue and abrupt on either side, one hears at evening from high pastures the tinkle of Alpine bells, and the vision is of a land where not only is the laborer deemed worthy of his hire, but of a goodly land where he who plougheth shall plough in hope.

The population, as we have shown, is pure Anglo-Saxon stock, of Colonial American traditions. Extremes of wealth or poverty have been negligible since the first settlement; so that we find here to-day probably as pure an example of democracy as exists anywhere. Sufficient negroes are found for certain necessary labor, yet not enough ever to become a problem.

We have seen that the first chapter of cotton in America was that the South raised the plant and New England manufactured the fibre into the finished product. At first, the Anglo-Saxon stock of the New England hills bred large families but scanty crops, and so provided ideal labor for the mills. During the Civil War, most of the looms stood idle, while the former operatives carried the blue lines across distant cotton fields. After the war, they never returned to the mills. They had traveled far, and their vision was broadened. Some returned home to other pursuits, while many moved into the new states of the West. Their place was, at first, filled by Irish and some English labor; but after a time this also was replaced by labor from Central and Southern Europe. So, at last, those who owned and managed the mills, and those who labored in the mills, were poles apart in race, understanding, and

frequently in language. The conditions which had once given birth to successful textile development had changed and passed, and the industry was forced to shape itself to meet new conditions. The labor was now chiefly that class most susceptible to the influences of trades-unionism, and to all those new doctrines concerning the relations of capital and labor which, whatever may be their fundamental merits, have not, thus far, made for the efficient and harmonious operation of large industrial enterprises.

In the Piedmont section of the Southern States, on the other hand, are found conditions almost exactly paralleling the New England of sixty years ago. The population is of a hardy stock, reared amid hard work and rural simplicity, from which spring leaders of enterprise and efficient captains of industry. Unlimited native labor comes from those mountain coves where the pioneers from Scotland and Ireland ended the long migration. These people better their condition of living when they move from a lonely log-cabin in the mountains to a comfortable bungalow, with all modern conveniences, situated in some Piedmont mill town. Living conditions for labor in a Southern country are necessarily easier than they are in the North. As I have suggested, the languor and lassitude often associated with a southern climate are here overcome by altitude, and by bracing air from near-by mountains. Long summers and short winters give greater opportunity for raising vegetables and poultry, and there is also less expense for fuel and heavy clothing.

A factor which makes for harmony is that the labor here has never developed class-consciousness or social isolation. Farming conditions are easy, and real estate is cheap. Many families retain and operate small farms, while certain members move to near-by mills

and obtain there profitable employment. Thrifty operatives frequently own real estate in town, which they either occupy or rent. They thus retain a keen interest in the economic and agricultural life of the country. They are simply individual citizens who are engaged in textile work. Should one, for any reason, become dissatisfied with his mill-life, he would probably move back to a farm or find other town employment. It is hard to picture such a group of individuals becoming a solid class-mass, apart from the general life of the home state. We have here good American stock, well pleased with their lot in life. The walking delegate who comes to this country is wise if he brings with him his return fare.

In many instances the presidents of large mills are men who were raised on adjacent farms. Neighboring farms produce alike presidents, superintendents, and operatives. Employment in a cotton-mill is looked upon as an honorable vocation, which any may enter, and as a good training-school for young men who hope to expand into leaders.

The manufacturing cities, such as Greenville, Charlotte, Gastonia, and Spartanburg, are attractive places, of from twenty to fifty thousand inhabitants. As a rule, the mill villages are located in the outskirts, so that ample space for healthy living is furnished. All operatives occupy individual homes; civic pride is encouraged by cash prizes offered for the best-kept lawns and gardens. Parks, paved and shaded streets, good schools, libraries, and churches all tend to render the lives of the operatives satisfactory. In several instances, large mountain tracts are owned by the mills and turned over to the operatives for summer camping-sites and recreation parks."

While I do not believe that the Southern States will ever have a monopoly

of American textile industry, I do believe that this Piedmont land is to-day adapted for the highest development of this industry in all its branches. The most intricate processes and the production of the finest fabrics can here be successfully carried on.

New England's lawmakers, while not unmindful of the welfare of labor, must also remember to temper their legislation with wisdom, and not suffer

themselves to be led by the voices of political expediency. Also, her labor, in making its demands, should realize that this section to-day holds no natural advantage in cotton-manufacturing over the favored section which I have described. If too many and too great legal burdens and handicaps are placed upon her industries, then Southward will the Star of Textile Empire inevitably take its way.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

PROFANED WORDS

MR. LODGE has recently assured the world that Theodore Roosevelt was in no sense a 'profane' man. It is a great satisfaction to have this fact established in the minds of posterity by so eminent a witness. Otherwise, certain of Mr. Roosevelt's more violent epithets might become the quarry of misguided philologists, and serve as a basis for reinterpretation. It might come to be believed that the distinguished President had mingled with the lower sort, prize-fighters for example, and lost that emotional restraint which marked the gentlemen of his day.

I fancy that, if Mr. Roosevelt was not, in any sense, a profane man, it was because he was generally master of a more precise idiom than the language of profanity. Poems are born of the emotional exigency, as Wordsworth discovered. But how frequent the emotional exigency of which no poem is born — or any humbler utterance, unless an oath? We are often grateful for mere prose if the exigency is extreme, as in the winter of 1919-20,

when Mr. Wilson pronounced the busy-ness of the Senate to be 'supererogatory.' We did not know what it meant, but we had observed the Senate. Any word not encumbered with a meaning would do. From the mouldy depths of lexicographic desuetude it came: 'Supererogatory' — that was the Senate and the Senate was that!

Will posterity count it a profane word? Who shall say? Any pebble shied at so august a body has about it an aspect of profanity. But posterity will not enjoy the *frisson* that attended its rebirth, its reinstatement in the language — not, perhaps, of the street — but of the volatile suburb. The supererogatory Senate!

I looked it up in the dictionary. It was right as far as it went; but somehow, I had expected more of it. Then, as frequently, I was tempted by the philosophy of Humpty Dumpty. If only words would mean exactly what we wish them to! Let the dictionary go by the board and printing become a series of gestures — conveying, inversely as the square root of their brevity, the pent emotions of mankind.

To be sure, nobody would understand us. But nobody understands us anyway! So what of that?

Take the word 'Bezonian,' for example, which means a vulgar hind. Thanks to Jefferson, it is a term of opprobrium now, in so far as it is understood. But if we want to put the 'powerful Katrinka' in her place, — and especially, to relieve our feelings without injury to hers, — it is not altogether a disadvantage that the word is little understood. She may think you are calling her a beautiful Amazon, and turn from following after contrariety.

One's experiences on the other side of the fence — the bright realm of ignorance — are frequently delightful, while they last. I remember as a child having settled several theological questions very satisfactorily without recourse to the authorities, and frequently without any real perplexity; as with the phrase: 'And I will send you another Comforter.' A species of down puff, I argued, of which, in an intemperate climate, one could not have too many. I have since learned that the Comforter is identified with the Paraclete, or the third Member of the Trinity, or, in other words, the Holy Ghost. The 'other words' do not help particularly; it is an entity which becomes less intelligible the more it is explained.

But my childish fancy had already disposed of the Holy Ghost. In the normal Sunday-morning congregation, every third or fourth person habitually leaned his forehead on the adjacent pew during the prayer, the rest remaining erect, with folded hands and bowed head. Emulation did not prevent me from observing this demonstration of piety, which so impressed me that I never doubted these were holy ghosts; especially as the clergyman always employed the expression at this juncture

in the ceremonies. I have never since found a suitable means for recording this distinction among the devotees.

My saddest experience, however, was with the word 'maverick,' which a sheltering environment withheld from my cognizance until quite recently. I believe that one member of the Roosevelt family is reported to have applied it, as a term of opprobrium, to another, in a not very intelligible context. The impulse of incurable folly drove me to inquire its meaning. I am the poorer for my pains.

Already associations had gathered in my mind about the word, which caused my informant some amusement, but caused me infinitely more. Great, as Humpty Dumpty discovered, are the resources of an unbiased mind. The word had suggested to me a romantic and sentimental fowl, dwelling with all the other un-American birds — poor things! — in the wildernesses of poesy. I longed to hear him in a ballad as, for example: —

The finch, the throistle, and the lark;
The merle and maverick!

'Write them together, it is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well.'

For some reason I am sure there would be a great many mavericks for every finch. It is a bird of luxuriant growth, a child of the rank tropics, and cousin to the bul-bul; the English sparrow of romance.

The multitudinous maverick and shy finch,
The throbulent throistle and loquacious lark —

The merles and mavericks would be more or less dependable, like the decorations on a Christmas tree; while the finch would flit, the throistle would flicker, and the lark would keep popping into the clouds for incalculable absences. Here are æsthetic joys indeed!

On every twiggen tree a throstle throve,
On every twig, a tuneful maverick.

Mark the devastating power of diversity and repetition: the throstle to thrill by his prosperous singularity; the maverick to soothe by his hypnotic recurrence.

And this normal multiplicity would render him, like the last rose of summer, excessively poignant alone. What sound, or what absence of sound, could be more whelming at the end of an autumnal stanza than —

The muted maverick's melancholy moan.

Surely another bird 'could not so mope.'

The fact of the matter is, that the word would be much more useful to me if I did not know its meaning. It would serve to eke out my meagre quota of nautical terms, thus: —

The maverick met the mizzen-mast.

It would stead me as regalia in the Scottish Highlands: —

His money in his maverick;

or thus: —

His maverick abune his breast;

or, as a proper name, in this fashion: —

Then straight stood forth the Maverick.

It would dig a ditch: —

A mattock and a maverick.

But, best of all, it would carry conviction in one of those tremendously muscular feudal mêlées, not quite unknown to song and story, in which (to mount by polyphonic gradations to the theme) the true knight smites his blasphemous foe from helm to saddle-bows a blow which, still unspent, unsandwiches his horse and rives the earth below: —

Thus through helm, saddle-bow, and horse
He drave the cleaving maverick.

In my aviary, the finch and throstle forever mourn the deprivation of a comrade defrauded at christening. My autumnal sonnet stutters in the contemplation of a moan that never was. My sailor boy eschews the mizzen-mast in an agony of baulked disposition. The impecunious Scot has no receptacle for his pittance, no cloak for his poverty. And the blasphemous Paynim blasphemes with perfect abandon in the absence of the blow that should rebuke him — from a weapon that shall be nameless. A dubious anonymity pervades my cosmos. For the word has gone forth that maverick shall mean a 'small unbranded steer' upon the Western prairie.

In the shadow of this disillusionment, one wonders again whether the 'mastery of a more precise idiom' ever quite embitters the uses of profanity; whether all the words in Mr. Roosevelt's religiously mortified (!) vocabulary ever burst among us with quite the lustre of one unpremeditated 'damn!'

ELDER, NOT BETTER

DURING the last year or two, the public has been abundantly supplied with discussions and controversies, spoken or printed, on the subject of the Rising *versus* the Risen Generation, defenders for each side — according to the age of the special pleader — taking the floor by turns. Like the weather, this has proved a subject in which everyone is interested, because everyone is involved; for those of us who are neither rising nor risen may be said to be setting, and interest in that phenomenon is not confined to hens, or the sun, when it concerns one's own decline and fall.

Antagonism between generations seems to be inevitable, and may as well

be recognized and dealt with, not denied and smoothed over, just because we wish that it did not exist. The old and the young are as far apart in point of view, code, and standard, as if they belonged to different races. An Englishman and a Frenchman are not more unlike than an old man and a young man; and it is as impossible to interpret one to the other. A different language is spoken in both cases; the morality is different; the temperaments are divided by a channel as wide as the Straits of Dover; the ideals are not the same; the sense of humor, the sense of taste, and the scale of values are totally dissimilar.

Those who belong either to the Anglo-Saxon or to the Latin race would naturally have a prejudice in favor of their own people; and the same thing applies to age and youth. Those who belong to neither of the two races may yet have an inborn predilection either for the Englishman or for the Frenchman, just as those who are on the borderland between age and youth — who stand nicely balanced in the middle of the see-saw on which the two extremes are perpetually tilting — may have a temperamental sympathy either with the standards of a day that is dying or with those of a day in its infancy. It is just as futile to argue about the relative merits of age and youth as it is to discuss the respective virtues of two totally dissimilar nations.

Let us frankly — if regretfully — accept as a premise that the two generations are natural enemies, suspicious of each other, critical, distrustful, unsympathetic, and hostile. It is extremely probable that, as long as life endures, these two great opposing armies will occupy the field and will occupy it exclusively. The grandparents and grandchildren count only as a sort of stage mob that murmurs approval or scorn; the real combatants

are fathers and mothers *versus* sons and daughters.

Of course there are countless individual exceptions to this rule of general hostility, just as there are innumerable instances of warm friendship and mutual admiration between nations temperamentally opposed; but such exceptions do not affect the fact that a state of war, or, at best, of armed neutrality, exists between the old and the young.

I am not pleading for 'a better understanding,' nor do I dare to hope for a real *entente cordiale*: but I do believe in the practical advantages of a social alliance between these natural enemies.

There are many unseen forces drawn up against the two opposing armies, — forces potent, though invisible, — which are hostile to both generations, and which are recognized by old and young alike as being menaces to civilization and to life itself. Is it intelligent for soldiers to begin to fight each other when the only hope of the survival of either army depends on annihilating the unseen enemies of which both sides are equally conscious? What does it matter whether the invisible foes are called by different names by their opposing forces? 'The Enemy' and '*L'ennemi*' mean the same thing to each army; so perhaps do 'Sinner' and 'Fake' to each generation. Age may incline toward a rather grandiloquent battle cry. It may like to advance to the trumpet call of 'Down with Corruption! Forward with the Standard of Truth!' while Youth merely sets its grim jaw and mutters, 'To hell with shams!' (murmuring under its breath, 'and to the same place with the old hypocrites who preach about what they don't understand!')

What does it matter if, as an incentive to the imagination of the old, one banner bears the device 'Idealism,' and

the other the stark word 'Realism'? To noncombatants, too feeble for fighting, by reason either of extreme age or extreme youth, the word on the wind-tossed banners looks much the same from a distance.

Of what consequence is it that one army chooses to employ bayonets and the other poisonous gases? Let each use the weapon it prefers — Age the traditional, Youth the experimental. Let the band of one side play hymns and the other jazz: each speaks to the generation that understands the tune. Perhaps Age advances into the strife with heart uplifted by prayer, while Youth flings out a curse from its cynical lips; yet Youth goes forward no less manfully. There even come moments when, through some strange mirage of the spirit, the fighting generations seem — each to the other — to be retreating.

'Stop praying and advance!' cry the young men; 'can't you old crabs see that you are going backwards?'

'O foolish, misguided youths!' moan the elders in despair; 'can you not realize that your blasphemies and your ribald songs are leading you back into barbarism?'

When there was a world war, the Englishman and the Frenchman forgot their differences and fought side by side, each contributing to the defeat of a common foe qualities which the other nation could not bring. If they had stopped to analyze and discuss, to compare and criticize, as the two generations are doing to-day, the result of

the great cataclysm would have been even more disastrous than it is at present. The two nations — temporary allies — were just as different during the war as before and after it, but they had sufficient intelligence to see that as allies they could gain something which as opponents they would lose.

So, in the name of common sense, is it not time for Age to stop shaking its palsied head at the irreverence of the collegian and the frivolity of the flapper; and for Youth to cease scoffing at the archaic standards of fast-fossilizing fogies? Is it not the part of expediency for the young iconoclast and the hard-shelled conservative to form an alliance based on differences, rather than to continue the fight without an end, or to attempt to create a fictitious friendship based on nothing at all?

When the war against all the evils of civilization ceases, the old and the young can take arms against each other once more; but, meanwhile, let us favor disarmament to the extent of scrapping the cutting remarks with which the antagonists seek to wound one another, and quietly remove inflammable material stored in magazines.

Perhaps crabbed Age and Youth *could* live together if Youth would refrain from hurling that insulting adjective at Age; and if Age, in its turn, would — like Cassius — modestly proclaim itself an elder soldier, not a better.

Cannot extremes meet in alliance, though not in friendship?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

James M. Cain is a member of the staff of the *Baltimore Sun*, a paper of conservative character, respected by friends and enemies alike. The course of the *Sun* in connection with the West Virginia outrages is striking. Mr. Cain was sent to the ground in the service of his paper, with instructions to gather an unbiased story. The mine-owners regarded his activities with disfavor, thinking him prejudiced, and a well known politician was requested to expostulate with the owners of the *Sun*. The newspaper management appointed a man friendly to the operators to investigate the charge, and gave no hint to Mr. Cain that his own story was being checked up. The report of this investigator was that Mr. Cain was absolutely truthful and his story fair; whereupon the *Sun* instructed him to stick to his job. Radicals the country over continually accuse newspapers of bias in favor of capitalism. But the *Sun's* general course in this and in other matters is strong testimony to the power and probity of the press.

* * *

Ralph P. Boas is head of the English Department of the English High School at Springfield, Massachusetts, and editor of *Youth and the New World*. To the very difficult subject which she calls 'The Open Door in Marriage,' Anne C. E. Allinson brings a broad equipment. Formerly dean of the Women's College in Brown University, she is the author of *Roads from Rome* and of many essays on classical, religious, and personal themes. *The Acropolis and Golgotha* and *Juventus Christi* will be most easily remembered by readers of the *Atlantic*. Joseph Fort Newton proves in a second paper how stimulating 'Preaching in New York' can be. The manuscript comes to us from the Church of the Divine Paternity, of which Mr. Newton is pastor.

* * *

The chapter on Lowell, by M. A. De Wolfe Howe, is from Mr. Howe's new book *Memories of a Hostess*, to be published very

shortly. Robert Davis, a transplanted American, cultivates a farm in the Department of the Gironde, which, as travelers know, is a delicious wine country. The Hindman Settlement School, on Troublesome Creek, in Knott County, in the mountains of Kentucky, has just celebrated its twentieth birthday. Lucy Furman's 'Quare Women' stories go back to the days before its founding, when the women who afterward started it came up from the Blue Grass to the mountains, and, pitching their tents a two days' journey from a railroad, carried on a rural social settlement, meantime studying the people and their needs — the permanent result being the Hindman Settlement School, in which industrial and academic education are combined with various forms of social service especially adapted to the mountains.

* * *

We asked Mr. Edward W. Bok if he had n't made a mistake in putting the 'W' into his name. He wrote us: "'Edward W. Bok' is right; that is as I am now; Edward Bok was the chap who edited the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and he is no more. It's the real me now, thank the Lord, trying to express myself.' Charles D. Stewart is not only a naturalist, but a many-sided lover of life. He is a profound student of horses — and of the first folio of Shakespeare. A successful novel, *The Fugitive Blacksmith*, is his, and he is the author of many stories and articles in the *Atlantic* and other magazines. E. Barrington's latest book is 'The Ladies,' a volume of truth and romance woven about the wit and beauty of eighteenth century England. To those who complain of the obscurities of religious and mystical experiences, Claudia Cranston, whose strange poem, *Ask Not One Another*, we print this month, has this to say: '[It is] as though while accepting from a cathedral its shade and shelter during an inclement period, we should drown out its holy service with criticisms of the carvings on its walls.'

Willard L. Sperry has just been appointed Dean of the new Theological School in Harvard University. Readers of the *Atlantic* will remember his paper, 'A Parish Minister's Declaration of Independence,' which appeared in January, 1921. His volume, *The Disciples of Liberty*, was published last year by the Yale University Press. **Cornelia Geer LeBoutillier** will be remembered for her pleasant Celtic stories (written before she was married) 'Pearls before Swine,' and 'The Irish of It,' which appeared in October, 1917, and March, 1918. The story of a bear by **Enos Mills** is an authentic record of personal observation. Mr. Mills has for years been the familiar of bear, and beaver, and deer, and writes as truly and as pleasantly about western wild life as anyone we know in America.

* * *

As Director of the United States Geological Survey and member of Secretary Hoover's advisory committee on coal, **George Otis Smith** has had an unusual opportunity to consider the present coal crisis in the light of the basic coal facts, geographic and economic. **Through an Ulsterman's Eyes** is an example of war psychology not to be ignored by peacemakers. So long as this hate-complex exists in Ireland, North or South, there can be no peace. We are not at liberty to give the name of the author, but it can be stated that he was an eye-witness of the terrible events he describes. **H. E. Wortham** is a student of the Mohammedan problem in Africa, and a correspondent of the *London Outlook*. **André Rostand** is an educated liberal-minded Frenchman, whose views on reparations — so hard for most Americans to understand — are widely representative of the best educated opinion in France. Southerners and Northerners alike were interested in 'A New South: The Boll-Weevil Era,' by **E. T. Shaffer**, which appeared in the January *Atlantic*. Mr. Shaffer writes us: 'My occupation is that of a truck farmer. My chief compensation, however, is in observing the many interesting phases of the life about me — of which I am a part. Possibly my angle of vision on local affairs may be different from most men's, as, while Southern born and reared, I am of New England parentage.'

A letter comes to us from Omaha, apropos 'American-Born,' in the June *Atlantic*, which, because of its sharp spiritual insight adds, we think, to the literature on 'Americanization.'

June 17, 1922.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The article in the June *Atlantic* entitled 'American-Born' interested me very much. It suggested the definition of Orthodoxy and Heterodoxy which reads, 'Orthodoxy is my doxy and Heterodoxy is your doxy.'

A few weeks ago when I was in England, my devout little hostess dealt tenderly with my soul that she might convert me from being a non-conformist to becoming a member of the Church of England. In easy conversational discussion I gave her the very kernel of the doctrine of the church to which I belong, but not labeled as such. She responded with great feeling, 'Oh, Miss R——, you should be an Episcopalian. You have so much of it in you.' She did not realize that in the essentials, all Christian faiths are perhaps alike.

Even so when we receive an immigrant into our country and label that which is best and finest in him as 'American,' are we not missing the point that the finest and best of every country are all kin perhaps, and cannot be said to be of any one country unless of the Kingdom of Heaven, whatever we mean by that?

My small niece says that the Smiths have a painting very like ours. I say that we each have a Rembrandt. Let us put away childish things and draw the conclusion, not that the little immigrants are American in spirit, but rather that the American heritage partakes of that great indefinable spiritual inheritance which is too big to be circumscribed by any lines, either national or racial, and which is the birthright of real manhood and real womanhood wherever found.

M. R.

* * *

Such a flood of letters swept into our office in the wake of Dr. Channing Frothingham's article on 'Osteopathy, Chiropractic, and the Practice of Medicine,' in the July *Atlantic*, that last month we were able to print only half of the best of them. The following seems to us important: —

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

As an osteopathic physician of twenty years experience I was naturally very much interested in the views upon Osteopathy, presented by Channing Frothingham, in the July issue of your publication.

The assertion is made that the osteopath 'depends upon a theory.' That the human organism is a vital machine, largely dependent upon the laws of biology and physics for its proper functioning is a demonstrated fact, not a *theory*. The basic contention of the Osteopathic School is that *structure determines function*, in the human machine the same as in any other. The circulation of the blood which carries the vital elements of nutrition is mechanical in its nature and depends in a large measure upon reflex action through the proper play of nerve impulses.

Dr. Frothingham says, 'The orthodox osteopath *should* feel that a general knowledge of medicine is not necessary, because, according to the theory, it is only necessary to find the osteopathic lesion in the region of the spine and remove it by appropriate treatment and health will result.' There is an implied criticism of the osteopathic physician in the above quotation, because he refuses to remain in a narrow groove, but instead has increased his realm of study and maintains a broad outlook upon disease. The osteopathic physician has never contended that the structural lesion was the sole and only cause of disease. He has proven, however, both by clinical results and animal experimentation, that spinal lesions are very important factors in the causation and perpetuation of ill health, and that the principle of adjustment is coextensive with the practice of the healing art. Contrary to the assertion of Dr. Frothingham, osteopathy discards nothing in the way of scientifically proven facts in medicine, using the term medicine in its broadest sense. On the contrary, we are trying to add some facts entirely overlooked by the regular school. . . .

The article in question is not fair, in that it attempts to convey the impression that the osteopathic student is not given a thorough training in physical diagnosis and general medical knowledge. There are, at the present time, seven colleges of osteopathy in the United States, recognized by the American Osteopathic Association. The standards of these schools are high. No student is qualified to enter unless he is a graduate of an accredited high school. No doctor may graduate until he has completed a course of four college years, each year being a full nine months of study.

ERNEST C. BOND, D. O.

* * *

Mountain-climbers and horseback-riders will enjoy these letters.

August 16, 1922.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I was much interested in what Samantha Whipple Shoup says of the late Queen Victoria's petticoat in the July issue of the *Atlantic*. I have

wondered where the information came from. When I wish any mid-Victorian information I wait for a rainy Sunday afternoon and begin to go through my files of bound *Godey's*. Sooner or later the idea sought is found in print in that old chronicle of American social life, books, and fashions of that time. In those days of the early fifties *Godey* clubbed with the *Atlantic Monthly*! This is the 'Godey' history of the Balmoral petticoat.

Godey's Lady's Book and Magazine, March 1858.

'A new material for petticoats has been introduced into London by Her Majesty Victoria. It is of very thick material, with a very brilliant scarlet and black stripe. The Empress Eugenie, whose Spanish taste is for bright colors, has adopted them.'

Godey's Lady's Book and Magazine, June 1860.

'A Summer Balmoral would be a great convenience for the decks of steamers or boats, and the dirty floors of cars and cabs. Will some amiable importer order them? Colored underskirts were considered unladylike until the Queen gave prestige to them. . . . A fashionable house like Levy's, Arnold's, or Stewart's, could soon make them the rage, and confer a lasting benefit on the feminine community of travellers.'

The appeal seems to have been complied with. *Godey's Lady's Book and Magazine*, March 1861, says, 'Cotton Balmoral petticoats, in the same neat, light colors that have distinguished those in wool, silk and wool, etc., the past winter, will be found a most serviceable article for spring wear, or for travelling through the season. They are much lighter, and of course cooler than those our readers are generally familiar with. *They are also suitable as an underskirt for equestrians.*'

Ye cross-saddle riders! Imagine either girl or horse submitting to a long petticoat!

LETITIA HART ALEXANDER.

LOUISVILLE
KENTUCKY

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In the July number I have read with interest the comments of Samantha Whipple Shoup, of San José, anent the 'Balmoral.' I trust I shall be pardoned if I differ from her on some points.

Far from being an 'outing costume,' and the forerunner of 'khaki knickers,' it was the legitimate and fashionable successor of the 'quilted petticoat'; simply a woollen garment for winter wear. Webster says it was 'a striped woollen petticoat worn under the dress, which was looped up to show it.'

Observe, please, that the looping was done for effect, and it was quite the mode for street-wear.

As for mountain-climbing, it would have been difficult for countless women, who were merely

following the fashion of the day, to find even the suggestion of a mountain in their localities. For instance, in the Mississippi and Ohio valleys and elsewhere.

M. V.

SAN FRANCISCO.

This seems to be one of the many cases in which both sides of a controversy are correct. American women may not have climbed mountains in Balmorals, but Queen Victoria probably did.

* * *

The *Atlantic* must allow its contributors a certain poetic license, but the following is a warning to those who do not go to sea in ships:

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Shades of your seagoing New England antecedents! On the first page of the August number I find ships 'casting their anchors'! Even if the ordinary speech of New Enganders no longer is salty, there remains no excuse for ships 'casting' anchors in the *Atlantic*, especially when the subject has been so well covered by Joseph Conrad, from whose *Emblems of Hope* I quote the following: —

'Now an anchor is never cast, and to take a liberty with technical language is a crime against the clearness, precision, and beauty of perfected speech.

'This insistence in using the odious word arises from the fact that a particularly benighted landsman must imagine the act of anchoring as a process of throwing something overboard, whereas the anchor, ready for its work, is already overboard, and is not thrown over but is simply allowed to fall.'

The order is not "Heave over!" as the paragraphist seems to imagine, but "Let go!"

'I remember a coasting pilot of my early acquaintance (he used to read the papers assiduously) who, to define the utmost degree of lubberliness in a landsman, used to say, "He's one of them poor, miserable, 'cast anchor' devils."'

Yours very truly,

EDGAR WILLIAMS.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

* * *

Many letters of appreciation have come to the anonymous author of the now famous poem printed in the 'Column' to the refrain, so expressive of the dormant human longing, 'Oh, leave me lay.'

We notice, however, in the *Seattle Star* one discordant note from an outraged teacher, who believes she discerns a grammatical inaccuracy. Her comment, which seems to us imperfectly sympathetic with the poet's mood, is preceded by the second stanza of the poem.

I had n't ought to want things different

To what transpires every single day;

But I keep wishing that I could of went

From this heart-rendering dullness quite away.

And yet, why move? there's always rent to pay.

— Oh, leave me lay!

One cannot but wonder what the limits are — and 'a well-known scholar,' too! What there could be to 'like' about it passes understanding, and how the person guilty of perpetrating such an atrocity could ever hope to escape 'heart-rendering dullness' also raises my curiosity.

By all means, 'Leave him lay! Leave him lay!'

* * *

Among kindly efforts intended to bridge the late unpleasantness, the Editor notes the following offer of assistance: —

Grä Felfing, BAVARIA

DEAR SIRs, —

please let me know as soon as possible, if you consent to accept me as a continual contributor for your magazine. Perfect, exact, experienced writer. Speciality: Most various matters concerning science, culture, politics, in Europe and in the Far East (Indian Ocean and neighbourhoods). Correct point of view, only influenced by pure, ethical principles.

50 articles a year (beginning from Sept. 1st, 1922), \$50. each (not less than 100–150 lines); extents, however, according to your wishes. 1st class material. Specimens on demand.

Be kind enough to give me your terms and sense. If you do like it better, I shall also agree to previous payment by the lump, viz., \$2000 the year, an important abatement. Cheque on: Deutsche Bank, Lenbachplatz, Munich, Bavaria.

Soliciting your correspondence, I am, Dear Sirs,

very truly yours,

author

Some themes to discuss about:

The Muscat Treaty between England and France from March 10th, 1862

Dynastic relations between Muscat and Zanzibar

Amulets and Talismans

The very series will to be choiced by me, except your determined orders.